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HALF A CENTURY OF SPORT

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

ELECTIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS

THE BOOK OF THE LION

MEMOIR OF LODER, ETC.



SIR ALFRED PEASE AGED 74, ON "SKINNY," WITH HIS DAUGHTER ANN, AGED 6, ON
HER "TIDDLYWINKS," NOVEMBER 1931
(By courtesy of the 'Northern Echo')

HALF A CENTURY OF SPORT

BY

SIR ALFRED PEASE, BART.

WITH 16 ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO
"THE SQUIRE"
WILLIAM HENRY ANTHONY WHARTON, M.F.H.
in memory of our life-long friendship

PREFACE

THE basis of this volume is forty-two articles written for *The Field* in 1931, under the title of "Seventy Years of Sport." So many readers of these contributions expressed a wish to possess them in a collected form that it encouraged a belief that many others at home and abroad might be interested in them if presented in this more compact and accessible way.

In dealing with so lengthy a period as that covered in these pages (1857 to 1909) it was not easy to know what to select from my voluminous diaries nor how to keep within those limits of space which are necessarily imposed when writing for the Press. To have attempted embellishments and a certain kind of sensational literary style, which some of my acquaintances have told me is the way to attract the modern reading public, would have been contrary to my nature and would have defeated the purpose of giving an unadorned account of a variety of experiences. The welcome given to these articles convinced me that their very simplicity and diversity made an appeal to every description of sportsman and lover of nature.

If an apologia is necessary for this book it can be found in the fact that it is not easy to obtain a similar collection of experiences. There were in my time of

course many men whose sporting adventures would have been better worth the telling, yet only a percentage of these have lived to my age. Fewer still have kept a systematic record of their doings, and of these reduced numbers very few are ready to undertake the labour of selecting subjects and of writing their reminiscences. The great transitional period in which I have lived lends itself to the treatment I have given it. It is one which witnessed the great unknown spaces of the world made accessible and enormous improvements in the means of transport. It has been an age of great change in the conditions under which all forms of sport can be conducted.

Robert Louis Stevenson says somewhere that by the time a man "gets well into the seventies, his continued existence is a mere miracle," and his life so precarious that he is in a situation "compared to which the Valley of Balaclava was as safe and peaceful as a village cricket green on Sunday." So what I give here has had to be quickly written. The old who look back on the way they came will generally agree with the finding :

"Does the road wind uphill all the way ?
Yes to the very end."

Yet I have passed through many pleasant places on my way. I could not count the happy memories I owe to field sports and their environment, nor the friends they have brought me. Without them amid toil and trouble I should at times have lost the zest to live and the health to work. I should have lived without my best comrades and never have enjoyed that peculiar intimacy with animate and inanimate creation only

attainable by the hunter in the field, the mountain and the wilderness.

Here is a quaint old passage from a book in praise of hunting of 1686, where the author warns us "to hold a strict rein over our affections, that this pleasure, which is allowable in its season may not intrench upon" our more serious affairs and proceeds thus: "There is a great danger lest we be transported with this Pastime, and so ourselves grow Wild, haunting the Woods till we resemble the Beasts which are the Citizens of them; and by continual conversation with Dogs, become altogether addicted to Slaughter and Carnage, which is wholly dishonourable. . . . For as it is the privilege of Man who is endued with Reason, and Authorized in the Law of Creation to subdue the Beasts of the Field: so to tyrannize over them too much is brutish in plain English."

Properly played I have observed the game to be educating and humanizing, cultivating the better side of man's nature and stimulating sympathy with and affection for beast and bird. It even does something of the same sort for the creatures which are our servants, hence "the horse's sympathy with man's frenzy in hunting"; even the dogs share our hearths "and adore the footsteps of our children."

Whereas the man who can talk of nothing but his favourite sport is a bore and usually a poor authority on the subject, there are no broader and wiser views, no larger sympathies, no kinder and no braver hearts than those to be found amongst sportsmen. And so it should be, for they are reared in a school which appeals for the exertion of man's moral as much as of his physical qualities.

Thus I send forth these fragments of the past in the hope that they may interest the reader and that however artless the record may be it will remain one with at least some sporting historical value, of the time in which I lived, and keep in honoured remembrance the names of not a few good men and true.

ALFRED E. PEASE.

PINCHINTHORPE.

November 21, 1931.

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HALF A CENTURY OF SPORT

CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD

I WAS born in 1857. Though I remember distinctly my first pony, a little grey Welsh one called Donald, I cannot remember when I began to ride him, but I have a vivid recollection of my first meet, which must have been about 1863 or 1864.

Hounds met at Cockerton, then a country village well outside Darlington. Mr. C. Cradock, of Hartforth, was in charge.

It was about the date 1866 that he took over a part of the Duke of Cleveland's country and hunted it until 1876, when the late first Marquess of Zetland succeeded him and hunted it for thirty-five years. The pack is still called the Zetland.

I did not think much of my day for I was kept standing about with hands, feet and ears frozen for an hour and brought home to my nurse, who put my feet into hot water and made me howl with the pain of being thawed. That is some sixty-seven years ago.

The first fox I saw killed was near Upleatham Hall, the then Earl of Zetland's Cleveland seat, long since pulled down, but whether the year was 1865 or 1866 I am not sure.

This was when the Cleveland Hounds were a trencher fed pack and during the Mastership of Mr. Tom Andrew the last and the most noted of the three

Andrews who successively hunted this pack from father to son. Tom hunted it until his death in 1870.¹

In 1871, Mr. J. T. Wharton, of Skelton Castle, became Master and brought the hounds into kennel—his son Col. ("Squire") W. H. A. Wharton is the present owner of the pack and except for a brief period has been our M.F.H. since 1886.

I have therefore hunted regularly with these hounds during at least sixty-four years whenever I have been in England.

Only one member of the hunt survives whose association with the days of Tom Andrew dates earlier by a year or two, namely, Mr. R. Theodore Wilson, of Marton,² and rheumatism keeps him out of the saddle but cannot stop him from following on foot. He is a stayer still, and was a three-mile Blue in his Cambridge days.

I do not propose to confine myself to my diaries nor to hunting, but to record anything that may be of interest to those whose sympathies are with country life. There will be, I hope, some chronological order when I get to my diaries, but I shall jot down other recollections as they occur to me.

I have just been reminded by some remarks in a paper on sport and shooting in the much-libelled Victorian era of some facts and memories which may surprise the man who ridicules the days of the muzzle loader.

Some years ago I was shooting with the late Mr. Robert Fellowes, of Shotesham, then I think about

¹ In 1887 Longmans, Green & Co. published my history *The Cleveland Hounds as a Trencher-Fed Pack*.

² He died June 14th, 1931.



TOM ANDREW M.F.H.
Master of the Cleveland Hounds 1855-1870

ninety years of age, when he asked me where I had been shooting in Scotland. I replied: "At Drumochter, with my friend Mr. George S. Albright."

He said, "At Drumochter! I had that shooting once." He told me he used to ride up from Norfolk with his keeper and dogs and had several times shot 100 brace to his own gun in the day in "muzzle-loader days" over dogs on that moor, and on one occasion 130 brace.

I told him that as far as I knew 50 brace had never been got by a single gun over dogs on it with breech loaders.

In 1869 my father took a long lease of the Corn-davon shootings in Aberdeenshire. It was considered a good moor then, yielding about 700 brace in good seasons. The previous tenant had himself shot over 100 brace in the day over dogs with muzzle loaders.

Muzzle loaders had only recently "gone out" and "pinfire" breech loaders were general in 1869. The trouble with the latter was chiefly when the cartridges stuck. You pulled at the pin to extract a cartridge, often bent the pin and had to use an extractor. When you had much shooting you were liable to make your forefinger very sore, if you escaped cutting the finger.

In twenty years "dogging" on this particular moor, though it had been much improved, yielding in good seasons 2000 to 3000 brace, no one shot much over 50 brace to his own gun in the day. This was much short of what had been done with muzzle loaders.

The year 1872 was a good one, and here are a few records from our Game Book:

Aug. 13th .. 4 guns (2 parties), 191 brace over dogs.

„ 14th .. „ „ 203 „ „

„ 19th .. „ „ 208 „ „

Ten days in August over dogs yielded 1473 brace, with three to four guns out each day. The best day's driving was September 12th—130 brace, five guns, the total bag to September 17th being 2202½ brace, and for the season 2274 brace.

My father had a very good kennel of pointers. He much preferred them to setters, the latter being more dependent on water, and tiring sooner in hot and dry weather. To the end of his life in 1903 he always shot partridges over pointers, and with better results than are now obtained in this part of Yorkshire by walking them up. The work of pointers added much to the pleasure of the day for anyone who is a dog lover, and relieved guns from the necessity of being continually "on the stretch." Two guns could cover more ground in less time.

We used sometimes to fly a kite in winter. Properly used it can be very effective with grouse and partridges when they are very wild. It gives very quick shooting, but cannot be recommended as a regular thing. I have not seen one flown for thirty years.

I remember once in Scotland when we had a kite up in addition to the small birds, which a kite usually attracts, a golden eagle joined in. We played with it a considerable time in attempts to fly the kite over the eagle, but he topped us every time and ran out all our line at a great height.

It was not until I was about sixteen years old that I was allowed anything but a muzzle loader. With two guns and an expert loader you could do wonders with them; but when it came to grouse driving you were sorely handicapped in a good drive.

We began regular grouse driving over butts in Sep-



MR. ROBERT FELLOWES OF SHORTESHAM PARK, NORFOLK—A PORTRAIT BY RIVIERE
"A Fine Old English Gentleman"

tember, 1871. On my first day there were swarms of birds, but the shooting of all members of the party would now be considered decidedly bad. Of course they were new to the game. I was placed with a keeper and two muzzle loaders on the extreme end of each row, with an empty butt between myself and the next gun! It was desperate work, and I made a poor job of it, but kept my loader very busy.

This would be about the first regular driving over modern butts in Aberdeenshire. The party comprised our landlord, Colonel "Jim" Farquaharson of Invercauld; Colonel Baring, who had only one eye, Captain Fredk. Johnstone, my uncle Mr. Jno. Wm. Pease, and my father. The bag was $63\frac{1}{2}$ brace of grouse, 26 hares, 3 blackgame, 2 snipe. It should have been 150 brace.

I rather think my brother, aged eleven (now Lord Gainford), was allowed a crack or two into the "browns" after lunch. This was September 4th, 1871.

A muzzle loader was a better killer, and had, I should say, five to ten yards better killing range than any breech loader. I have known a keeper wipe out a covey of twelve partridges with two barrels, though he fired the first at them on the ground and the second as they rose. I once as a boy shot fourteen rabbits with one barrel, lying on the ground and firing along a ride, but I must also record the most killing shots I ever saw fired in a grouse drive with a breech loader.

My brother was next to me in the outside butt on our Hutton Lowcross Moor. I watched ten grouse in close formation coming up wind towards us near the ground. They kept thus till the moment of passing my brother, about eighteen to twenty-three yards on

his left, and then "fanned" into close vertical formation. He fired both barrels into them and they all fell. Only two were runners and they were all gathered. I have never seen any two shots in a grouse drive in my long life do anything approaching this execution.

We always used No. 5 shot in those days. I now favour No. 6, and have a belief that No. 7 is the most deadly, but one hesitates to use it for it often spoils game.

I do not suppose many people survive who remember the "wire cartridge," a device for killing at long range, say, up to seventy yards. They were not reliable and occasionally held the charge so close as to be equivalent to a bullet. One day, on the side of Roseberry Topping, a high hill, my father killed a hare at ninety-two yards. It had a hole through its body you could put two fingers through.

The following year, 1873, grouse disease played havoc, and the effects were felt until 1877.

In 1883, 2687 brace; in 1884, 2005 brace; in 1885, 2917 brace; in 1886, 1249 brace; and in 1887, 2179½ brace were the bags after the Corndavon Moor had fully recovered.

Grouse driving, in my humble judgment, in Yorkshire and the northern English counties is nothing like so sporting as in Scotland, though you may get far bigger bags in England. My fancy is for the month of October in Scotland when birds are at their best, and you have every kind of shot. No two drives are similar, and the ground is much more varied in its features, giving you stands where the birds are very high or where they come right below you, or come at short or long notice. They may dive down on you

or curl round a hill at you. In fine Octobers I have known grouse which were packed in September spread well over the moors again.

In my boyhood you seldom saw any but the black or brown curly retrievers. They now seem almost extinct. They were very hardy, strong and reliable. I have often seen one bring one of our large heavy Cleveland hares over one of our high six-bar gates. They may not be as quick as some modern retrievers, but were steady and not slow, and would face the thickest whin or thorn covers.

The successors to the curly, in the North, were the wavy black breed. They were wild and difficult to break and to make steady, but once broken there is nothing now to compare with them. They had often wonderful marking power, wonderful noses, brought your game to you faster than any other sort, and were very tireless.

Labradors are very nice, but most are slow, according to old-fashioned ideas, in their work, and often take time to bring you even pheasants. I have not seen one gallop to you over a fence with a hare, but no doubt there are some which can. Most of those I have seen trail hares, if they are allowed to retrieve one at all, and wear an expression as if they thought no end of the feat.

My brother had a smoother-coated bitch than was common in the "wavy" retriever period—for longish-coated specimens were *called* "smooth" when they had no wave or curliness in their coats, to distinguish them from the curly breed. She was one of the Danby Lodge (Viscount Downe's) breed. This was the best retriever I have ever seen. She took three years to

become steady, and my father, who was too tender-hearted to discipline such a wild creature, gave her to my brother, with whom she became perfect. In addition to all the best attributes of nose, mouth, intelligence and perseverance she had eyes which marked and followed every bird shot at and would stand erect on her hind legs with her eye on a bird until it was out of sight.

A bird that towered and fell within a mile was quickly hers when she got the word "fetch it." In a grouse butt she would mark and remember where the most distant ones fell. In these remarks I am giving my opinion on the general capacities of the distinctive breeds as a whole, and I place the wavy, or so-called "smooth," type of the middle period first.

In my youth, Clumber spaniels in teams were frequently used for covert shooting in outside rough beats. My father had a team of a dozen or more, and when we had them out the ground could be worked with them up to the guns with two or three keepers, and beaters were not required.

Properly trained Clumbers worked at the right pace, and seldom missed much ground or anything which was there. It was a pretty sight to see them work whins and bracken on a hillside or any rough covert, but where pheasants were numerous they were liable to make a mess of things, for one unruly member might spoil a beat.

It was only in 1880 that I began to keep a regular diary, though I have some records and notes from 1868 onwards. One boy's experiences of hunting will not differ much from any other's, but my love of hunting, apart from the pleasure of riding, was fostered by a love

of dogs and from having been kept at home until twelve years old in order that my brother, who was younger, and I might go to school together.

From nine to twelve years old I learnt more of natural history and sport than in any other three years of my life. We kept terriers, ferrets, game cocks, became useful performers with catapults, could set flag traps, and were always after something on foot or on our ponies.

To the distraction of my father we could never be kept out of his coverts or from galloping with a yelping pack of terriers after his hares over the fields. We got very cunning at heading hares or hunting them to places where there was a fair prospect of their coming up against wire, and as even terriers can become good line hunters we accounted for a good many.

Later my brother was allowed to keep a pack of foot-beagles, which furthered our education in hunting. We occasionally rode after them, which I much preferred, for I saw more of their work that way, being a better sprinter than stayer. Besides, when mounted we sometimes put up a fox on the moor or bolted one out of a drain. Those were our red-letter days, but very bloodless ones. We did no harm to fox-hunting, for beagles tend to send elusive outliers home to their proper coverts and sharpen them up a bit, and if they are truly foot-beagles, as ours were, they cannot catch a fox worth catching once in fifty times.

My father, Sir Joseph Pease, enjoyed a day with hounds, had good hunters, and was a quick and first-rate judge of a horse, but he was more of a shooting than a hunting man—luckily for us, for when he was not out we gave his valuable horses something to do,

and tested them for what they were worth! We did not have quite the same views as his stud groom and coachman on the question of what hunters were for.

When we both were at Cambridge we usually had three of these horses there, for any one of them with a "screw loose," which made a noise, or was too hot for our parent, came our way; and great fun we had with them with foxhounds, harriers and with the University Drag.

The U.D. is an excellent institution. It gives you a certain gallop over a country in good company, and there is no better school for a cross-country rider. Anyone who can get to the finish of each of the Cambridge Drag courses will always be able to live with hounds over any country or to race in any steeplechase.

I suppose our stud of three would, on the average, give us each three drags and a day's hunting a week. My brother's favourite mount was a strong dun-bay gelding, Osman, bought of Timothy Cattle, of Sessay, for £250. He was our one perfectly sound horse, a great galloper, fast and a brilliant fencer, but the worst stumbler and hack I ever rode. I have seen my brother come down three times before he got to the meet when riding the horse with great attention to his failing.

He gave me one very bad fall over a gate, the only mistake he ever made with me in a drag, which was nearly enough. The doctor who pulled me through was named Garland, and before he could send me in a bill he was killed on his way home from hunting in rather a humiliating way, by a pig running between his horse's legs. On inquiry as to whom and what I should pay I was told he left no accounts, had no relations, and no executors.

Once when I was in India my host told me of the death of a friend of his which struck me as even a more humiliating one for a shikari, for he was on an elephant after tiger and came to a soft spot. The sagacious animal halted, felt the ground with his foot, did not altogether like its consistency, and just lifted his rider off with his trunk, placed him gently on the soft spot, put his foot on him and got over safely—which is the end of the story.

I mention the champion stumbler Osman because he carried me to the finish of what Lord Spencer told me was the best run during his Mastership of the Woodland Pytchley, 1878 to 1880.

It was fifty minutes at top pace from Finedon Poplars, and only Lord Spencer on his noted one-eyed Merlin, a whipper-in, Captain Beecher, Lord Yarborough, Mr. B. H. Philips of The Heath House, Tean, and myself were there when we killed in the open; but it is worth recording that the Hon. C. R. (Bobby) Spencer, the Red Earl's stepbrother and successor to the earldom, was the only other up before the fox had been eaten. To anyone who knew him as well as I did, it was a remarkable performance on his part. He, Lord Yarborough, Philips and I were Cambridge undergraduates, and it was something which pleased our host, that four "boys" had held their own with his hounds. I saw Beecher down once, but he caught us again. He was reputed to be a great rider in his day.

CHAPTER II

CAMBRIDGE DAYS

WHEN Lord Spencer sold his horses at Tattersalls I went to see the now aged one-eyed Merlin sold, with some faint hope that with his empty eye socket and years he might go cheap, but much to my surprise at the number of people there who knew a good thing when they saw it, he was knocked down for 700 guineas.

What Bertie Philips got out of Lucifer, his horse, may be judged from one illustration. He boxed him away from Cambridge to hunt with the Fitzwilliam on Friday and with the Pytchley on the Monday after a Drag on Thursday and the Drag on Saturday, and rode him again in the Drag on the Tuesday—five days out of six—and was surprised that Lucifer had to rest for ten days after these exertions.

When I went up to Cambridge a man called Hoole was Master of the Drag; he was killed a few months later, breaking his neck at the University Steeple Chases at St. Ives in 1876 in the race for "The Whip."

He was followed in the Mastership for a brief period by Mr. Gordon Cunard, and then by Mr. Herbert Magniac, though Lord Binning sometimes carried the horn.

I followed Magniac when he resigned, and when I was in want of a mount and Binning was away he lent

me his two horses. One of these, Mosquito, was the most wonderful horse over a country for twenty minutes to half an hour that I have ever seen.

He was very dicky on his forelegs and tender-footed, but could get over any country at Grand National pace.

One of the most difficult and quite the most "cramped" of drags was the Over Drag with forty-eight fences and big ditches in three miles. I was once just behind Binning half through this drag with a high, strong, new five-bar post and rails on a high bank in front of us, and I wondered what would happen. Binning held on and Mosquito only broke the top bar (eight feet of rails and bank), and must have jumped close on seven feet in height. This is the highest jump I have ever seen in the field, and nothing has ever impressed me more than Binning's attempting it.

I got over after him, breaking the next two rails, and was very pleased to have accomplished that. Binning once took Mosquito over the two closed *railway* gates on the high road at the level crossing, in the Waterbeach Drag if I remember rightly. They were pretty high and had lamps on an iron bar slanting down above them. This is a feat I never saw equalled in any run.

The railway gates were not closed there, unless a train was due. It required a clever horse, for a railway is not a good take off or landing ground, and even Mosquito must have thought it a queer demand. Lord Binning was the son of the eleventh Earl of Haddington, and died in 1917. He was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards, "The Blues."

I had some good rides, and won two or three drags

on Mosquito myself, and I put him down as the best performer I ever rode or watched.

I have a note with regard to an Over Drag under the date of March 20th, 1877. Binning and Jimmie Orr Ewing (James Alexander, afterwards Major 16th Lancers, killed in action, 1900, in the Boer War) were leading at the last fence; they and Algy Lawley (now the Rev. Lord Wenlock¹) on his Ginger Tail, charged it.

It was a strong dense "bull-finch," and all fell into the finishing field. Seeing all this grief from the rear I came over the gate and won the drag; Eddie Tennant (the late Lord Glenconner) was second and Alfred Lyttelton (the cricketer) was third. Lloyd, Harry Meux (the late Sir Henry), Percy Aylmer (of Walworth Castle, Darlington), Cosmo Antrobus (the present Sir Cosmo Antrobus of Antrobus) and Freddy Meuricoffre (now living at Berne), all fell or did not finish.

At this last fence, Binning got a thorn right into an eyeball. After consultation it was agreed not to touch it. He was rushed up to London, where the thorn was removed without permanent injury to his eyesight.

I remember riding this punishing course a good many times, in the majority of which I never stood up till the finish, though I won it on several occasions. I remember seeing my brother on an almost white horse, Shamrock, go overhead in one of the big fen ditches, which were black and stinking. He reappeared as a scented Ethiopian and rode an ideal hearse horse into Cambridge that night.

I once got in at the same place, and was so cold after

¹ He died June 14th, 1931.



(CAMBRIDGE AND COMPANY LTD.)

We have been very much interested in your book "The Life of John Milton". It has been a great pleasure to us to find it so well written.

*I am, Sir, Very Respectfully,
Yours,*

J. H. Prynne

the bath on a bitter winter evening that I made my way to the Over pub, where I found some labourers, all of whom were sitting with tumblers of hot water and peppermint spirit. I had never before seen this drink supplied on licensed premises, but I ordered "the same."

The effect exceeded all expectations, for it was most warming and comforting. Mine host informed me that it was the habitual drink of the natives of the fens, and I have no doubt that its efficacy against ague and cold was proved by long experience.

Many years after I sampled another and equally effective release from misery and chattering teeth. I was returning home after an almost blank day of hail and rainstorms in the teeth of the north wind, wet through, from the neighbourhood of Aislaby, near Whitby, and was eighteen miles from home.

Mr. John Petch, of Liverton, father of the present Mr. Thomas S. Petch, who was like his son a very keen and straight man to hounds, said, "Come with me, I'll soon put you right." On reaching his place he brought me out while I was gruelling my mare an enormous cup of tea.

Whether the tea had been made with boiling rum, or it was better than half and half, I cannot say, but in a few minutes I was warm to the tips of my toes and rode happily home.

Such experiences make me think there was truth in the remark of one of my neighbours who, being warned when approaching his eightieth year "to pull in a bit," said, "Why, mair folks dee (die) for want of a drop than kills their-sels wi' drink!"

At the same time there is food for reflection in

another remark made by a seasoned old farmer to a friend of mine on someone expressing wonder that he could carry so much liquor. "Well, you see I'm *trained*—but what a lot on 'em dies in training!"

In or about 1895 the late James Mellor Paulton, who shared rooms with me at Cambridge for a year, and who represented the Bishop Auckland Division of Durham in Parliament for many years, wrote an amusing article in the *Badminton Magazine* on the Cambridge Drag in our time, some of the materials for which I supplied him with. It is illustrated by Stanley Berkeley.

The incidents are drawn partly from imagination, but the prose is veracious. Paulton in one amusing page deals with a Master (who followed my brother as Master, to whom I handed the horn when I went down), suppressing names. There is no harm now in saying it was the late Duke of Leeds, whom we knew at Cambridge as "Dolly Carmarthen." Our kennelman and drag layer was a curious old customer called Leete, and rode a curious old horse, Ivanhoe, presented by Captain Machell to the Drag. Undergraduates are generally in want of ready cash and behindhand with subscriptions, and it was not always easy to find what Leete required for the nutrition of himself, Ivanhoe and the hounds, let alone rent and rates.

Carmarthen, one afternoon at 26 Jesus Lane, hearing Leete's fairy footsteps and heavy breathing on the stairs and knowing what he was after, "went to ground" under the sofa. Leete, getting no response to his blows on the door, entered and sat down on a chair, and from traces of recent occupation judged the Master to be in covert. He had experience of genera-

tions of undergraduates, so there he sat for two solid hours, at the end of which Carmarthen crawled out. Leete, betraying not the slightest evidence of having noticed anything unusual in his lordship's habits nor dilatory in his reception, rose, saluted and opened to him the object of his visit.

I could write much more about the Drag, and follow the careers of those who learnt to ride in that merry school. When I could get to the Fitzwilliam I enjoyed watching the skill of George Carter, who gave us capital sport. He was reputed one of the best huntsmen of that day. He certainly could do what he liked with his hounds, and had a most wonderful knowledge of the craft. His intuition as to the line any fox was likely to take was weird. I remember on one day when hounds were run out of scent and the field had dwindled down to about half a dozen, his galloping some four miles on the roads, pulling up sharp in a lane at a small hole in a thorn fence, pulling off his cap, waving at the hole "Yei in there" and away we went for ten minutes fast and killed.

Carter was a big and very heavy man, and never jumped a fence if he could help it at this time in his life, and had usually a whipper-in in attendance making gaps for him, pulling out rails and opening gates.

For showing sport and making a good day out of a bad one I never came across a better huntsman than Lord Zetland's Champion. He was a first-class rider to hounds into the bargain, and could lift hounds and get their heads down again in a way that is extremely rare.

Polo was just beginning to make headway in England in 1876, and about 1877 we formed the first

Polo Club at Cambridge. We numbered about a dozen members. The prime mover in this was "Bill" Ellis, I have forgotten his initials, and among the other names I remember were Bentley, Heygate, Hugh Fitzwilliam, "B." Haig, T. Carmichael, R. Lehmann, Barnard, and Kelsall. We had great fun.

Later, when costly ponies became a necessity for match polo, only the wealthy could afford this best of all games. This expense led to the abandonment of polo at many places in the provinces, where it had afforded much fun and entertainment. You cannot now get the fun for your money which you could in my youth.

Most of the records of my day have been eclipsed in athletics, cricket, and in other directions. The best players at all games do better than the best did in my time, partly because there are more players. But what strikes an old man is that they are less games and more business, more uniformity and tight rules; with greater costs, less fun and less sport.

It is even so in hunting. Whereas in old days there was great variety in the ways, fashions and ideas between one country and another, and in the different styles, of hounds as well as in the hunting of them, it is now reduced to almost "sealed patterns," of uniformity in materials and character. The old varieties were pleasing, interesting and amusing. But one may be thankful that hunting still flourishes, for many people when I was a lad wagged their heads and said it could not survive railways, and when wire came proclaimed the near approach to its end. And here we are with, on the whole, far better hounds, far better horses, and more foxes than in the old days.



THE FIRST CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY POLO CLUB COMMITTEE
Left to right: Bill Ellis, President; Alfred Price; J. W. Price; and Hon. Harold C. C. C.

As for the men, I expect they are as good ; but what with asphalted roads, wire, and one thing and another, they do not get the chance we had, and the first-class fox is hampered with civilization in like manner.

The young women in the north now cut down the young men, but even fifty years ago we had up here some horny-skinned, hard-bitten old ladies who could hold their own with hounds, who must have begun their hunting before the accession of Queen Victoria. Of the Victorian young women, the less I say the better for fear of giving offence, as they are under a cloud, judging from many modern writers.

In my day our Drag hounds were recruited from the too fast or riotous members of various kennels. I think our best or leading hounds were a couple of Devon and Somerset staghounds, but we had one or two who also flew their fences, which were in comparison quite small. Hounds that fly their fences add considerably to the pace on a burning scent.

I may give a good instance of the " homing " instinct in hounds. The present Earl of Yarborough, M.F.H., was often out with us, and he sent me a few hounds from his Brocklesby Kennels, in Lincolnshire, in crates by rail in a passenger train to Cambridge. I kept them a fortnight in kennels, and then we had them out. After the Drag was over a couple of them were missing. One turned up a day or two after, but the other, an old dog-hound called Statesman, if I recollect his name rightly, was lost. Some weeks after Lord Yarborough told me the old hound had presented himself at the Brocklesby Kennels, having taken, as nearly as we could time it, fourteen or fifteen days to find his way home. I knew a similar case here where a sheep dog was sent

by train from Tow Low in the west of Durham to my father's farm in Cleveland (Yorkshire). It got loose the night it arrived and was back at home in a little more than twenty-four hours, the distance being some fifty miles, and, of course, much less than Statesman's journey. I have come across this sixth sense also among primitive natives in Africa.

CHAPTER III

MEMORIES AND ANECDOTES

I HAVE referred to my journal in 1878 and find the record of a longer drag than usual at Fox's Bridge, and done in extra fast time—"six miles and over in twenty-four minutes. I shall not live to see this beaten."

My brother won it on Election, a brown blood horse by Ballot. I was second on Gayhurst, having led till near the end, and Mr. W. H. Garforth was third on his thoroughbred Wideawake. This was fifty-two years ago on November 23rd.

I do not know what is the fastest six miles done with foxhounds. The fastest I have recorded is three miles straight in ten minutes over a stiff bit of country, but this does not come near Grand National pace. It included a very nasty in and out of a railway and a good deal of plough. It would be interesting to know what the experiences of others are as to the fastest pace done by hounds and horses in legitimate hunting.

In the December of 1878 I had two horses at the Angel at Chippenham in order to hunt with the Duke of Beaufort's. Hunting was stopped by frost most of the time, but on Saturday, December 28th, the frost had "given" sufficiently to hunt. We met at Badminton and I rode my little brown mare Gayhurst, mentioned above, which I had bought that autumn at Tattersalls, at the sale of the Oakley Hunt cubhunters, for forty-five guineas. This was her last day.

We had a very fast run and Dr. Grace (brother of "W.G.") and I were at last the only ones with the flying pack. "We tried a place beyond our powers," I write; "it was a stiff high wattled fence on a high bank, and we must have fallen ten feet on to our backs. Dr. Grace got over, while we were on the ground, and must have had the finish to himself." I rode my mare home, but she went queerly and became paralysed. A post-mortem examination showed a dislocation of the spine above the tail. This is the only fall out hunting which I have had with fatal results to my horse.

I have her hoof in my study. I note the day of her death. "I said farewell to her and a few hours after her gallant little heart was still for ever. I cried to think she would never more carry me over the big Over fences and wide Cambridgeshire ditches, nor turn to welcome me into her box."

When I come to think of it, I have seen very few horses killed in the hunting field—perhaps four or five. The most singular death I remember was through a horse stepping on a broken draining tile on the margin of the high road. It tipped up and made a gash in the leg a little above the fore-fetlock, severing an artery. Handkerchiefs were made into tourniquets, but the cut was in between the sinew and the bone. A stone was inserted to stop the spouting blood under the bandage, but in ten minutes the horse was dead.

I have had relations and friends killed out hunting, but have never seen anyone actually killed in the field. I remember a whipper-in being found dead with a broken neck in the corner of a covert just where he was posted, with nothing to account for it.

One thing which strikes me is the distances we rode

in those days compared with what hunting people do now. At Cambridge we thought nothing of sixteen miles to Huntingdon to hunt. For 7s. 6d. one hired a thoroughbred hack, attended lecture at 9 a.m., pulled off one's trousers (which hid the breeches and boots) in the porter's lodge, jumped on to the hack at Trinity Gate at 10.5, and galloped the sixteen miles on a grass margin under the hour.

I mention a good day with good runs, at home—"thirteen miles to covert and eighteen home—on Osman 9 a.m. to 9 p.m." I often rode fourteen or fifteen miles to the Hurworth, and more than twenty miles home after a good day on one horse, while many other men did much more with two horses out.

My love of wild animals led me in my youth, when I had the necessary energy and patience to devote to the task, to tame many of them, and my successful cases added joy to my life and amusement to my friends.

I had given to me a vixen, already pretty tame, about the year 1880, which had been reared by a shepherd. I have seen many tame foxes, but this was by far the tamest I ever came across, and for nine years she was a household pet, the playmate of my terriers and of my children. During all those years she never once attempted to bite any human being, or any animal. She remained very shy with strangers to the end, and if anyone came into the room whom she did not know she would retire under the furniture, or if it was on the road would squat flat till the stranger moved on.

Twice she absented herself for several weeks, but on both occasions returned home. She was very spoilt, for at teatime we used to allow her often to perform one of her clever tricks at the expense of the carpet. She

would stand on her hind legs, get hold of the cream jug by the handle, lift it most carefully to the ground, and then knock it over with her little nose and lick up the cream. I never had another fox as tame, as I have just said, but I managed to tame two badger cubs so that they followed me anywhere, and never did any harm. I had two other great successes—one was with a jackal and the other with a wild boar.

One evening, in the 'nineties, I was talking to a Frenchman in Algeria, and said there was no animal, if you took pains enough with it, which could not be tamed. He said there is one animal no one can tame, and that is a jackal. I replied that I would see if that was so.

A few days later I got a jackal about ten days old, and for weeks I kept it by day in my pocket and by night in my hat-box at my bedside. I spoon-fed it till I could get it to take a bottle. I often fed it four or five times in the night, and it grew up as tame as a dog. I did the same with the wild boar.

Two things are necessary to success—one is constant handling, with continuous attention, without a single break, and the other the greatest care in the provision of perfectly new milk in scrupulously clean vessels. An animal which, when small, bites you, should be allowed to do so till it is tired. I have taught half-grown badgers to give up every attempt to bite by putting on hedging gloves and allowing them to bite as much as they liked, and persisting in handling them. It is useless if you flinch or jump when they lay hold.

I had all sorts of pets as a boy, but one experience stands out in my schooldays. I had come up to London for a visit to the dentist, and passing the Bank of Eng-

land saw a man offering a squirrel for sale. The creature was sitting quietly on his hand. I asked him if it was tame, he assured me it was, and I paid him half-a-crown for it. I then saw it was secured with a short string to his thumb. He slipped the loop off and shoved the squirrel into my pocket. Elated with my new possession I went to the dentist—an elderly Quaker of the name of Miles—and while he was intent on one of my molars the “tame” squirrel (probably caught that day in Epping Forest) suddenly leapt from my pocket on to Mr. Miles. From thence it jumped on to his case of instruments, sent them, and bottles flying in all directions, then alighted on the mantelpiece, scattering china and bronzes. It next went round and round the pictures on his walls, and kept this business up with lightning speed. The dentist nearly fainted, and I was alarmed at the devastation. His butler was called in, and at last, with hands bitten to pieces and adding much blood to chairs and dental equipment, I secured my treasure and was shown the door very promptly, the séance having come to an untimely end.

This story reminds me of another experience with a “tame” eagle owl when, some thirty-five years later, I was a resident magistrate in the Transvaal. I had a curious journey to make at least once a year to inspect a police post in the Sabi Game Reserve, a district now served by a railway, and on one occasion I took a fluffy young eagle owl from its nest in a cliff which I passed. I reared it and kept the great bird in a wire enclosure. It never was tame, beyond snatching meat from my hand and being indifferent to my presence. When I was about to relinquish my appointment I had to dispose of my pets. I got my successor to take charge of

three dear little crocodiles I had hatched out of eggs I got when fishing for tiger fish in the Crocodile River, after court hours at Komati Poort, had turned thirty tame chameleons out, and got rid of everything but my enormous owl, when I bethought me of one Johnson, a Customs' officer, who had pet monkeys and baboons. He and I had had a little difference over a matter where the Transvaal laws secured him from penalty, but not from my censure. Some of our Public Works' transport donkeys had got into his garden and monkey ground, and Johnson, knowing the law, took his rifle and shot them, then tossed the carcasses outside his holding. In the Transvaal you can legally do this with any intruding domestic animal. I had not plotted revenge, but had it. I offered him my "tame" eagle owl; he jumped at it, and later it jumped at him. With difficulty it was got into a very large hamper and delivered to him. A week later I went to pay him an official farewell, and was astonished at his appearance. His face, hands and arms were covered with great strips of plaster and bandages. He received me in silence, and, looking over a mangled nose, said in answer to my question as to how he had got into such a mess: "Didn't you say that bird was a *tame* eagle owl?"

I admitted I had so described it, but had used the adjective in a comparative sense, and regretted that he had taken my description so literally. I did not stop to inquire if it had gone the way of my Government donkeys, and I have heard no more of Johnson or the owl; but it must have been a terrific battle.

I think the last really wild beast I have tamed was in 1909, when I had a place in Kenia. There was a semi-wild bush-cat which haunted the precincts of my com-

pound at night. I am not a cat lover—cats and hyænas I have little love for—but I tried my hand at this very pretty wild thing, and she took to me so much that she would come at night and sleep in my camp-bed. My son-in-law, Captain W. S. Medlicott, and Hume Chaloner, slept in the same room. The latter was killed in the War, but Medlicott can confirm my story. I awoke one night to find that my wild cat had produced two hot wet kittens under my arm between the sheets. I had to have a bath and a change of pyjamas, and did not hear the last of the event for a long time.

I still maintain the Scriptures are right—that all animals have been, or can be, tamed by man ; but with some it is a work of great pains and patience. The reward is an understanding of and sympathy with animate creation ; and a desire that no animal shall be exterminated is another result.

I have had common rats as pets. Their intelligence, sensitiveness and affection is extraordinary. I know they are a plague, but I would not poison one nor trap one myself, yet I have enjoyed a good rat hunt as much as anyone when I was young. These paradoxes exist. The love of field sports awakes the greatest affection for wild life. In old age the desire to hunt merely to kill dies down, the love of beast and bird remains ; but without the hunting what would be left ? The enemies of animate creation are found among the enemies of sport.

In the 'seventies my father and one of my uncles rented a small deer forest, reaching from the old Bridge of Dee up to the western end of Lochnagar and Loch Callater. It marched on the east with Balmoral, and included a little of the Ballochbuie Forest. It yielded

very good stags, and we got some fine heads, but I only remember one stag which weighed just over twenty stone clean that fell to my rifle. It is the only one of this weight I ever killed in Scotland.

I mention this place as it was here as a boy I first loosed off at red deer, and got into hot water over the business. My father and uncle had had a series of blank days, which I put down to the absurd mystery and formalities of Scotch stalkers. Indeed I have still pretty much the same opinion, namely—that anyone with a knowledge of the craft and the natural instinct for stalking game and an eye for the country can do better alone than when under the guidance of the professional, with his code of procedure, and certainly has much greater enjoyment and satisfaction.

Among the particularly vexatious rules of Scotch stalkers, to my mind, were the vetoes on shooting at a stag lying down or at one head-on to you ; for if you are above a stag which is lying down, to plump a bullet into his spine is a certain way of getting him, and it is a nice long target with heart and lungs below it.

Taking a beast head-on is my favourite shot, and was even more so in the days of express rifles and black powder, for the difficulty *then* was to judge *range*, and a mistake of twenty yards in judging distance a serious matter. When a beast is head-on and head up you do not want a better target, and range is of little account ; the head to the bottom of the chest is a long and deadly target.

To return to my " first stag." One afternoon when my father and uncle were planning a stalk at Loch Callater, I begged to go home and see if I could get a roe buck in the woods, and a .500 express Purdey rifle

and four cartridges were handed to me, so off I went along the road to Braemar. When I had done about four miles I saw a herd of deer with a good stag and some young stags about half a mile off the road up a hill. I thought to myself, "Now I will see if I cannot do what my elders seem to have much difficulty in accomplishing!" I saw that a burn which ran down a gully would lead me right up to them with the wind in my face, and I crawled steadily up the burn, determined not to look out of it till I got within shot of the big stag. When I raised myself I was in the middle of the lot, which had moved down a little, with the big stag one hundred yards off on my right. I fired at him and hit a "nobbler" about ten yards nearer to me, and the big stag departed; but the hinds ran round me and some stood within forty yards of me. Three of these I laid low with my remaining three cartridges. I was fleet of foot for a boy, and had won my school quarter in fifty-four seconds, so off I went with a big knife in my hand after the wounded nobbler.

I ran him to bay in a bog, and seized him by his short horns, with my knife in my mouth. He threw me about, but after a desperate struggle I killed him and went home for ghillies and ponies, and filled the empty larder with venison. When my elders returned with nothing, I confessed my sins and received their scoldings and met the fury of the old stalker very philosophically—for I felt if they only did things my way they would have a better time of it, even if they returned home all over blood and mud. At any rate, the larder was well stocked, which seemed to me quite a useful thing. But I was allowed out alone no more and was gradually broken in to the correct rules of a

Scotch forest, which on one occasion led to my missing the chance of getting the finest Scotch stag I ever saw, for he was at least a fourteen pointer.

We got to within one hundred yards of him, but the stalker had insisted on carrying the rifle and had the weapon still in its cover because it was raining (!) I put my hand out for it, but when the stalker moved to draw the cover off, the stag spotted him and was out of sight in a few seconds. I suppose everyone can recall some particularly annoying failure when success was almost certain, and remember one or two achievements of no ordinary character.

• My best stalking success, I shall always think, was one Sunday afternoon. When out for a walk with a companion I saw two hinds, one of which had with her a previous year's son with some four inches of "nobs" on his head. They were all feeding with their heads away and the "nobbler" last. I said, "Watch me stalk that youngster," and I crawled through the heather, watching each one, and every time all their heads were down dragged myself nearer. With beating heart I got to within a yard of my object, seized him by both hind ankles and swung him on to his back, sat on him and tied his hind legs together with my handkerchief, then sat on his head. He made such a terrific noise that after a while I freed him.

I do not think this has often been done, probably because it would not occur to many persons to attempt it. You can occasionally, with a low sun in the face of a stag which is lying down or feeding, walk erect to within shot of him. I have known it done, but have never done it in Scotland.

CHAPTER IV

THE EARLY EIGHTIES

IN the summer of 1880 I bought one of Lord Queensberry's horses, Jerry-Go-Nimble, at Tattersall's. He had won a steeplechase or two and was a beautiful-looking horse, by Lord Middleton's Morocco out of a Turnus mare, and was very fast. But he had the most extraordinary one-sided mouth I ever came across. When galloping the only possible way to ride him was to use a snaffle and hold the near side rein with all your strength, and never touch the off side of his mouth (which maddened him), and steer by relaxing the tight side. I had some croppers before I discovered the trick, and even then he was terribly difficult to manage in a run.

Lord Queensberry was a remarkably fine horseman, and advertised in the papers that "anyone having this horse would find a purchaser in the Marquis of Queensberry." I wrote and told him where the horse was and he replied that he would buy Jerry-Go-Nimble for "he was a brute to ride," and he (the Marquis) was quite sure that *no one could enjoy riding him*, but he wanted him to race. Lord Queensberry gave me £150 for the horse and sent me £10 more after winning the Melton Town Purse and another steeplechase a few weeks after. I mention this because it is evidence of Lord Queensberry's skill, for I do not think any other living man

could have won a race with this horse. I note in my diary that I covered nine miles with Jerry, partly on roads and lanes and partly across country, in twenty-four minutes. He certainly was the fastest horse I ever rode.

The following entry may interest those who study the costs of hunting a country. At this time the Cleveland Hounds hunted twice a week. The M.F.H. was Mr. John Proud, Will Nichol was huntsman, and we enjoyed very good sport.

"September 21st, 1880.—I attended the Hunt Meeting at the Buck Hotel, Guisbrough, Admiral Chaloner in the chair. Mr. Proud, M.F.H., made his annual statement. He had carried on the pack and hunted the country for £708 ; total subscriptions were £658, and he had overdrawn £50—which Squire Wharton agreed to make good. His cost of keep of hounds averaged 1s. 6d. a couple per week, puppies counting four to the couple. He turned out the huntsman and whipper-in well, and his bill for their outfit was only £26."

Fifty years ago it was easier to find and to buy a hunter, but the best class, which, in my opinion, are the thoroughbreds, or "all but" clean-bred ones, were few and far between. I am often asked if hunters have improved, or the reverse, in the last fifty years, and my answer is that they have improved immensely, and that there are far more first-class hunters to-day than there have ever been. But then that is only my opinion, and based on the fact that I do not understand anyone who has had experience of clever thoroughbred, or practically thoroughbred, hunters wishing to ride any other sort, and because there were fewer thoroughbreds bred



JOHN PROUD
Master of the Cleveland Horse 1879-1886

fifty years ago, and because half-breds were common ; the best class was more difficult to find.

These are some thoroughbreds which will carry sixteen stone with ease, but the idea still prevails that you must have big bone and big animals to carry big weights—whereas it is not size of horse, bone, sinews and muscle as much as the quality of these which is important to the man who wishes “ to be there ” in the fastest or longest run. It is the difference between the finest wrought steel and rough cast-iron.

The best *half-bred* weight-carrying hunters I have known ridden by first flight men were the result of the first and second-cross off Cleveland and Yorkshire coaching mares, but both of these latter breeds possess the best and stoutest blood in the General Stud Book, put into them in the eighteenth century in the days of four-mile heats and high weights.

Wanting to replace Jerry-Go-Nimble, I went up to Tattersall's and spent a long day there. Having bid as high as I could afford for three horses I had selected, and having been outbid, I was about to leave the yard when I saw that the first of a lot of five very nice chestnut hunters, the property of a Captain Amcotts, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, were going to be sold. I had seen them pulled out many times early in the day and knew they would sell well. I think the first four went for about 200 guineas apiece, and I stayed to watch the fifth sold, and looked him well over in the archway. To my surprise he wanted shoeing very badly, and had a hind shoe off. He stuck at forty-nine guineas. I nodded, and he was knocked down to me for fifty. I followed him to his box, and asked the Irish groom with him : “ What is wrong with this horse ?

I have bought him." He said : " Shure there's nothin' wrong with him." " But," said I, " why isn't he shod ? " " Becoz," said he, " ye *can't* shoe him, nor clip him, nor physic him, but he's as good a hunter as any of them."

I learnt that he had killed the last blacksmith who had attempted to shoe him, with many other terrifying particulars, but gathered that when you got used to his little failings he was a " great horse " over a country.

He was a thoroughbred, but the catalogue description of him was, " Faraway, by Fairyland . . . a good hunter." He was six years old. This is one of the few hunters I shall mention which I have owned, for he was the most singular of all. It took nine men to get him shod, he never had a ball or physic, and in the three years I had him he was partly clipped three times, but had, of course, to be thrown to do it, and fought all the time. He would allow me and my stud groom into his box, and to put his bridle on, but anyone else he went for open mouthed and with his forefeet. If anyone had hold of his head, or was near it, no one could possibly mount him, but if you were alone with him the horse stood like a lamb to be mounted.

I won some little bets on this peculiarity. In the hunting field I would get on and off my " lamb," challenge anyone to do it, and leave the horse to two or three of the others, when one always held his head, or I was sometimes asked to keep a " good hold of his head." No one ever got on to him until I had let the secret out.

At the beginning of the day he was an accomplished buckjumper, but when hacking or hunting, anyone, once on him, could ride him with ease, and he was a

delightful and brilliant performer in a run. He was very fast, could stay for ever, was never sick nor sorry, and was as hard as nails ; but this horse had another awkward idiosyncrasy in a run. You could not open a gate when he was warm nor get near one that was shut. He would dash through an open one. The consequence was that you avoided gates unless you were forced to jump them. He could jump anything which was jumpable and go like a bullet through a bullfinch.

This was the horse which carried me through the great run of January 9th, 1882, which was recorded in the *Field* and of which I gave an account in *Hunting Reminiscences*, published by Thacker & Co., in 1898, under the heading of "The Greatest Run I ever saw." I have never seen its equal for distance and pace. It cannot be made less than nineteen miles, and was done in one hour and forty-five minutes, and was with the most wonderful of hill foxes. A very large proportion of the run was over open moorland with nothing to check hounds. During the last twenty minutes, out of eleven couples of survivors (a little more than half the pack), four couples rolled over in the heather, one by one ; three died of exhaustion where they fell, and only seven couples got to the end. I have never known hounds die of exhaustion before or since. The other hounds stopped some hundreds of feet below me at a spot inaccessible in the dark ; whether they killed or ran to ground no one will ever know.

One of the worst falls I ever had was with Faraway, and though he was in no way guilty I was so nearly killed that my family persuaded me to sell him. I did so for seventy pounds to James Darrel of West Ayton, who told me he sold him well in the Shires. I heard

later that the horse had killed another blacksmith, but only heard this "third hand," and I hope it is not true. I ran him once in a "hunters'" two-mile race at Redcar, when he started favourite, ran away with his jockey (one Rickaby), went half a mile out of the course at the top end, and finished second. Rickaby had a rough reception. The horse won a few prizes at shows, including the Cleveland Hunt Cup.

In those days hunters in this and some other classes had to jump the fences and water jumps (but not the poles), which are now kept for the leaping classes. If this test were applied at the present time it would, I am afraid, very seriously diminish the entries, but would facilitate the work of the judges. I often wonder what percentage of modern show hunters are really hunters at all. I have known judges take a terribly long time in judging these classes, and have sometimes thought a speedier method of judging fat stock would be to pass it over the weigh bridge.

CHAPTER V

NOTES FROM MY DIARIES, 1880-81

I HAVE a long note in December, 1880, with information about the Roxby Hounds in the eighteenth century, most of which is embodied in my account of *The Cleveland Hounds as a Trencher-fed Pack* (published by Longmans in 1887) ; but I think the following run, which was not included, deserves to be recorded.

It took place within the memory of one or two of the oldest members of the Welford family at Roxby—long before the 1817 amalgamation of the Roxby and Cleveland packs, but not earlier than 1780. It was said fifty years ago that one of the Welford family had a “ paper ” with the chief records of the doings of the Roxby Hounds in the eighteenth century, and this run was therein described. I give the note as I wrote it at the time it was related to me in 1880.

“ The Welfords of Roxby kept large numbers of pigs and so did their neighbours, and it was the custom for each to lend a hand to the other when he had his pig-killing day in winter. The Welfords killed thirty and even more pigs on their day, and it took a number of hands to get through the job. On one such day about Christmas time Bush Billy, a noted foxhunter (or his father ?) and another sportsman came across the deep valley between Grinkle and Roxby to the Welford’s pig-killing. At 8 a.m., as they were ‘ climmin’ t’

baank' (i.e. climbing up the hill) where the whins still stud the Roxby pastures, they saw a fox go into a patch of whins.

"One stayed to see that he did not go out, and the other ran on to Welford's and shouted to him to get the fox nets at once.

"The neighbours were all ready to begin their sanguinary day's work, and 't' watter was already *boilin'*," but off they went with the nets, not intending to abandon the pigs, but to bag the fox for a hunt on a less 'thrang' day.

"I forget whether the fox escaped before the nets were set, or whether he got away while they were attempting to put him in the poke. But off he went, and the pig-killers 'called up' such hounds as were available (only five or six or seven hounds—I forget the number) and 'laid them on,' and they all followed *on foot*. The hunt was a most extraordinary one. The hounds ran this fox from Roxby to Cargo Fleet, and killed him there at the River Tees, but none of the footmen got farther than Birk Brow; two couples of hounds apparently got to the end, one couple returned to Roxby the next day, and the other couple the day after that. On one of the latter was a collar and a label tied on to it upon which was written, 'Your hounds killed their fox at Cargo Fleet.'

"Who saw the fox killed and sent the message I never heard, though it may have been on old Joseph Welford's 'paper.' But the feat for two couples of hounds is a most extraordinary one, for it is an eighteen-mile point on the map, but the country they traversed—hills, gills, moors and vale—could not be crossed in a straight line under twenty-four miles."

On December 13th the Cleveland met at Kildale Hall, where Mr. Robert Bell Turton (now, 1930, Major and joint M.F.H. with Colonel Wharton of the Cleveland), who had just come into the Kildale Estates, was in residence. We had a fairly good day, but I mention it because of this latter part of my entry.

"We soon found another fox on Guisbrough Banks and ran him a ring several times . . . and then he crossed the valley from Skelton Warren to Coum Bank. In the valley Charlie, the Whip, and I saw a mysterious group of people in a field, three fields ahead of hounds. We galloped up and found it was a girl with a terrier and the fox tied to her apron string. The terrier had seized the fox as it came past her and she had tied her apron string to a hind leg. We let him loose, but hounds were too near and he was killed. This sporting damsel was a Miss Dale, a niece of Tom Andrew's (formerly M.F.H. and huntsman); we gave her the brush. This makes the twenty-eighth fox this season." (We were then only a two-days-a-week pack.)

This winter (1880-81) was a very severe one, with more snow and harder frosts than we have had since, yet it was a great season for sport. We often hunted in the snow, and of one day I say horses were often "up to the belly" in the drifts.

One of the coldest days I was ever out on was on the 14th December, with the Bilsdale; my father was there too. At the meet was a small group. "Bobby Dawson, the whipper-in, a little old chap with a wizened pink face was standing near a moor gate. With his back to the wall (for shelter) in an ancient coat that once was pink, his hands in his breeches pockets, large old top boots, the tops the blackest ever seen, with a long

hunting horn dangling on a string tied to his button hole, he held two old mares, and three singular looking hounds were hanging about.

"Richard Spink (brother of the huntsman, Nicholas Spink) came up on foot and took one of the mares. I asked where was Nicholas. Bobby said : 'He's gone yam (home) as his awd woomon's sick.' He added, 'Maist of our chaps is gone yam, they said 'twas ower caud fer owt, but there's Mr. Spink and yan or twae oothers an we mun see if we can leight of a fox.' Bobby continued to blow his horn and one by one hounds came up from the farms until we had seven couples. . . ."

Once when we were about one thousand feet above hounds drawing the lower slopes there was a hound tonguing, and I drew Bobby's attention to the fact. He said, "Nay, it's nowt but a hare. It's that domned Seabright. Ah'll flatten his ribs !" I said, "I don't think you'll get at him for a bit." To which remark he replied, "But Ah'll be at him afore neet." It was a poor day, and early in the afternoon we could stand the cold no longer and also went "yam." But long after we turned I could see old Bobby and Dick Spink trailing along on the sky-line of the Cleveland Hills.

Bobby Dawson, by the way, died in 1902, aged ninety-one, having hunted with the Bilsdale for eighty-six years, as he began when five years old. He died as he lived, talking and thinking of foxes and hounds, and desired to be buried in a sitting posture to better hear the cry of hounds in the Dale. His few personal belongings he bequeathed to good foxhunters. I forget who got his spurs, which had been the Duke of Buckingham's, the first Master of the Bilsdale, until his death in 1687. His horn, which had been the



POLY DAWG — LEFT — HE BUILT A LOT OF P. 1900 AND WAS PICKED WITH H. C. C. BROS. & SONS
Definitely the toughest of Maps & Letters picked up

property of Forster, the Duke's huntsman and successor and an ancestor of Dawson's, was left to Mr. F. Wilson Horsfall, M.F.H. Among those present at the funeral were Mr. Wilson Horsfall, M.F.H., "Nimrod" Pearson (of the Sinnington), R. Garbutt, ex-M.F.H., Chapman Garbutt, John Garbutt, Dr. Snowden, Henry Chapman, Frank Dobson, Ben and Joseph Kitching, Seth Kirby, Stephen Ainsley, John Temple, Bell Medd and many others.

I hunted with various packs in the North in the season of 1881, and had a few days with the Duke of Beaufort, one of which is stuck in my memory, for in a fast run from Foss Lodge four of us in the van tried to jump a river. One, an elderly peer, got over, the rest of us went in. My horse landed on the far side, but the bank breaking he fell back over and took me under him to the bottom. This was the nearest approach to being first drowned and then frozen to death which I had experienced when out hunting.

When I hunted there I stayed with my father-in-law, Sir Robert Fowler, who died in 1891. He was M.P. for the City of London for many years and on two occasions was Lord Mayor. He hunted every day he could, and would come by night after his Guildhall, Mansion House, City Company dinners and from the House of Commons—the sittings of which he always sat out to the bitter end—and never turned home till hounds went back to kennel or he lost them. I always hoped he would lose them, for the most weary rides I have ever had were with him going home—often eighteen or twenty miles. He walked all the way and never wished to get back before dinner time, at 8.30.

He was a peculiarly tough customer. His two meals

were breakfast and dinner—he enjoyed a bottle of port, and expected others to. He smoked cigars all the hours he was riding home and regaled me with long quotations from the Latin and Greek classics. He had the most phenomenal memory and could recite any poem which he had read, or the speeches he had heard, and astounded me by reciting on one occasion the whole of the third chapter of Hallam's *Middle Ages*, which he told me he had read three times—but that does not warm your toes on a winter night !

I mention this owing to a note in my diary that I had been immensely tickled by his practice when Sheriff of using his gilt State coach as a hansom-cab to catch his trains (for hunting) at Paddington, and that one day when I mentioned this to Sir Nigel Kingscote at Brooks's, Sir Nigel said, " I never laughed so much in my life as one day when Sir Robert was Lord Mayor to see him arrive in the Lord Mayor's coach with the fat horses and coachman blown and dripping, having used his Lord Mayor's privileges to the utmost, and driving miles to catch the train at Paddington to hunt with the Duke's."

CHAPTER VI

NOTES FROM MY DIARIES, 1881-82

IT is curious to be reminded by my journal of what were still in the 'eighties the frequent battles between gangs of night poachers and keepers and watchers. These encounters were often of a sanguinary nature. As a rule the poachers were without firearms and keepers and watchers never carried them.

Though in two encounters I remember two keepers were killed by poachers with guns, and another terribly maimed, these were cases of deliberate attempts to murder ; but as a rule the poachers carried stones, stockings full of broken glass, and sometimes flails and bludgeons. Keepers had their sticks (and useful ones) and their night dogs, mastiffs or half-bred mastiffs. Some of these gangs came from as far afield as Norfolk.

The poachers began operations in July and August for rabbits, and would often succeed in getting several "long net" drives in one night—a drive yielding from thirty to fifty rabbits and some hares. A week's work might yield about thirty pounds worth of stuff, or more, for four to six men, if they had three good nights. It was a good thing to break up a gang early in the season. Here is an entry :

"August 2nd, Tues. . . . One poaching case before the Bench to-day, was one of ours. Our four keepers, after being given the slip two nights, on the

third night out, the 29th July, managed to seize two men of a gang, by an alarm gun going off in the middle of their first drive ; Joe Welford's dog proving of great assistance in the short encounter, four bludgeons, three hundred yards of netting, etc., and thirteen rabbits were taken—the keepers not badly hurt. The men got three months each."

Of course, there was far more game and many more rabbits in those days. On my father's place the rabbits were the main attraction, and were hard to keep down in many seasons. In some years about three thousand were killed and four hundred or more shot in the day.

The following incident, recorded in my diary for August (in Scotland) still makes me smile. My younger brother (now Lord Gainford) had never shot a stag, and one day when he, a cousin of ours, the late Howard Pease of Otterburn, and I were shooting grouse on very hillocky ground near Loch Bulig, we saw one feeding. We laid our plans so well to move the stag up to my brother, between two hillocks, that the stag trotted past him at fifteen yards, at which distance my brother shot him dead with a charge of No. 5 shot in the neck.

While the keeper was gralloching the stag, I watched my opportunity of blooding my brother, and clapped a great handful of gore on his face. He had his cap off and the keeper, Lundie, whose hands were enormous, seconded me before Jack could open his eyes, by adding a huge double-handful of blood on the top of his head, as being the proper area for the baptism.

Jack thought we were overdoing the business and was angry and chivvied me over the moor, "and though stronger, was not so fast on foot as I was. He nearly

caught me, however, for I was breathless with laughing at his anger and *appearance*." No one can say he was not properly blooded! Howard Pease was nearly dead, too, with laughing.¹

I give a description of a day's grouse driving with a local syndicate which put me off subsequent invitations of a similar sort, but which opened my eyes as to the conditions under which some of these shoots were conducted. The leading host was a most kind and hospitable man, but, as some of his guns were by no means safe shots, I had an adventurous day, for they started with champagne at 10 a.m., champagne for lunch, and champagne in the afternoon.

There were plenty of grouse, and after lunch, as grouse were streaming over the butt on my left unmolested, and on the right my neighbour was oblivious of my presence, and I had to stand with my back to him, I ran to occupy the empty butt on my left, where to my surprise the occupant was lying fast asleep in mud and water. If or how they all got home I do not know, for the night was dark and thick and the roads were rough and slippery. They were drinking champagne at 4 p.m., when I departed.

I hunted a good deal with the Hurworth Hounds this season. Mr Cookson was the Master at this time. He was a good sportsman and rode well sometimes in a fast thing, but was of a somewhat fussy and excitable disposition when exercising his office as M.F.H., but being a great personal friend of my father's he welcomed me and I escaped all trouble. He was a successful breeder of racehorses. Few breeders have bred the

¹ My brother disputes the accuracy of my record and says that he had already been blooded when I added my dose, hence his effort to bring me to book.

first and second in the same year's Derby, but he did this in the case of Kettledrum and Dundee. He was a good performer on the violin and regularly took charge of a religious service on Sundays. Though his sermons were at times rather interspersed with expressions reminiscent of the Turf rather than of the Scriptures, I doubt if his congregation, which was largely composed of his own employees, would notice it. I can remember one or two instances, but they do not bear repetition in cold blood. They were not vulgarisms, however, or couched in strong language, but the natural terms used in his everyday life.

I have always thought the Hurworth country one of the very best in the North to ride over. It is varied, its coverts are nicely distanced, the Cleveland Hills being the ultimate object of the stoutest foxes when they broke from whins far out in the low country. Many of their runs are straight and fast.

During Cookson's mastership I was often annoyed with some things. Hounds did not turn up when I had ridden many miles to meet them, they did not hunt because of rain, and hounds were given to hunting "hare." Later, things improved, but at this time foxes were scarce in the best parts of their country.

There is an account on December 23rd of the lucky recovery of one of the cleverest and most charming of wire-haired terriers. Both my brother and I had a number of these, most of which were bred and trained by us for badger, and several ran with the Cleveland Hounds. I never thought a terrier which would not go to ground to fox or badger deserved the name.

On December 10th, Jack (my brother) having gone to Hutton over the Sunday, left his terrier Jerry at his

quarters (my brother then resided with two maiden aunts at Southend, Darlington). On that night the servants let Jerry out and he was heard of no more. There was no immediate anxiety, for on occasion he would take the road or train to Hutton (some twenty-five miles distant) where my brother kept his beagles and where he spent much time. When inquiries began, it was learnt that a terrier had got into the night mail train at Darlington and had selected a first-class compartment and the Duke of Portland's company for the journey. The Duke, I think, had been hunting from Cliffe.

The Duke took the little stranger to Grosvenor Place and wrote to the Darlington police. However, on Monday, December 12th, Jerry slipped his collar and made off again. The Duke wrote to Jack to tell him, and the latter advertised in the *Standard*, *Daily News* and *Lloyd's Weekly*. Through this he heard of him at Croydon on the 22nd, and Jerry arrived at Darlington that night. He was received again into the bosom of his family and the fatted calf was slain.

This day I went round the town and stopped to look at the Christmas beef. The chief feature in the show of carcasses was a prize bullock of my uncle, Arthur Pease's, 139 stone. I heard one woman gazing at it (a farmer's wife) say, "Aw! What a dredful waaste o' fat! Aw, shameful." "Aw, boot it's very beautiful to look on!" said her companion. "Aye, it es," said the first, quite overcome with the beauty of the scene: enormous hunks of white fat with a slight pink streak in it.

On December 28th I note the news of the death, on Christmas Eve, in Madeira, of Viscount Helmsley,

M.P. His father, the first Earl of Feversham, had been Master of the Bedale, and Lord Helmsley, when twenty-two years old (1874) was elected M.P. for the North Riding. His death, at the age of thirty-three, was a great shock in this part of Yorkshire, as he was the only son and heir to more than thirty-nine thousand acres of land in the Riding and a particularly promising and handsome man. He left one son, who succeeded to the earldom and was Master of the Sinnington. He too met an early death, falling on the field of honour on September 15th, 1916, a date I well remember, as three of my cousins were killed in action on that same day.

The season 1881-82 was a remarkably good one in Cleveland. Even in March, when I describe most days in such terms as "Another very hot, dry day, everything quite baked, the ground cracking and like riding on flags," we seem to have had a scent and excellent runs all through the month.

CHAPTER VII

VARIOUS RECORDS OF 1882

QUESTIONS of agriculture to-day invariably produce a diversity of opinions, and it is amusing to revive a discussion on farming in the 'eighties.

Attending a Chamber of Agriculture meeting I summarize "the paper" by W. S. Dixon on "Stock and Turnips" and the debate thus in my diary :

"*Wm. Scarth Dixon.* Cleveland a bad sheep country (which it is not), therefore our attention must be turned to beef. Nowadays 'beef' could not be made without turnips (which it can). Cleveland a bad turnip country (sometimes), therefore spend £15 an acre on manures to produce £12 of turnips. Pulp them, mix with chaff and treacle, and there you are—Beef !

"*Jas. Rutherford* said a pocketful of sovereigns was a good thing, but not if you had to pay a guinea apiece for them, and he preferred cotton cake.

"*Ralph Robinson's* contribution : He didn't believe 'i' paapers, booklarnin' an traycles' in farming—but in 'makkin' farmin' pay ; least waays this west' best thing to his mind."

My last day with hounds in 1882 was on April 6th, though this did not end the season (Easter Monday being the usual last advertised meet). It was a good last day with a "tremendous forty minutes from Roxby to Moorsholm, the last five minutes in view." This

was our fiftieth fox (two days a week pack). Will Nichol (the huntsman) came to grief twice. His "old Plato" coming down on the road once broke his knees, and I got bogged in a gateway (such are the Waupley farms!), but got out after a little trouble. In such a good season there had been much grief and I had my share of falls.

The hunting season of 1882 being practically over, my brother and I took our team of terriers for a badger hunting tour in the beautiful counties of Herefordshire and Gloucestershire. As we had six terriers with us in a compartment and added to our team on our travels we went third class.

In those days one had greater liberty on the railways, and as a party we afforded some entertainment to the railway staff and passengers. On a recent expedition of a similar character in Cornwall we had added to our team a very curious specimen appropriately called "Nip." He was a very competent performer underground and would lie up to a badger for hours. He loved darkness rather than light and was always reluctant to return to the daylight. This was his fault and we had often to dig to him to get him out, and his temper was such that at times we could only extract him with the badger tongs. He was a smooth-coated cross, about one-third bull terrier and two-thirds fox terrier.

When I speak of fox terriers I allude to the real smooth fox terrier of that time, and not to the miserable weak, snipey muzzled, long-legged, modern things you see at shows which could not get to a fox, nor hold a badger, and half of whose faces would get bitten off in a "turn up." The primary qualification of a terrier

is to be a terrier, a goer to ground. The modern show-bench specimen is no more a terrier than the modern Airedale—they are useless for their *métier*.

We had a troublesome journey, as terriers are excitable little brutes and given to much internecine strife. If one starts a row, they are all in it in a minute, and as for Nip he always went to ground as far as he could under the seat. At every change (and we had many before we landed up at the Green Dragon at Hereford) he had to be drawn with the tongs.

During this trip we were hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Edwards at a beautiful old moated manor house, Brinsop Court, and while there had a warning of the danger of tunnelling. We had found a single hole on the hillside at Credenhill Park, in which Brock was at home. We had a good force of willing hands with the pick and spade and drove a drift straight into the hill between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m., then when we had got more than thirty feet into the hill we reached rock.

It was the most stupendous bit of work in a day after a badger I had ever seen. Three terriers in turn had stuck to the badger, which was now in the rock at the end. The only chance of getting him was to crawl up to the end with the tongs. I, being the least bulky person, went in with Nip to protect my head from a charge. A man lying flat behind me held my ankles, and another behind him, so that we formed a human chain to daylight. It was pitch dark at the end and a candle would not burn. At last I got hold of something with the tongs under the rock and gave the word to pull us out, and drew the badger. Lucky it was I had Nip in front of my face, for I had only got him by a fore-pad. We were all drawn out by the farm hands,

who shouted, "He's got him by the clee ! He's got him by the clee !"

We were all just out when the whole tunnel collapsed—a few moments earlier and three of us would have certainly been buried alive. No doubt the tremendous scuffle as the whole bouncing mass of us, badger and Nip were drawn out "brought down the house."

This was a big badger and weighed about thirty pounds. He was turned out with others at home afterwards. The largest badger I ever handled was a sow of thirty-five pounds, dug out at Pinchinthorpe. I have weighed few badgers which scaled more than twenty-seven or twenty-eight pounds.

On another day we came upon a vixen and cubs laid in with badgers. I took a fox cub home with me to keep as a pet. She became tame and lived in the scullery mostly, but during an absence from home she got wild and snappy, and I let her go, thinking a cross of Hereford might not be a bad thing.

We had a by-day at Brinsop in the stackyard, where at one stack our terriers killed eight hundred rats and mice.

Our next quarters were at the George Inn, Birdlip. We had some pleasant days about there and some good digs at Misarden, but none of the badgers weighed over twenty-two pounds.

We took our now well-scarred team and badgers home early in May, but presented Nip to a Misarden gamekeeper who was struck with his valour, which, to tell the truth, we were rather tired of, as it was practised on every kind of object. If there was nothing else to seize he would hold on to a stone as if his life depended on never leaving go. He was what they call in Cleveland a real "nivver gie ower."

No doubt for a last resource and for a tight corner, a terrier with a cross of bull terrier in him is very valuable, but the most desirable one for both fox and badger is one that "lies up" for the longest period making plenty of noise, and engages the enemy persistently *without laying hold* and yet will withstand the rush of a badger. You never want a fox to be hurt, and I never want to hurt a badger. The terrier which lays hold of a badger may be terribly mauled or even killed.

Two breeds of terriers common enough in the North fifty years ago have disappeared. Both were hard, game and excellent for every class of terrier's job, and both in size were similar to the short-legged wire-haired fox terrier (not to the heavy, long, clumsy Sealyham type). Curiously enough, one of these breeds was always just a "terrier," all other breeds being distinguished from it by a prefix such as fox, wire-haired, Welsh, Irish, Dandie Dinmont, etc. This breed was "*The Terrier*." They were rough-coated, "sandy and grey," "grey and fawn" to Airedale colour, with rather short, blunt muzzles. The other, the smooth black-and-tan, was possibly the breed from which the modern long-legged creature seen at shows has been evolved, for its coat and colour were the same, if it had no other common points of resemblance. I have an oil-painting of a celebrated Roadster of my father's, in a loose box with one of these black-and-tans in the straw, Piper, the last of the breed which we had. These, like the Roadster, are now extinct. The best dogs for badger are wire-haired terriers, short-legged strong fox terriers, Scotch terriers, and, perhaps the best of all—dachshunds of the right sort.

This was a very good grouse year (1882) in Aberdeenshire. On August 12th (five guns), over dogs in two parties, we shot 194 brace, and many good days followed. We began driving with six guns (some days seven) on August 26th, with bags of 140 brace and over; over 50 brace most days until September 4th, when we were reduced to four guns. On this last day we got 81 brace.

My father's headkeeper was a great character, and held this post for more than thirty years until his death. He was a stern and noisy dog-breaker, and no matter how we disliked it he would do his schooling in the middle of a day's shooting if a pointer ran in or committed any breach of discipline.

When my father first engaged him he brought with him from Northumberland a hideous vocabulary, and was told that certain words would not be tolerated. I give on a day when we had an exasperating amount of discipline a list of his now modified expressions addressed to his victims in what we called "Briggs's Whisper"—a whisper you could hear miles away, and which made the hills resound.

August 21st, 1882. I shot to-day with my father and Howard Pease, but we had such a breaking-in of young dogs, such whistling, such language on the part of Briggs. "Dod shatter yer redhotted hug-ly heead," "Dod burn yer, ye nasty rooshin hammer-headed brewte," "Dod pleg yer, yer wyuld creetur," "—— yer, ye nasty ketty brewte." He was a curious mixture of brutality and sentiment, for picking up a snipe he laid it on his hand and said in a low voice, full of emotion: "Oh, poor little feller!"

At one time when I was much interested in the dogs,

a lemon-and-white pointer, Major, had most curious expressions of disgust, anxiety and horror, which in turn passed over his very expressive face, as he fancied he had birds, then was sure, and then all suspense. He nearly frightened me with one of his painful back glances, showing the whites of his eyes and jaws shaking, saying as plainly as words: "How much longer am I to stand like this, with cramp to the tip of my tail? And if these birds get up they will give me such a turn, I shall die in a fit; the strain is too terrible." Briggs's remark was "Look at him! All of a tremor! All of a dother! Oh, the nasty excitable natur of the ketty creatur!" The bag that day was 91 brace (five guns).

Queen Victoria generally called at Corndavon each season, but oftener at the cottages in Glengairn, where our ghillies lived. We had one old man there, by name John Lee, but known as "John the Wobster," to distinguish him from other Johns. At another place I shot at called Garrogie, when the late Mr. E. N. Buxton rented it, one of the Johns there resented the prefix which adorned his name as a distinguishing mark, saying to my brother-in-law, Gerald Buxton, "It is a durrty name they would be calling me, 'Worm John.'" It had become his title from the frequency with which he was sent to collect worms for the "fushing" by the young Buxtons. Our John was a weaver, and we wore his excellent home-woven stuff.

This year, when the Queen drove up to his hovel in Gairn Shiel, John stepped up to the carriage in his shirt-sleeves and greeted Her Majesty thus: "Wull, so yer *have* come!" When asked how he and his wife had got on with Her Majesty, he said: "Mary was some shy, but *I* ken weel hoo te talk to *this class o' perrson*."

CHAPTER VIII

SCOTLAND AND SPORT, 1882-83

IN October of 1882, my brother and I returned to Corndavon alone for ten days, in which time, with hard work, we annexed 13 stags, 2 roe, 75 brace of grouse, several salmon and 1 grilse, besides trout, hares, rabbits and woodcock. We began our days in the dark and were out till dark. We both managed to do the trick of a stag, grouse and salmon in a day.

Next year on January 9th we had the great run alluded to before as the best I ever saw—which has been described in print. A very fair account of it appeared in the *Field* over the nom-de-plume "Open-Weather."

In February I was staying with a cousin of mine, Edwin Pease, who afterwards died from a hunting accident, to hunt with the Hurworth, but had poor sport. I appear to have been very much tickled with one of my fellow guest's account of an accident he had witnessed with the Hurworth, when a lady had got a ducking. It was a long story about very little, and feeling that the narrator had dined well we sat silent during the recitation, watching his face very pale and drawn and his eyes round and bulging with the horror of the scene he described. Having concluded, he looked from one to another of us repeating over and over again in a lost sort of way, as if not quite satisfied with his

metaphor and grammar : " As near *drowned* as a *whistle* ! "

Here is a day (November 6th, 1882) which is interesting locally as the finish was in what is now the middle of the town of Middlesbrough, but then the open fields of Swatters' Carr. It started after denunciations of some vulpical landowner in our west and best country : who "—— in his meanness had sent his keepers through the coverts just before we came up as he heard we were coming."

However, " Will " (the huntsman Nichol) saying nothing more than that he would like to burn him, went on to Seamer. There we found at once, and away we went, first for Stanley Houses, then left to Severs' Plantation, then straight for Maltby, and it was evident we were in for a good thing. I got away first on Faraway jumping some good fences, Will cut in, then Ben ; a few more as we turned by Stainton tried in vain to catch us across country, and then took to the roads.

Hounds streamed away, heads up and sterns down, and Faraway came on leaving field after field behind him without the slightest effort, taking everything just as it came. Will and Ben, the whipper-in, were close at me, but the Blue Bell Beck pounded them, while Faraway kicked it behind him like a ditch.

From Acklam we raced on towards Marton with the leading ten couples drawing away from the rest, and I found myself steeplechasing straight away for Middlesbrough. My horse was still reaching at his bridle and going free and well ; and then we got to a place where I thought we should be down or pounded, stiff high rails and the Marton Beck beyond—about twenty feet of water. It was grass and down-hill slightly to it, and

he landed a full yard beyond it all. We were now among suburban houses and roads. Here Will came up on Ben's horse, and then followed James and Miss Rutherford, Bob Brunton, W. Scarth Dixon. In a few minutes we ran into the fox in the open on Swatters' Carr after forty-five minutes of the best over a line of about nine miles.

I took the brush, and consider this to have been the best cross-country run I had ridden to in Cleveland so far. My brother lamed his horse the first go off. I wish he had been in it, but he got there on Sligo before we started for home. Bob Brunton the next day measured Faraway's big jump, from taking off to landing the hind hoof marks—twenty-seven feet.

On New Year's Day (1883), in a very good run, I had the worst hunting accident of my life through checking my horse Faraway before a high stiff thorn fence, with a big drop beyond. The horse caught a foot in the top of it and turned completely over. He fell on to the top of me, breaking my ribs into my lungs and breaking my right shoulder blade, with other injuries to my head and neck. It was six weeks before I got home, and I was very lucky to do that, though I fell within a mile-and-a-half of my house.

During convalescence I must have been looking at some old hunting records as I have noted some remarkable runs, e.g., I give a copy of the account of a marvellous hunt on "Thurs., 19 Nov., 1776," "from Lyde Green, near Bristol," without saying which pack. "The estimated distance of the run was 50 miles," "two rings in the Vale 15 miles, then to the hills, first to Sir Wm. Codrington's Woods at Doddington, then to the Duke of Beaufort's Woods, Didmarston (with other

particulars), 6 couples out of 17 couples killed their fox," "the largest seen in those parts," "between Kilcott and Forcester."

Another, "Oct. 13, 1733—A hind hunted on Sunbury Common, crossed the Thames 3 times, ran the same ground over again, affording such excellent diversion that His Majesty ordered her life to be spared and a silver collar put about her neck."

Another, "Ralph Robinson," an old farmer and tenant of my father's, "told me when I asked him if he remembered Ralph Lambton that he remembered as a lad seeing Ralph coming into Bishop Auckland streets on foot with one-and-a-half couple of hounds with a fox dead-beat a few yards in front of them, and calling out 'Huic to Jingler'." The fox was lying down in the main street and the hounds, quite done, were unable to touch him, lying down beside him. Lambton gave them some minutes, but as they could not tackle him, had the fox picked up and turned away free somewhere near Sedgfield where the pack had found him.

I was able to hunt for some weeks, before the end of the season, and had some good days with the Zetland. I mention some who were first-rate men with these hounds, such as Lord Henry Vane, who was always at the "top" of a hunt in any country, and a hard man to beat; Lord Castlereagh; St. Lawrence, Matheson. I remember that there were others like E. R. Whitwell, who was a desperate hard rider and a good weight. He was of the crasher description, and often on the floor and at times "severely wounded." J. B. Dale (now Sir James) was then often in the front, and there were other good men.

Champion, the huntsman, was always there; he was

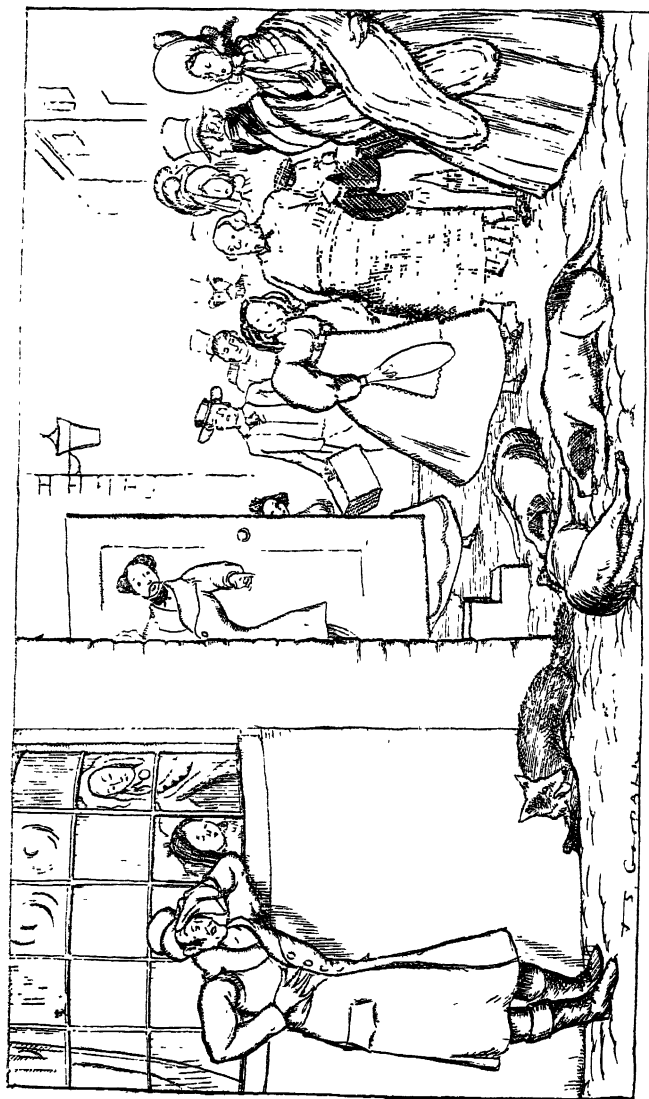
well mounted, but careful ; he was a splendid huntsman, and no man could make a bad day into a good one so well. I wrote : " I am much impressed with the Zetland hounds ; you cannot watch more beautiful working hounds ; they are fast, carry a splendid head, and every one of them works and backs up immediately."

There was much snow and frost in March. Both during this and the previous season in Cleveland there was a bob-tailed fox who frequently gave us a run, and which every time was found at Hutton Lowcross and lost at Upsall, or vice versa. These places were four miles apart, and he ran very direct.

On the " 31st March . . . Found the 2nd fox, the bob-tailed one, in Bousdale (Hutton), which has given us some capital sport before this season, and always escaped, as he would have this day if he had not been so unlucky as to be view-holloa'd at least four times when we were just giving him up. . . . I was sorry to see him killed. . . . Tom Fowler (the late Sir Thomas, killed in action 1902 in the Boer War—he was my brother-in-law) taking the 4 inches of brush, after 1 hour and 20 mins. with him, to show the Duke of Beaufort's people the sort of brushes we grow in Cleveland."

" 6th April. . . . To the Bilsdale Hounds at Baysdale Abbey, a lovely day on the moors, got there 10.30, and had to wait three-quarters of an hour for the hounds, which arrived in couples. Before their arrival we were horrified to gather that they were going to hunt a baggie, for the old lady of the place ran out and exclaimed : ' Hev ye coom ti see t'fox ton'd off ? ' " . . .

After milk and cakes in her parlour she persuaded me to come and see the fox. He was a splendid speci-



RALPH LAMITON ON FOOT THREE HOUNDS AND THE FOX DEAD BEAT IN THE STREET AT BISHOP AUCKLAND AFTER A FAMOUS RUN
THIS GALLANT FOX WAS GIVEN HIS LIFE AND LIBERTY

men, and certainly looked very comfortable with the greater part of a lamb, a fresh hare, and other dainties around him. When I remarked it was a pity to hunt him (for he had a poor chance after a fortnight's high living, whatever law they gave him—and they gave him ten or thirteen minutes' start), I was assured that they had hunted him several times. He had always beaten them, and as they had had nine blank days that season they persisted.

He was "ton'd off" half-a-mile away, and the procession of Nicholas and Richard Spink, Bobby Dawson and one other returned on foot to the Abbey, got their horses and "loused t'hounds out of a barn." To my surprise they all went off *full cry* in a bee line, not by the track the procession had taken, to the very spot where he had been freed. It reminded me of my Cambridge Drag days, when every hound knew where the line started. I asked how it was: "Whya? Coss it's t'pleace where they set him down t'last time, and t'time afore that." They killed him, I am sorry to say, this time.

In April the Cleveland met at 6 a.m., and really in April and May, as soon as it is light is the right time for hunting, and I remember delightful May mornings on the moors with a good scent from 6 a.m. to 10 a.m. This is the time to kill moor foxes, and old dog foxes suspected of killing little lambs. A dog fox on the moors in May, having had his hunt and ramble, when the sun gets up lies snug and is soon fast asleep. Not only may you at times get a good hunt starting, on their night "drag," but you surprise them asleep, and woe betide the fox that only gets a hundred yards start in the long heather.

The vixens are otherwise engaged, and in May no night "stopping out" is permissible. I do not remember a vixen being killed on the moors in May. Nowadays for some mysterious reason, we never kill a May fox and stop hunting in April and, what is worse, the more need there is to be out early the later we meet.

In Cleveland now, we meet at noon in the spring—I suppose it suits a lazier generation. I cannot think of any other reason, and it must be pure laziness, for I am sure the present generation is capable of the same exertions and is physically as good as any other.

When I remember stable habits of forty years ago, all the men were up at 5 a.m., all the stables mucked out, all the horses well groomed, and the hunters all exercised and home and put to rights by 8.30 a.m. In my father's stables the men were called at 4 a.m., and in bed at 8 p.m., and all was shipshape by 8 o'clock breakfast, and at 9 a.m. all the orders for the day were delivered to the head coachman on his slate, the orders for hunting being sent in the evening previous.

My last day with the Cleveland was April 14th. Up before five, at Skelton at six. We had a good run and I was at a meeting of the Local Authority at ten. Then my brother and I collected our terriers and went off to Radnorshire, and on the 17th met Frank and Chase Green-Price at Witton Cross Roads. We had a successful dig at Monaughty and were much aided on this and another day by a posse of "Rebecca's daughters." The heaviest badger we got was twenty-six pounds.

CHAPTER IX

WALES AND ELSEWHERE IN 1883

DURING my varied hunting experiences I recollect one really good day, from New Radnor, with hounds, when I rode the Knighton Station bus horse, and was out of the best part of the run, which was over the Craggies, 2,200 feet high. My brother, on a horse of Dick Green-Price's (Odd Trick), and the whipper-in had the best of a "famous run." Jack got the brush; I only got to the end by "a most disgraceful amount of road riding" for which my mount was best qualified. Colonel Price (the M.F.H.) did not seem to us a "genial man, but has the character of having been a good man to hounds all his life."

It was the Green-Prices of Radnorshire who introduced us to another beautiful bit of country for another turn at badgers. Sir Richard was then Liberal M.P. for Radnor Boroughs. His eldest son, popularly known as "Dauntsey Dick," and Frank and Chase, his step-brothers, and nearer my age, were all at home; another brother, Alfred, was at Cambridge with my brother.

We could not have had greater help, for we were taken otter hunting with Geoffrey Hill's celebrated pack; foxhunting with Colonel Price, who then had the West Hereford and Radnorshire Hounds, and they procured permission for our attacks on badger strongholds. Frank Green-Price was one of the cheeriest and

bravest of young sportsmen, and I still think of him and feel the tragedy of his death when he broke his neck in a steeplechase at the age of twenty-one.

I remember the first morning we met him at the door of his father's house, to see if any of them were going to hunt. He came out to meet us in ordinary shooting kit and said, "Wait a minute and I will be with you." He pulled off his jacket in the entrance, popped on a well-weathered red coat lying on a chair in the hall, seized someone's squash-opera-hat off a table, sprung it open, clapped it on his head, and ran off to the stables. In a few minutes he and his brothers and we were cantering on to the meet.

I was interested in the pack. Among it were not a few of the rough-haired Welsh hounds, and I must say they were a grand lot at their work, real stickers, both in covert and on a line, and with better and more voice than English foxhounds. They were mostly very light coloured, grey and white, which I like.

Though I understand the taste of Masters in adding something like uniformity in colour to a pack I prefer variety, because in every attempt at uniformity you must sacrifice, by limiting your choice, the greatest desiderata in a pack—their hunting characteristics, nose, voice and the rest of them.

Colonel Price gave me one of these Welsh hounds called Malster, because he was too fast, and when he joined the Cleveland he outran all other hounds and killed every fox far ahead—even when fed before hunting—he had a magnificent voice, and used it on a cold or hot scent.

The day after the "famous run," Powlett Milbank (who afterwards married one of the Misses Green-Price

and was a friend of mine) and Chase Green-Price joined us, and we had a good dig at Squire Moore's, at Dollaw. We carried off two old and three young badgers that day by 6.30, and got "home" at 9 p.m. Another day's (April 24th) foxhunting at Black Yat finished our time at Norton Manor and in those parts. We had a cargo of badgers and terriers to transport, and Malster, by Llanowan Miller out of Llanowan Beauty, was handed over to John Proud, M.F.H., at the Warrenby Kennels. He did not say much, but when he had gazed at the hound's long head and long, rough coat, you could see he did not reckon him to be a foxhound at all ! But he was, and I should like to have a whole pack of Malsters. They would leave J.P. behind and make our hill foxes cry *capevi*.

I see I also brought home Odd Trick (by Needle Gun, dam by Hereford, g. dam by Sir Hercules), having paid Dauntsey Dick thirty-five pounds for him—he was a perfect snaffle-bridle hack and hunter. The following season I sold him to James Darrell for fifty pounds, who passed him on to Captain Johnstone, M.F.H. (afterwards Lord Derwent), for £120, and he carried Miss Johnstone for several seasons. I think the horse was well worth the money, and I like dealers of the class of the Darrells to make a good profit, for I know—having gone through some of the big dealers' "bought and sold" ledgers—when I was studying the proportion of English, Irish, American and German and French horses passing through their hands, that a dealer's profits does not exceed ten pounds a horse on the average, and is generally less when establishment charges, keep, vets., etc., are calculated. If he gets through one hundred horses at ten pounds profit, his

net gains are one thousand pounds—and well earned.

In August, in Aberdeenshire, the weather was so atrocious we did not make a start at the grouse until August 14th, and then it was pouring wet and we only did "outsides." "Birds as wild as September, the rain drenching, wind, the pointers Fop, Brag and Chance as wild as the birds, Briggs blowing the pea in his whistle crazy." We came in at 2.30 with a creditable bag for three parties of 129½ brace. I analyse the birds, 11½ of old cocks, 21½ old hens, 96½ young birds. In spite of bad weather this was a good season. I see on a fine day, the 16th, the bag was 254½ brace. "Grouse plentiful, but very wild." I killed, exclusive of partnerships, 51 brace to my gun. There were three parties, two guns each—each party getting over 80 brace. On one day I give examples of the mixture of Durham, Northumbrian and Scotch language by which we and the dogs were entertained :

Natrass (Durham keeper) to setter bitch, "Heg on, heg on, thoo bit o' roobish !" Briggs, addressing a pointer, "Dod burn ye, yer horrud little hottie !" and Lundie, addressing ghillie boy, "Keep awa, mon, frae the groond we ha' na tocht ; besides ye micht get yerrself shot, wuch wad be anither *bother on us* again !"

By September 10th we had shot 2342½ brace of grouse and 134 blue hares, and other extras. In October we had seven more days' driving and got another 700 brace, but had a nasty accident. One of our visitors fired down the line and shot my uncle (John William Pease). When I got to him he was hit in the face and bleeding from both eyes—one was eventually saved.

One of my cousins, George Croker Fox, who was

shooting that day, had lost an eye. Years after my brother got shot in the eye, but it was saved. I have had my spectacles smashed and eyelid cut by shot, and I have known others who lost eyes through the carelessness of *experienced* shooting men. Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General, whom I knew, was struck by two pellets only, one in the centre of each eye. My uncle, who was always the life of our shooting parties and a very good shot, never shot again. The Queen came from Balmoral to inquire personally about him.

This was a good partridge year, too, at home, though it is not a partridge country. We considered a good day over dogs anything over 20 brace ; and I have noted this season such bags as : " September 27th, at Waupley, Robert and George Yeoman, Freddy Lambton and I got 41 brace by 5 p.m."

My first day cub-hunting was on September 24th.

On the opening day (November 1st) we had a very good run, and ran our fox to ground at Lazenby village late in the afternoon, and the sequel delighted me. The Master (Proud) was determined to have him, so they put the hounds in a barn hard by " and dug for four hours by lanterns." They got her out—for it turned out to be a vixen—put her in a poke, let out the hounds and shook her out in the middle with the village population around. She gave one or two leaps over the hounds and bolted through a fence, while the hounds were bothered with the foot-people. Proud and Will had their horses to fetch from the stables, and long before they got going in the dark the fox was miles away, and hounds could be heard running towards the coast. She beat them, and John Proud and Will had a nice night of it getting hounds in the dark—

and serve them right ! It was 8 p.m. when they shook her out of the bag ! I end my account, "hounds were called off, and so she escaped, bless her."

On November 20th I gave up going to the Hurworth at High Leven, and regretted it, for they ran a fox right into the middle of our country from Stainsby Wood, by Upsall, Eston Moor, and lost near Dunsdale, about a ten-mile point.

I give an account on November 20th of two matches ridden on Croft Racecourse, between Jimmie Dale (the present Sir Jas. B. Dale, Bt.) and Bob Colling, which ended in the total discomfiture of the former—for in the first race Bob Colling rode a cob and Jimmie a four-year-old green hunter, which at the outset gave a buck and landed Jimmie on his back. In the second, Jimmie's pony had its head licked off by Bob's. . . . "He has already received a packet of shoemaker's wax with directions as to how and where it should be applied."

How strange our provincial ways would appear to the fashionable hunting people in the crack countries ! I mention on one good day, "Johnny Petch and I composed the field." I have described a hard day with my brother's beagles at Comondale, from 10 a.m. till dark, he and I on foot and one other out mounted. We ran the hare about eight times round the farm until we were giddy, and she beat us, night coming on. If I had been Jack I should have taken them round the other way and met her !

Or imagine a thing like this, on December 13th, with the Quorn, Pytchley or Cottesmore : "Stanley Houses to Newton in fourteen minutes, Jack and I there when they ran into him, Jock Clarke close

behind, some big fences and the Nunthorpe Stell. I gave Miss Sydney the brush, and Jack gave Gurney Fox the head."

As the Welsh hound Malster outran our pack and Proud would not have him, I sent the hound to the Bilsdale, where he distinguished himself for several seasons and was in his element. Many a time his big voice first proclaimed a fox is found. A day at Liver-ton I think sealed Malster's fate with the Cleveland. We met at old Mr. Thomas Petch's house, and while waiting there Malster slunk away and demolished a whole Yorkshire ham. In a fast run soon after, to my amazement Malster was one hundred yards behind the tail end, and loudly deploring his inability to get to the top of the hunt. I looked at him and saw his strangely distended condition. The theft and the terrible music all day as he lamented his cargo was the finishing touch to his short career with us. I had a letter from Nicholas Spink, M.F.H., on December 31st, 1883, acknowledging the receipt of Malster and a cheque for one guinea, in which he said : " We will breed you a pup of our old best breed ; three hundred and sixty years. It is the oldest breed in Yorkshire."

CHAPTER X

PEOPLE AND PLACES, 1884

IN the season of 1883 I had a very fine Irish hunter which my father turned over to me, being more than he could manage on occasion, and on January 14th I had an experience which is still a nightmare to me. Hounds were in the road at Marske Hall, when Wicklow started rearing and plunging. He then bolted, went bang through the hounds and "field," and did a mile and a half on the highroad at Derby pace. I got him stopped beyond Kirkleatham and turned him round, when, after a plunge or two, he again bolted all the way back and went a second time through everything, including the hounds. By a miracle not a hound was hurt, but my feelings were badly, and I sold him to James Darrell, who cured him. He was Holland's, the Bedale huntsman, favourite mount for several seasons.

On January 17th Thomas Metcalfe died. He and another old gamekeeper of Lord Zetland's called Wright had been deliberately shot by two poachers at close range. One of the latter, James Lowther, was apprehended, and we committed him for trial at the assizes. He was sentenced to death, but Lord Zetland secured his reprieve. I believe he died in penal servitude some fourteen years after. It is a curious thing

that Lowther's father murdered a gamekeeper. Metcalfe, the other keeper, was terribly wounded ; he recovered, but was a maimed man.

The same day that Metcalfe died I note that Tom Parrington hunted with us. He rode well in a "brilliant burst," and I think this would be his very last day's hunting with the Cleveland, but he lived on, hunting with the Sinnington, latterly on wheels, until 1915, in which year he died, aged ninety-seven, having seen the first fox killed on his father's farm where Middlesbrough now stands in 1825 and having followed hounds for about ninety years. He wrote to me on March 1st, 1915, within a month of his death, sending me "warm thanks for remembering" his silver wedding day (his second marriage). "We had a few friends in to dinner on Saturday night and drank the usual toasts, 'The King,' 'Foxhunting,' and 'All Absent Friends,' and they made me sing two hunting songs which they *said* were quite up to the old form. . . . I have been at several meets of the hounds on wheels. . . ."

When he was ninety-three Mr. Parrington lunched with me one day, drank three glasses of sherry at lunch, and the whole of a bottle of 1844 port except one glass, which I drank. He told me that it had been "*his rule in life*" to drink daily one bottle of port after dinner. It seems to have answered ! This is the man who first started hound shows, prizes for thoroughbred stallions, practically created the Yorkshire Agricultural Society, and rendered great services to the agricultural community. He had been an M.F.H., but as I wrote a memoir of him I need say no more about him here.

On January 24th, 1884, meet at Lazenby, we ran all day—10.50 till night set in. I give the accounts of

six runs this day, one a "screamer." We killed two foxes, ran two to ground, and lost two, "a very hard tiring day for horses," as five hours' galloping was likely to make it.

On February 1st I got to the end of a very severe run with the Bilsdale. For the benefit of Cleveland hunting people I give the line. Found above Blackbeck, Baysdale, Ingleby Park, Kildale Moor, Little Kildale, West House, Piggeries, Percy Cross, Sleddale, Bethel Slack, Cass Rock, Slapewath, Wiley, Skelton Warren, where we lost him—over more than fifteen miles.

This February I had a curious accident. I bought a very nice Irish mare, four years old, by Baldwin, at Tattersalls for forty-nine guineas, described as a "good hunter," and the groom with her (there were three other Irish hunters in the same lot) assured me she was a fine performer. I took her out to a meet about a mile from my house, and she went as if she had never been ridden or mouthed at all.

I got her to the meet and to the covert side, but to my astonishment as soon as hounds went into covert off she went too. It was a big fir wood, and seeing much danger ahead I used every device to stop her, but even when I pulled her head round with her mouth to my knee she raced on. It did not take long before she ran head-first into a tree trunk, felled herself, and lay as if dead. My hunting cap brim saved my skull, but I dislocated my jaw, had my face cut, and had a rather nasty fortnight of it after, and months of discomfort in eating. I found that the mare had never even been mouthed, and that her dock was still raw. I sold her at once to James Darrell for eighty pounds, and *he* made her into a good hunter and sold her well. It was a singular

experience, and gave me a lesson as to "good hunters" in catalogues and Irish impudence.

When I recovered from this accident save for a stiff jaw I had some excellent days with different packs on a horse James Darrell sent me. He was thoroughbred, by Keith (by Blair Athol). One day when the Bedale met at Scorton, we had a good run from Uckerby Whin of forty minutes, and another of fifty minutes "over a stiff trappy country." Nearly all who saw this run got "downers."

Teesdale Hutchinson—one of our great men in Yorkshire then, and who died at a great age in 1929 (?)—broke some ribs; my friend "Charlie Cropper got a cropper and tore an ear; in fact nearly had it cropped off." (He died from a fall out hunting on the 6th October, 1924, aged seventy-two.)

My brother Jack and I were in it. I had enough "having lived on slops for a long time and having no breakfast" on account of my jaw, and "went groaning to bed," but ate on the next day for the first time for weeks.

The following day when staying with my now one-eyed uncle, the Bishop of Newcastle told us he was travelling third class to see something of all classes in the new diocese, and was wearing a blue ribbon (at that time the advertisement worn by teetotalers). A pitman took the seat opposite him and after a long contemplation of his lordship and his attire said: "Ah suppose y're a corrate?" "No," said the Bishop. "A pweest likely?" "Yes," said the Bishop. "Mebby ye'll be a wector (rector)?" further inquired the pitman. "No, but I was one once." "Oo," exclaimed the pitman with a look of pity and as if he quite under-

stood the situation and the reason for a blue ribbon, "It'll ha' been the dwink ne doot !"

In the month of March I mention having the first fall I ever had when riding a mare called "Queen Mab," who had carried me since 1879. It was a wonderful record, and I think I may put her down not as the most brilliant or fastest by any means, but as the most clever and resourceful animal I ever rode. I have known her *climb* rails too high to jump. She found a way over or through everything, and you were never pounded. This day I put her at a high stiff gate and she never rose at all, but tumbled over the top of it without doing any harm to me, the gate or herself. This is the worst of gates, for an accomplished hunter, unless you give the proper signal at the right moment, may think it will open.

Here is a curious incident recorded : "Mr. Harrison at Lealholm was ferreting rabbits the other day, put in the ferret at a big rabbit hole and out bolted a sheep-dog followed by six pups !"

Just as the season ended we heard of the death in London of the former Master of the Cleveland, Henry Newcomen of Kirkleatham Hall. I felt the loss of a friend and a very kind neighbour. He was a genial, open-handed, generous sportsman, and had been re-trenching in Jersey for a year or two and was about to return home. I think the Turf had been a bit too much for his pocket ; yet he owned one or two good horses—one was Thunderer.

Arthur Lawley (now Lord Wenlock), better known to his friends as "Joe" Lawley, came to stay with me in May—we had been at Cambridge together and he had just returned from the Egyptian campaign with his

regiment, the 10th Hussars. He had been at the Battle of El Teb and in the charge which saved the square. He enjoyed the fighting, but when I asked news of my friend Paulton, who was inside the square as a war correspondent, he said "he did not enjoy it *much* as he had neither breakfast nor lunch and had his horse shot under him,"

"Joe" Lawley, under whom I served many years later when he was Governor of the Transvaal, was a fine horseman, like his brothers, and a bad one to beat across a country at this time.

Another Cambridge friend of mine performed a feat this year. Sir John Willoughby's Harvester ran a dead-heat with St. Gatien; his mare Queen Adelaide was third in the Derby and the last named took the same place in the Oaks (Baird's Busybody first, and Superba¹ second). These were extremely well bred, Harvester, by Sterling out of Wheatear (1867), and Queen Adelaide, by Hermit out of Adelaide.

On June 4th I dined at the Mansion House in the City at the dinner given to the Beaufort Hunt. It was interesting to see the great variety of Hunt uniforms. Lord Cork, as Master of the Buckhounds, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort and Lord Worcester, Lord and Lady Lonsdale, Lord and Lady Bathurst, Lord and Lady Waterford, and a host of others were present.

On Monday, October 20th, 1884, I went to the meet, but hounds did not come, for Admiral Thomas Chaloner had died. He was born in 1815—an old sea-dog, chairman of the Hunt committee, a staunch preserver of foxes, though not much of a hunting or shooting man. He was an admirable chairman of our

¹ This mare ran third in the St. Leger.

bench, but though I served a four years' apprenticeship under him as a J.P., had I learnt to use his language—which was of the quarter-deck variety—or had I done the audacious things he did in his ardent pursuit of justice without reference to the statute book, I fear a modern Lord Chancellor would long since have removed my name from the Commission of the Peace !

His moral exhortation to a “ drunk and disorderly ” would be in this fashion : “ Come now, my man ! What the devil is the use of this ? We don't want your —— money—you work hard for it—find something better to do with it. Damn it all, give it up—you'll be fined five shillings ! Stand down, and don't come here again.”

When dying, the doctor had sat with him forty nights, and at last took a night off, but had not been an hour in bed before he was summoned to the Admiral's bedside, and addressed thus : “ What do you mean, sir, by leaving my bedside ? When I was on board ship I had two surgeons always with me, and do ye think I'm going to die without one by my bed ? ” He sent for his gamekeeper Sanderson to say good-bye to him, and said : “ Sanderson, these nurses plague me. I wish you would take 'em all out and shoot 'em.” There is a cross and anchor on his grave. He said : “ I don't want a great slab on it *to keep me down.*”

CHAPTER XI

MORE ABOUT 1884

I NOTE on November 26th (1884), that the leading hounds in a run with the South Durham went head-long down an old pitshaft at Heughhall and were lost, i.e. killed or drowned with the fox. The following day in a fast run over the moors I came to grief in a curious way. It was remarkable in the first place, because it happened on our own moor, where though I knew every yard of the ground I had a moment of mental aberration. I was thinking of nothing but keeping with the hounds, and was going top pace in deep heather, oblivious to anything else, when I had the idea that a sort of line in the ling was a sheep track ; so I galloped into it. It was the deep narrow cutting of a boundary stream hid under the heather some six feet deep. Down we went, and when I picked myself up I found my horse tightly wedged between the banks. I had hurt my shoulder, ankle and neck, for the fall was a rough one.

The situation looked bad, but luckily for me on the lonely moor two of the field came in sight and gave up their gallop to find out what had become of my horse. Like good Samaritans, T. Ward and W. Scarth Dixon, when they saw the problem, gave up the whole afternoon to its solution. One rode to the nearest farm in Loundsdale for spades, and before dark we had dug

away enough side to pull Barebones out with our united stirrup leathers. I rode him home and was only a few days laid up.

This December I had a horse on trial from James Darrell, by Golden Horn out of an Arabian mare. He was the hottest and fiercest horse I had ever ridden, very fast and a fine fencer. I rode him in some very good runs, but sent him back, for like one or two bred the same way I have had, he got hotter and crazier the longer he was going. I do not know what others have found, but my experience of this cross is that it is a very hot one, and the docility of the Arabian seems to vanish and the fire to be doubled. But you cannot get a braver and harder sort, I think.

My father and I had a curious case of being black-mailed this month. My father received a solicitor's letter saying he had shot and hit a farmer's wife, who was standing in the doorway of the farmhouse, which was situated on the far side of a railway, when we were shooting in a field opposite the house. I was the only one who fired a shot at all, and I had fired at a high partridge in the direction of the house, which was at least two hundred yards distant. Probably some dropping shot may have fallen near her, but to show how near she had been to death the stonework round the door had been chipped ! Shot at fifty yards would not take pieces of stone out.

However, rather than be bothered with a "case," and saying you never know what lies will be believed by ignorant people, my father gave the farmer fifteen pounds to drop it ! I do not think he ought to have done this, for even a judge entirely ignorant could have had it demonstrated that if you fire a shot at a partridge

flying high over a railway embankment, you could not hit anyone two hundred yards beyond. But I knew him pay over one hundred pounds in another case, where a trespasser who was playing with an alarm gun let the blank cartridge slide down the rod and got his face touched up. For, said my father, they will say these signal guns are set to kill people, and are man traps, and Heaven knows if there are not judges who would believe such yarns.

This December I went to several other countries, and on the 20th I hunted with the Duke of Beaufort's at Holt. It had been a windy night, and the oldest and most enormous elm tree in Wiltshire, the pride of the village green for generations was blown down, utterly destroying one house in its fall . . . but it was lucky for the owner, who was a poor man, that it happened the day the hounds met there.' Walter Long, M.P. (afterwards Viscount Long), who in my opinion was the best man to hounds in that hunt, went round with the hat and collected a substantial sum for him.

We had a good day with foxes from Charfield and Sir Robert Fowler's gorse, but I seem to have been in a critical mood from the following remarks : " I believe in gentlemen huntsmen, but they should be *with* hounds. No huntsman is perfection who is not by them when they are at fault. It is in the first moment of a check that you often see a shy or young hound own the line for a second and then give up, but this is enough to give you the key to a cast. Worcester does not pose as a 'crasher.'

" I think he is a very useful huntsman, considering his weight, and a hard man in the sense that he works hard and hunts his own hounds nine or ten days a

fortnight, and understands his job. He has a splendid pack of good-looking, quick-working bitches, a ripping country, and likely for carrying a scent ; but looking over the field, I thought its members were mounted on a class of heavy, thick-set, bloodless hunters such as must preclude the owners for the most part from seeing anything of a good thing. A great proportion took only a moderate interest in the proceedings *and rode after each other.*

"Some remind me of my Aunt Gurney Pease's coachman, Hopper, who goes out on her hunters just following horses, and who the other day went out with the Zetland and finished with the Hurworth and never noticed the difference of hounds, huntsmen, field, uniforms, country nor anything else." I knew another who hunted to ride across country hell for leather, and who did this, too, on one occasion. He hunted three or four days a week with these packs whenever he had not broken limbs or a fractured skull (Edward R. Whitwell, of Yarm).

"The Beaufort field is 'well turned out.' You may see some of England's best among them." I used to see Whyte Melville and was in Wiltshire when he was killed. He was a more distinguished author than rider, but he was not well mounted when I saw him.

On December 24th I hunted at Foss Lodge with their dog pack, "a grand lot," and had a good run from Badminton and killed at Doddington, but the earlier part of this day I describe as "lamentable." "We hunted two or three foxes at one time."

At this time my father was staying at Eggesford with Lord Portsmouth (the fifth earl, born 1825, died 1891), and I find in my diary a long letter from him describing

several days' hunting, some extracts from which may be interesting, as they relate to a time when this pack was a noted one, owing to the pains Lord Portsmouth had taken to make them all he wanted. His son, when he succeeded, gave them up.

My father says : " I rode a short-legged, active horse which is the sort they go in for here. . . . I never saw a better-looking pack ; short, thick, hard-looking hounds, great loins and upstanding heads. . . . I quite wondered how any horse could negotiate this country, with its great walled banks (with fences on the top often), and was soon relieved to find no one attempted it. The lanes are numerous and field roads frequent.

" We drove our fox along at a great pace, and all along a wall (bank ?), for I should think two miles " (and he describes two runs). " The field was much like a Cleveland one, with a few red coats and black collars, and the rest farmers. . . .

" There was a nice little lady at dinner, Lady Audrey Buller ; her husband is at Wady Halfa (Redvers Buller, then Major-General and Chief-of-Staff)." . . .

After detailing another day's hunting . . . he then describes the kennel floors : " Best red tiles laid in cement, and this laid on clay to keep out rheumatism. . . . Does not this seem strange ? " . . . All the hunters are of one sort, about fifteen hands high, and a credit to the stud groom (Percival). The huntsman's name is funny—Littleworth ! but he seems to know his business. . . . There was no jumping either of these two days."

He then goes on to say that when they *have* to jump an awkward bank they *get off*, and the horse jumps up,

slides down, and jumps a ditch, and he is astonished to see how well his own mount knew his duty. "He went as keenly as if I had been on his back."

". . . Lord Portsmouth offers you for the Cleveland a stud hound, Richmond ; he has all the best blood of England in him, is not a show hound, but the hardest working one he ever saw, and with the very best nose, and will take a line when all else are done. He has used him—is a nasty tempered dog," and he appends pedigree, etc.

I finished the year's hunting on December 29th with the Cleveland. The meet was at Guisbrough, and a fox from Swindles (the modern name for Swinedale) gave us a great run into the Loftus country and straight back again (about fourteen miles), being lost mysteriously. We had another run of one hour and twenty minutes and killed. This I refer to in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XII

GOOD DAYS AND GOOD RIDERS, 1885

IN my description of the fourteen-mile run¹ with the Cleveland on the morning of December 29th, 1884, I seem to have begun full of triumphant pride, but got sobered and brought back to a less glorious position by sundry misfortunes. As a sample of my entries in the heyday of youth I here describe it.

“It was a cool winter morning and a cloudy sky and with what is much better in our country than a southerly wind—an easterly one. Someone said as we trotted off to draw Swindles, ‘Too cold for sport?’ ‘No,’ said I, ‘they’ll run like blazes to-day.’”

“I was on my little black fidgety Barebones (by Victor, dam by Lothario and grandam by Irish Bird-catcher—good stuff that !), and had galloped on to the Freeborough end of the long covert (as we only had one whip in those days). I had just got him to stand still for a second when a faint note or two of music, half lost in the wind, came to us. At this he pricked his ears, was all attention and motionless as death. A few notes—then silence, then a few more and more and Reynard, a quarter of a mile ahead of hounds, popped out past us and over the fields in a fine gallop. In a few moments the pack broke into full chorus, the telling cry of a

¹ The morning's run is that referred to by Sir Alfred Pease at the end of his last article, and not the last run mentioned.

burning scent as they breasted the hill towards us. They dashed into the open and quickly settled to the line with joyful voice. In half a crack I was with them and gave the 'Gone Away' to the field half a mile behind.

"Hounds raced to the Moorsholm Road ; no time for gates. Over the wall Barebones went, taking the coping off—he in his glory going his own pace. From racing they flew, and we flying too over fences and crashing through others, for only a fast blood one on a straight line could live with them."

However, Waupley Gill tamed me, and some five of us had to get to Liverton four or five fields behind the hounds. On the Grinkle side we ran to ground in a drain, and had a breather, then put in Johnny Petch's Pepper, and out went our fox in a few minutes, very fresh. We gave three minutes' law, and then brought up hounds and back we went over seven miles of open country as fast as we could leg it.

I mention "Will" (Nichol, the huntsman), "Ben" (the whip), "Leather Robinson," on his old grey, Johnny Petch and myself as having the best of this second half of the programme. This was a really grand fox, and "went out and home again" splendidly and saved his brush as the bravest often do.

I find the reprehensible practice of occasionally hunting a "baggie" continued as late as 1885 with the Cleveland. It is true that these foxes were generally saved from known vulpecides in the outlying moorlands, or got out of such places as Boulby Cliff (six hundred feet sheer down to the sea), which we were rather afraid of drawing, for on these dangerous coast cliffs we had lost some valuable hounds at various times.

And I will say for John Proud, our Master, that he gave "good law," and many of them beat us.

I give the following day, January 8th, 1885, as an illustration of the practice, and also as a sample of the great distances we rode in those years.

"My brother-in-law Tom (the late Captain Sir Thomas Fowler, killed in action in 1902) and I started before it was light to hunt with the Farndale at Westerdale (nine miles) at 9 a.m. They did not turn up, so we rode on to the Cleveland at Castleton (two miles). "It was fearfully wet, windy, sleeting, and bitterly cold—drew Castleton Park blank. They had, however, a fox got out of Fryup Head, and set him away on the moor above the park. We gave him twenty minutes' law and they ran him well to Lockwood Beck and nearly to Slapewath into Wiley Cat (five miles), messed on for an hour and lost him.

"Proud asked me (it was stormy and cold) what was to be done? I said, 'Have a go at something.' We drew Coum Bank and all round Forty Pence blank back to Slapewath. We thought it was all over, and only four of us left, when a fox went out of the Rock Hole. We ran down Waterfall, then across the open to Guisbrough Banks, over the moor to Wiley Cat, across the valley to Skelton Warren, across the Boosbeck Valley to Coum Bank and on to Priestcroft, and lost near North Skelton.

"We were now only three and nearly dead with cold, and were making for home, when we passed old David Petch's place. He came out with hot gin and water, and, fortified thus, we were going on to Skelton when a man gave a 'holloa.' It was dusk, but John Proud had now a spur in the head, and we laid hounds on.

They raced by Skelton Green to ground near the Castle Lodge, where we spent about two hours digging under the highway, and then gave it up at 6.30, after eleven hours of it on one of the coldest days I was ever out—an east wind."

We had a great day on January 19th, hounds racing one fox to ground over a great deal of country, and another splendid fast hunting run. I say, "My father was pretty handy most of the run, as also was Tom Fowler. Those who rode hardest and nearest were Johnny Petch, Alfred Pennyman (who lost his hat), a son of Enoch (Lord Zetland's trainer) and two or three more."

On the 22nd we had another hard day, but I shall only give my remarks on hounds in case they interest those who follow the careers of descendants. "This day there was some of the finest hound work I ever saw, old Merryman, Streamlet, Novelty, Gamester and Windymere working out every turn and double. We lost at dark at Cargo Fleet." Merryman, a Cleveland bred hound, was perhaps the best we had at this time.

My journals are full of allusions to the Egyptian Campaign, dynamite outrages and politics. Here is one allusion to the war :

"Fri. 23 January.—The news of yesterday's victory at Abu Klea is a great relief to everyone." (I then give a list of killed and wounded. It includes among the killed : Colonel Burnaby, Royal Horse Guards ; Major Carmichael, 5th Lancers ; Major Atherton, 5th Dragoon Guards ; Major Gough of "the Heavies," and others.) Burnaby's death is the most commented on, but Atherton's affects me more, for when his regiment was at York he hunted regularly with the

Zetland and was the hardest rider to hounds, I think, I ever saw (he was one of those who rode absolutely and resolutely straight)."

I once was riding level with him on his left at the front in a very fast burst, when we came to an enormous double post and rails (with a young fence between them), brand new, quite unbreakable and unjumpable. I saw he was going to have them, as he never swerved from the line. I turned off over an old gate into a lane, and when I got to hounds again I had lost my place, but looking back for Atherton I saw his horse between the rails, Atherton unable to get him out and the timber quite unbreakable—nothing but saws and axes could free the horse.

I owned at this time a beautiful-looking black stallion called Comus, by Pero Gomez out of Hilarity, by King Tom. Like King Tom's dam Pocahontas he was a whistler, but I was induced to travel him. It was a lesson to me, for almost half of his stock were unsound in their wind at three or four years old. I only travelled him one season, and sold him in 1886, being frightened of what might, and did, result. It was a lesson I never forgot.

Here is an extract which has nothing to do with sport, but which may as well be entered as a rather neat impromptu :

"Hartington, at the opening dinner of the new Devonshire Club to Gladstone, who sat between my father and Earl Cork, threw across the table to my father the following impromptu verse :

"This dinner is given Mr. Gladstone to please
In eating and drinking and talk.
On the left he's employ'd in devouring Pease,
On the right he has drawn out the Cork."

I fancy the author was Sir Wilfred Lawson.

This season was a remarkable one for sport, and I record many good runs with the Cleveland, Hurworth and Zetland hounds. On February 26th we met at Thornton, and had a racing run over six miles of country, when hounds suddenly threw up their heads at a level railway crossing and cottage at Nunthorpe, and never touched the line again. It was at the time very unaccountable, but the next morning I got word that the old couple who lived in the cottage had been disturbed in the night, the old woman waking her husband saying she was sure the "cat" was under the bed. When he got up and lit a candle—there was our fox ! I sent over for it, and it was a very large dark grey and red vixen with an almost black brush and large white tip—I never saw a prettier one—and we turned her loose in the east country.

On March 5th we had the run of the season, a wonderful one, for hounds ran for two hours and eight minutes "without ever being touched." I have all the details, but I give, in order to retain a record, the principal points :

Found on the north side of Upleatham Hill, ran to the south side Upleatham Village, Soapwell Tocketts Tile Works, Tocketts Lythe, Long Hull, Foxdale, Guisbrough Banks, Bethel Slack, Tidkinhowe, Aysdale Gate, Lockwood Beck, Stanghow, Moorsholm Gill, down to Goatscar, over to Kilton, Claphow, hard to Merry Lockwood's Gill, Lumpsey, raced down Saltburn Gill and to ground in the main breed earth at the sea end of the valley. "Horses were thoroughly done," "Wind in the East." Among those who were in this run I mention my cousin, that excellent sportsman the

present Master of the Puckeridge, Mr. Edward E. Barclay.

On March 9th we killed an extraordinarily light-coloured silver-grey fox after a good run of three hours at Hutton Home Farm, and, it being Squire Wharton's, of Skelton Castle, seventy-sixth birthday, and he up at the finish, he was presented with the brush and head. His son, Colonel Wharton, the present M.F.H., still shows these trophies in a glass case at the Castle.

The latter, "The Young Squire" at this time, was Master of the Hurworth, and had his hunters at Croft with rooms for himself and friends at the hotel there. Croft, when I was young, was a fashionable hunting centre for the Hurworth, Zetland and Bedale.

Forbes, the Master of the Hurworth, I remember at one meet when representatives from various Hunts were there, rode round and looked us over with his nose in the air without saying a word till his inspection was over, and then exclaimed: "Bedale, Cleveland, Zetland, South Durham—*everybody* worth tuppence is here!"

Now everybody almost "worth tuppence" sticks mostly to his own country, which does not do as much for enlivening a day as the old hospitable ways. We never dreamed in those days of the inhospitable modern system when you are made to pay on appearing in another country than your own. All good sportsmen were welcome, wherever they came from.

CHAPTER XIII

SPORT ON LAND AND SEA IN 1885 AND 1886

I SPENT a day in Wharton's Kennels at Croft on March 11th, 1885, and say of the Hurworth pack : "He has some grand strong old hounds, such as Bachelor, Bertram (by Bramham Marquis), Cromwell (by Belvoir Dandy) and Barbara, but some very light of bone and more like harriers. He has, however, some grand ones to enter ; one or two by a black-and-white hound, old (eight-season) Gallant (by Cradock's Ranger), which hound seems to me to be faultless." This extract may interest those who have watched Colonel Wharton's eventual success as a breeder and improver of foxhounds.

Here is a hard day. First we had my brother's beagles out and hunted hare at Sleddale, getting home at 9.30 to breakfast. Then out hunting, at Guisbrough Park, 10.30 ; had a three hours and fifty minutes' run from there to Tocketts, Dunsdale Bridge, Holbeck, Guisbrough Abbey, Cass Rock, Codhill, Sleddale, Percy Cross, Lounsedale, Court Moor, Kildale, Little Kildale Moor, Battersby Banks, up Kildale to West House, Piggery Rigg, Tidkinhow, Nor Ings, Commondale, Skelderskew, over the moor towards Stanghow, "the last hour slow," where we lost.

On Monday, March 16th, hounds, in a run, went straight for Huntcliffe. We made a desperate effort to

stop them, and succeeded, but not before a couple had gone over and been killed.

“Ted Barclay” (E. E. B., who had been with me for a few weeks), Jack (my brother), and I, plotted to have some fun with our beagles on March 14th, for the day before when our keepers were rabbiting they had dug out a great big hill dog fox. We sent the keeper (Briggs) on with the fox to Freeborough Hill where he was sent away on the moor.

We three were all well mounted but got delayed by a wire sheep fence, and the little hounds went screaming away with a chorus like a thousand rooks getting up out of a potato field—and we never caught them. We spent a spring afternoon trying to find them, heard news of them at Castleton, and ultimately collected most of them near Danby Beacon—one hound came back to my brother at White Cross with blood on it; subsequently my brother had a letter from a Danby man, who had seen the fox pulled down near Danby and had taken the brush.

I see on more than one day this season I rode “my two-year-old Cabajean” (by Shibolet out of a Cleveland mare)—a beautiful mare, which I sold at three years old to the Duke of Hamilton for £131. I mention this as few ever ride two-year-olds to hounds now, yet one or two of the cleverest horses I ever had were “made” before they were three years old, and if great care is taken never to give them too much I have an idea that these are often the best educated hunters. I have known Irish hunters that were perfect which had been hunted at two years old.

At the end of March I had a day or two with Lord Portsmouth, staying at Eggesford. He gave me some

of his draft, and Will Nichol, our huntsman, came down with me and took back six-and-a-half couples (I give a list of them). I say of his hounds "a grand level lot, heavy boned, hard-looking and with nice shoulders, not heavy as heavy hounds shoulders are apt to be, and on short good legs." After seeing them hunt I say, "they work splendidly; I never heard a better cry, they can hunt and drive." I thought little of the hunt horses, "a moderate underbred-looking lot with straight shoulders."

Of his lordship I say, "he is devoted to hounds and withal a jolly squire and good all-round sportsman," but his talk, worth hearing, about hounds, is "slow, halting hem-hemming and 'don't ye know,' 'I mean' and 'you understand what I mean' and difficult to follow."

I complain on a very wet day of his lordship being well wrapt up walking his horse all the way home "while I was very cold and wet." My practice has been always to come home fast, as fast as my horse likes to take me. To trail slowly home is as depressing and tiring for a horse as for a rider, and to bring a horse in happy means he gets his food sooner and when he is ready for it.

Lord Portsmouth began to keep hounds about 1854 in Hampshire when he took the Vine. They were a mixed lot and were soon replaced with the hounds Mr. Villebois had hunted the Vale of White Horse with. They were, I believe, very big hounds, but he pruned them down by heavy drafting after the first season and in 1856 bought the Craven from Mr. Best.

The two best of the Craven were said to be Sailor, bred by Lord Southampton (by his Trimmer out of

Spangle) and Susan, by Mr. Morrell's Sunderland out of Craven Barbara. I suppose the mating of this couple was the beginning of Lord Portsmouth's success though there was a Milton bitch, Handsome, that came from Mr. Villebois (with Brocklesby and Osbaldeston blood in her) which was mated with the Craven Sailor.

But anyone who wishes to follow the history of this once famous pack will find it in the *Field* of November 6th, 1886. The standard height of hounds in this pack was barely twenty-four inches. Richmond, which I brought to the Cleveland, proved a great success with us.

In describing a good run with the Cleveland on April 6th, the following sentences appear: "in galloping hard downhill as hounds went out into the open from Easby Wood my horse, a bit blown, got a foot into an open grip and sent me like a bullet over his head into a bog of mud and clay. I was filthy but he was worse, and had cut his head. He got away before I had got out and I had a nice run after him, but saw him, in his anxiety to get to the hounds without me, do a wonderful feat. He jumped the gate on the road over the railway bridge, about six feet high, as clean as possible."

We ended "the best season I ever had" on April 18th. I had had sixty-three days. Hounds had been stopped only one day (by frost). But this did not mean quite the last day's fun, for I took the "old hound draft" of the Cleveland and mingled them with four-and-a-half couples of my brother's beagles, and we had a drag from Easby via Ayton, Newton, Nunthorpe to Spite Hall, Pinchinthorpe, in which our hard riding visitors from the Zetland and Hurworth took baths in the Nunthorpe Stell, which had to be jumped twice.

In June, 1885, my brother and I had some successful badger digging in the neighbourhood of Falmouth, where my father had a house and a small estate, including the village of Durgan on the Helford River—at that time a secluded and beautiful bit of Cornwall, very different to the present day.

The bass fishing with rod from the Manacles rock was excellent this year, but to me it seemed a most dangerous sport, and nothing in the sporting line or with big game has ever frightened me so much. These outer rocks are small and lonely, and on the best one only one rod could find room to fish. The tide runs round with appalling force and there is usually a big swell on in calm weather.

We used to go near them in my father's yacht, and one of us would be landed from the dinghy, a very risky business in the tearing and swirling tide. One moment we would be taken almost on to the rock and the next carried back far out of reach ; to miss your spring was certain death. Once on, there you were for the hours the rock was above water. The dinghy went back to the yacht, the yacht went off to the coast and those on board whiffed for pollack. These were numerous and large in the 'eighties on that coast. We often in an afternoon caught 100 to 150, many of which were big fish and some weighed from 7 to 9 lb.

For the solitary rod on the lonely rock in the noise of the waters, with the warning clang of the bell on the Manacles buoy rising above the cries of myriads of gulls, among the great shoals of bass, there was plenty to do if he could keep his feet on the slippery seaweed which coated the rock, and his head amidst the din and the swirling, rushing tide when he had a bass on.

Though they usually did not run over nine pounds, it was quite an art to land one. As the tide rose and the island grew smaller, or when the sea grew rough, I confess I used to get impatient for the return of the yacht, and on one or two occasions both a delay in being rescued and the difficulty of re-embarking cured me of any further desire for the sport.

Not so with my elders, for my father and two of my uncles, the late John William Pease, and Howard Fox, found it a fascinating pursuit. But why they were not all drowned is a wonder. I have always been what is called a "good sailor," but remain a land lubber, for the ocean terrifies me far more than anything on land, including earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

Yet of this June I say, "Oh, that I could get hold of old Father Time and fasten him up."

In July I attended the famous Australian Professor Galwayne's class for horse-taming at Guisbrough, and learnt and practised his method with success. We provided him with difficult and unbroken horses which at the end of two hours were backed, ridden and driven in harness.

"The chief features of his system were to obtain submission. He throws the horse by taking up the near fore foot and binding the fetlock close up to the forearm. He has a cord run through a ring on a sur-cingle which is attached to the nose band on the head stall. He stands on the near side and draws the head of the horse right round on the off side till the horse rolls over on the near side.

"But the main secret of his method is splicing a cord to the horse's tail and fastening the other end to the ring under the horse's chin, and drawing the horse's

head round and fastening the cord so that the horse's head is turned to his tail. In this position the horse is helpless and can be accustomed in twenty minutes to every kind of noise and sight, whip cracks, tins, opening umbrellas, etc. He handles the pupils first with a long round pole, which he calls his third arm, till the horse is accustomed to it on every part of his body. From this stage the education proceeds rapidly, the 'tail and head' cord being retained (but relaxed) for any emergency.

"His system of telling the ages of horses over nine years old and up to thirty I have found reliable and useful. Indeed, it is easy in normal mouths to get the age from a glance at the upper corner tooth alone."

This season (1885) was not such a good grouse year in Aberdeenshire as the previous one, but driving we did pretty well, seven guns getting 759½ brace in eight days.

In September, at the Annual Hunt Meeting, the first of the steps was taken which led to Mr. W. H. A. Wharton becoming Master of the Cleveland Hounds. He is still, forty-five years after, the owner of the hounds, and senior of the "three Masters," the others being Major R. B. Turton¹ and Miss Wharton. Mr. John Proud was "given notice" that the guarantee of seven hundred pounds a year was withdrawn. I was pressed to take them, but was already committed to my candidature for Parliament at York, and the general election was imminent. So in the end Mr. Wharton was induced to give up the Hurworth and to come back to us in 1886. In December I was elected, but seem to have managed to get a good many days and to have been in some good runs in spite of politics.

¹ Major Turton retired in 1931.

On Tuesday, January 5th, 1886, I was in the chair at the meeting of the members of the Cleveland Hunt, when a resolution to invite Mr. Wharton to take the hounds was unanimously carried on the motion of Mr. Thomas Petch, seconded by Dr. Merryweather. On the 19th we accepted his conditions, the Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P., and my father, guaranteeing the amount required as a condition by Mr. Wharton.

CHAPTER XIV

SURREY IN 1886, SCOTLAND AND CLEVELAND

I NOW sold two of my three hunters and retained one, which I kept for hunting from Town, and which was stabled at my cousin, H. A. Barclay's, place at Underhills, near Godstone, whence I could always get Saturdays with the Burstow Hounds (Mr. Hoare's) during the session and occasionally a day with the Surrey Stag-hounds.

My first day with the latter was a novel experience, and I write in my diary : " Jorrocks's description of this game is not far from the mark, but I must say hounds did go, and ' the calf,' too." I was riding a mare of Mrs. Barclay's. We ran from Eden Bridge a great distance, and finally did many miles on a main road. There were five of us who saw it out, but when hounds pulled up at some outbuildings and houses the other four departed.

I found " the calf " in a privy, shut the door and waited a long time, but no Master, huntsman or whipper-in appeared. I asked the owner of the temporary quarters of the hind, who had taken us nineteen miles, where we were. He said, at Mount Ephraim. I gazed open-mouthed at him and said are we in Judea ; is that town Jericho or Jerusalem ? He said it was Tunbridge Wells ; so, fastening up the hounds, I made off to the railway, wired the Master that his hounds

and deer were on Mount Ephraim, and boxed my horse home.

The following day I had with the Burstow at Horsted Keynes. I write, "We had a fine day's sport over a dreadful rough wooded country, and I was much struck with the hunting and running power of this mixed pack of little hounds. Their cry was very much like that of beagles, and they worked on a cold scent very much in their busy manner.

"Hoare struck me as being a fairly good huntsman, persevering without being too meddlesome, though like all men in these parts I have come across he has a noisy but very monotonous way of cheering and speaking to hounds. Instead of the ringing, head-splitting view holloa, or 'gone away,' there is hoarse shouting and a constant cry of 'Fort ! Fort ! Fort !' which I take to be the Surrey for 'Forrard.'" The Burstow Hunt uniform used to be a green coat, quite suitable for these little hounds, but it is now discarded, except by the first whipper-in, who is a farmer.

The very next day I hunted with the Old Surrey at Bletchingley. I say : "A goodish-looking lot of hounds, but the most miserable huntsman I ever clapt eyes on ; never near his hounds, and no idea of hunting. The hounds ran well when close at a fox, but after every check never took to their noses, and no wonder with such an old woman to handle them."

I caught an afternoon train to Town as the new Parliament had resumed work, and arrived in time to see Women's Suffrage (second reading) carried by a snatch vote, and add : "I voted in the various divisions in the minority against this extravagant innovation !" and then returned to Godstone for a Saturday with the

Burstow, and had a "capital day." So far that was four days' hunting in the first week of the session.

In February I give a rather grim account of that notable sportsman, who is still living, Sir Claude de Crespigny, assisting Berry the Hangman at the triple execution of the Netherby Hall burglars. He was getting his hand in in case of need as High Sheriff of Essex, as he would not care to ask a man to do what he was afraid to do himself.

Personally I am in favour of judges and magistrates knowing enough about sentences and punishments to be fully aware of the punishment they give. When I was a resident magistrate in the Transvaal I had to witness all flogging sentences carried out which I imposed, and was familiar with every detail of prison life. In Germany at one time I was told that judges had to do twenty-four hours in prison on prison diet ! I quite favour this principle.

I think I have left out of my reminiscences my memories of a beautiful place my father took in 1868 in Perthshire, namely, Rohallion. It was not only the beauty of the place and the variety of game about the lodge and the lochs and the novelty of seeing roe deer and capercailzies near the house which impressed me, but the presence in the high walled and fenced park of a herd of thirteen American bison and two Indian buffaloes.

These were more or less dangerous, and at least on one occasion "treed" my father and his keeper when shooting there. These bison were brought over by one Sir William Stuart of Murthly, and there were very strange and romantic stories about Sir William Stuart of Murthly which I have never seen recorded in

print, but which are worth noting. Though I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the story, I give one as told to me.

My dear friend, John G. Millais, who died in March, 1931, on his sixty-sixth birthday, said he had it from Sir William's one intimate friend, John Bett, of Rohallion. It is a most remarkable one.

Sir William was charged with "cowardice" after the Battle of Waterloo. One can hardly believe the charge if half the stories of his daring and adventurous life were true. The result of these accusations was that he was turned down by the girl he loved. So he went to the then Wild West, and lived ten years (1840 to 1850) with the Sioux Indians. He at last came back to Murthly and brought not only the buffaloes but a number of wild Sioux Indians with him. These latter played hell in the countryside, and he had to take them back to America. Whilst he was in the Rockies, and dressed as a Sioux chief, he was captured by some Cheyennes and was on the point of being burnt alive by them when at the last moment one of the early Scottish trappers named Nicol saved him.

William Stuart afterwards brought both Nicol's sons to Murthly and adopted them as his own. One was a good fellow, and hearing his father was lost went back to America to find him. What happened to him I do not know, but the other young Nicol was a devil.

Johnny Millais told me he had all the facts about this part of Sir William's history from his father's cook, who had been with Sir William at the time and said this scoundrel "Nicol Stuart" undoubtedly murdered Sir William, his benefactor, sold everything in Murthly a few days after Sir William's death, decamped and

was never heard of again. I believe this dramatic history to be quite true, but it would be interesting to know if there is anyone living who can confirm it or knows anything of it. I should much like to know what became of the bison ; they bred at Rohallion, and there seems to be no reason why the creatures should have disappeared. In one old volume of *Punch* I remember a picture of someone being pursued (? " Mr. Briggs ") by buffaloes, and the artist must have been familiar with Rohallion.

On March 27th, 1886, I must have had a curious day with the Old Surrey, for being bored I left them for an hour to watch some harriers hunt a stag, " but they could not get the beast to leave the railway," a bit of intelligence on the part of the deer which did not displease me. But the Old Surrey never found a fox all day, and I much preferred my days with the Burstow, which were a merry little pack and very pleasing to be with.

In April I got home, to finish my season with the Cleveland and Zetland, and on April 22nd Will Nichol, the Cleveland huntsman, after ten years with us, during the last seven of which he carried the horn, was presented with a silver horn and a purse of money. He deserved this recognition, for we never had in my time such a continuity of good sport as during these years. I can remember no seasons since when scent was so regularly good and when foxes ran better. Will Nichol is still living (1931), and Mr. Wm. Scarth Dixon, who made the presentation, is also among the few survivors of that day.

Will gave them a punishing run from Upleatham after the ceremony, " some of the horses being so

punished that they did not get home that night." Nichol was very good at getting a fox away from the hills and woodlands and into the open, and seemed never to forget that he was there to give the field the best day's sport he could.

I say of this particular day, I rode a three-year-old mare and was beaten about three o'clock. On April 26th, on the same mare, we had another great day, being beaten after a severe run by an old fox who had defeated us (from Swindales) several times during the last two years, but we made up for this by killing two foxes late in the day.

On April 30th we had our Puppy Show. The judges, Tom Parrington and Claxton, awarded the first prize for dogs to General, by the old stallion hound Lord Portsmouth had given me, Richmond; and Gaudy, a bitch, from the same litter (out of our Gladstone), won the first for bitches, which decision highly delighted me. The second prize bitch was by the Hurworth Cromwell. Now, Wharton had taken over the hounds and added this summer some good hounds from the Grove, Zetland and Oakley drafts.

This year was the stormiest political one during my life, with another general election in the summer, so that I find few entries to extract for my present purpose, but I notice some of the agricultural shows I attended, and remark as to the Yorkshire ones the great impetus given to Cleveland Bay breeding by the issue of the first Cleveland Bay Stud Book and the formation of the Cleveland Bay Horse Society, in which Mr. W. S. Dixon, Mr. Thos. Petch, Mr. J. P. Sowerby and I had taken a leading part.

The historical first volume entailed a vast amount

of labour, but it was extremely interesting examining the material we collected and taking evidence from the oldest breeders. Cleveland foals this year sold readily for thirty to fifty pounds apiece, and there was amongst farmers and other breeders a great demand for mares, for which long prices were paid.

CHAPTER XV

ABOUT SPORTSMEN, SPORT AND A SAW- SHARPENER (1886)

I WAS again returned as the senior M.P. for York City in 1886, with Frank Lockwood, Q.C., as my delightful colleague. When cub-hunting in October I mention among others being out, "George Lowther with his numerous family," also his brother, the Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P., who was a neighbour of mine at Wilton Castle. The latter was more of a racing than a hunting man, but when he hunted with us he always did so in pink, and was a cheery addition to the field, though I never saw him in my life attempt to ride to hounds. His brother, George, was an indefatigable follower, and I have known him do extraordinary days on foot after hounds, and though he was as hard as nails he died in 1890 at the age of fifty-three from the results of a terribly long day on foot with the Cleveland in foul weather.

His eldest son, Lt.-Col. Sir Charles Lowther, D.S.O. (of Swillington), and his brother, Lt.-Col. John George Lowther, D.S.O. (of Wilton Castle), were joint Masters of the Pytchley. I saw most of George Lowther's children blooded and well entered with the Cleveland. Their father did not neglect this part of their education, and I have a vivid picture in my memory of the father chevyng two of his little girls

among the stooks of corn in a stubble field where we had killed, and in spite of their resistance seeing that the rite was fully administered.

I note one day in Scotland this October opening a grouse's crop which was full of the flowering heads of ling and cranberries—there were 287 cranberries, not counting some which fell on the road, and these filled a teaspoon twelve and a half times.

We had a very curious find on October 30th, after drawing till 3.30 without the sign of a fox. Hounds were drawing Claphow Whin and Reservoir. A keen heavyweight, Harry Allison, and I were standing, he above and I just below a small high thick whin bush. The squire was blowing his hounds out, and we were all wet through. Allison said to me, "Look! What's this?" He was looking at the bush, which was trembling every now and then. We both gave the bush a good cracking with our whips, and it shook more and more, until Allison roared out, "Squire, he's here!" And then a big fox's head appeared out at the top of the bush. He looked very sleepy and astonished, struggled up, and after bounding about on the top of the whins soon woke up to realities, which included hounds, with a rare start. He gave us a good gallop, and we lost him in Kilton. This was an example of how literally tight a fox may lie in covert.

The opening day at The Lobster at Coatham our new Master turned out "very smart," with himself and his two whippers-in all on greys, and his father, the old squire (born 1809), was also on a grey, and in scarlet for the first time since he gave up the hounds in 1874, and "well he looked." I notice that only eight of the field still wore hunting caps, and now (1931) I

am the only one left who is not an official who continues to do this with the Cleveland. Will Nichol, now Sir Reginald Graham's huntsman, was out with us.

This autumn scent was often poor, the worst scenting days being with a south-west wind. Even wet days with an east wind gave us some very good sport.

I have many observations on the different natures and methods of huntsmen and whippers-in, and consider that Wharton's whippers-in gave him little help this season. "They never get hounds out of covert sharp, and their object seems to be to wait for a check, and then if the huntsman is not looking to drive every hound casting for the line to throw up his head." Whether this criticism was too severe or not, I can truthfully say I have seen more runs spoiled by the inexperienced whipper-in doing this sort of thing than in any other way. It would drive me half wild if I was hunting hounds, but a huntsman cannot always be swearing at his whippers-in unless he is like the late Mr. Forbes, who hunted the Hurworth and cursed his men, and Taylor, the best and most faithful of second horsemen, all day long.

I remember one day at Skutterskelf a whipper-in bungling to open a gate with the field dying to get through it, and a man saying to him, "Come away you — fool and let me open it!" The whipper-in looked round and said, "And so would you be a — fool if you was called one every five minutes!" As for Taylor, he was given his notice "in the field" about once a fortnight, but thought nothing of it, for as he said to a friend of mine who was sympathising with him at being sacked, "I have, sir, been sacked hundreds of times."

Forbes was an excellent Master really, a delightfully keen huntsman, and though he might curse you loudly for anything or nothing, never really fell foul of a good sportsman.

I remember one day when he funked a very big, dirty water jump just in front of me at the only possible place, and it being a spot you had to go best pace at to get over I shot past him, landed in mud, and gave him a proper shower bath. He called me everything whenever he caught sight of me for several hours, and then in the afternoon sent for me and said : " Pease, my good fellow, would you like me to draw again ? " and I said, " Very much."

I say of a huntsman, " he should be half a hound himself as far as the instinct of pursuit is concerned." One can admire the persevering and pianstaking one who delights in coolly hunting a fox inch by inch, but it is aggravating when scent is good if a man does not seize an opportunity of putting hounds on terms with their fox when it is obvious which way he has gone. It may be helping them rather than lifting them down the furrow of a ploughed field and forward on to grass. It is a great art to get hounds on without getting their heads up, but it gives hounds confidence in the huntsman and casting power. A huntsman with some fire in him transfers his spirit to the pack, and they learn to cast boldly and to carry a head. On the hills and in the rough they are often best left alone, and it is always a serious question interfering with them at any time before they are quite at a loss."

On November 18th I record a curious conversation I had with a tramping " saw-sharpener " on my way from hunting. He was a very big strong-looking man,

and obviously well educated from his way of talking. He said his name was Tom Stanley, and that he was related to Lord Derby, his father being a Captain Stanley, who distinguished himself at Waterloo. He also remarked that he was a gentleman born, came to poverty, enlisted and saw ten years' active service in India, went through the Mutiny, had three bullets cut out of one leg, two pieces of shell out of his back, lost a finger, and received seven scalp wounds.

He had also been in the prize ring, had fought six battles, and confided to me that he was "the greatest drunkard that ever lived." His chief feat in this direction was being drunk for eighteen weeks without once being sober. I said, "What a pity"; and he replied, "Of course it is, but it is all through keeping bad company and having an iron constitution; but," he added, "I have a splendid mind." I asked, "In what way?" He replied: "I can understand anything. There is not a point that can be made which I do not see clearly. I can make poetry, I can sing songs against any man and make them as I go on, I am the best of companions, and I know the whole Bible from Genesis to Revelations, and yet I am as poor as you see me; but I would not acknowledge my relations nor any other man. I could be acknowledged, and some of my brothers are gentlemen, but they are like me in this, and would do the same in my place. We are all like what my father was. We none of us know what fear is, we can all fight like lions, and yet we are all gentle and civil spoken, and though I am the biggest drunkard who ever lived, I have never been punished by the police. I am sixty-eight years old, fear no one, and if I cannot live by doing this I can carpenter, work in

stone or in lead or coal mines." And so he talked on, leaving me wondering how much of his story was true—possibly a good deal of it.

In after years in South Africa I came across many gentlemen, and not a few highly connected ones, following menial and mean occupations or living as hermits on the Low Veld, whose reduced circumstances was not always due to drink or vice. I have watched a well-to-do member of the Yorkshire aristocracy waited on by her cousin, a waiter in an hotel, who received a very modest tip from his fortunate relative, and in the hunting field one becomes acquainted with very queer cases of rises and falls in the lives of men.

On November 29th we had the best fifty minutes I ever rode through with the Cleveland for pace, distance and the country crossed, a full account of which was given in the *Field*. Curiously enough, it was a very cold day, and there was a very high west wind (our worst one for scent), while it is still more singular that our fox ran eleven miles and made an eight-mile point, all in the teeth of this cold strong wind.

I was riding a young mare I had recently bought of Michael Young, then of Cockermouth. She was practically thoroughbred, but not in the book. I never saw such a half-bred pedigree as was given with her. It gave eighteen crosses, presumably blood ones, though I could not identify some. I only transcribed five of them.

The pedigree of this mare Eviction was : by Merry Sunshine out of Osline, by Laughing Stock, 1859 (by Stockwell out of Gaiety, 1844, by Touchstone), her grandam by Potentate, 1856, her great-grandam by Galac, and her great-great-grandam by Podagus.

We found in Jackson's Black Plantation, ran by Normanby, Upsall, Hambleton, Ormesby, Gunnergate, Coulby, towards Tanton, south of Severs, left Hilton on the left, Ravenscar (Leven Banks), Crathorne Bridge and Middleton. At a check at Crathorne one of the whippers-in in the rear of the hunt holloaed a fox and spoilt the game. The squire persevered on the right line when he got back to it, but in vain. The time and distance given here is to Crathorne Bridge in fifty minutes. Six of us at most saw this run all through.

We had an extraordinarily slow hunt on December 13th after a small very dark fox found in Guisbrough Park at 10.45 a.m., and gave it up at 3.15 p.m. I viewed him several times during the day, and we were often twenty-five minutes behind him. John Proud saw him after we called off, and watched him into Upleatham Coverts, "very tired." I finish a long account of this four and a half hours' hunt with the remark : "Wind in the east, which accounts for the holding scent."

CHAPTER XVI

ODDS AND ENDS FROM MY DIARY, 1887-88

MY cousin, Mr. E. E. Barclay (M.F.H.), sent me a curious pet in the winter of 1887, a hybrid between a prairie wolf and a fox terrier bitch. It was a funny-looking animal, with "a wolf's coat, thick fur under, wolf coloured, moves like a fox, has a splendid mouthful of teeth, but its ears drop over, spoiling the foxiness of its head." It was tame enough in kennel or on a lead, but was the maddest creature with other dogs or when taken out loose, getting crazy with excitement and tearing wildly all over the country, without heed of voice, whistle or whip.

I soon wearied of his ways, and of the ever-present danger of his attacking sheep, and gave him to Lord Marcus Beresford. I hope he liked him, but I never heard anything more about the creature.

In March, 1887, I got away from the House, had a few days' hunting, and a little sport from Town. My friend, Mr. Cyril Flower, M.P. (afterwards Lord Battersea), had some fine performers in his stud, and I thoroughly enjoyed the mounts he gave me with Selby Lowndes in the Vale of Aylesbury.

I also say, on April 5th : "Had an excellent gallop with the Surrey calf-hounds, Theodore Lloyd giving me a capital mount, and dinner afterwards." Mr. Theodore Lloyd, of Croydon, was a cousin of my

mother and the most hospitable and generous of men. A brother of his, Mr. Alfred Lloyd, lived not far off and had a most wonderful herd of Shorthorns at this time. People to-day would open their eyes at the prices that were then given for Shorthorns from the best herds.

On March 28th I was at home, had a very long day in our east country, a two hours' run, and did not get home till 9.15 p.m. The next day, jumping a fence on foot, I broke my leg and sprained an ankle after hunting with the Hurworth all day.

What with the Queen's Jubilee, politics, and some weeks spent in Ireland, I find nothing in the sporting line worth recording until the autumn. We began cubhunting in August earlier than usual, and it was a good grouse year.

On Sunday, August 28th, I write: "Lord Doneraile died of hydrophobia on Friday, 26th, having been bitten by his tame fox. It is curious that an M.F.H. should meet his death so directly from a fox." One wonders how the fox went mad. Personally, I think hydrophobia and many other maladies, however rarely they may occur, can be developed spontaneously. In fact, it is difficult to conceive of any disease having always existed. It must have originated in a particular individual, and if in one, why not in another?

This must have been a good partridge year, for our bags were larger than usual in Cleveland, where we seldom got in average seasons more than 30 brace a day over dogs. I mention bags such as a day at Newton, when Sir Edward Grey was staying with us, and my brother out, of 41 brace, but remark at the scarcity of ground game since the Hares and Rabbits Act.

Part of October, 1887, we were driving grouse in Scotland in very wintry weather. I remember a very icy morning going out at daybreak with my brother and A. E. Leatham (in his day, a great cricketer, a big-game hunter and an excellent shot) to try to find a stag for "Ted" Leatham. As he had never killed one my brother and I planned that he should have a proper baptism on his bald head if we succeeded.

Soon after it was light we spotted a stag and he did his stalk. He got it, and we hurried to the scene through the snow and accomplished our purpose. Leatham was a very strong man and when roused could give most men a good punishing, so we made off in fear of the consequences. We had a most exhausting run in snow and deep heather, with him after us, through burns and ravines, till we reached the River Gairn, which we plunged through. From the other side we watched Ted's ablutions in the icy waters, hoping he would cool down. As we were two to one, cold and reason eventually prevailed, for after all it was all fair and according to rule.

We were all tickled with the solemn keeper, Lundie, who had watched this Saxon performance, with blood from his gralloching knife flowing over his flaxen beard, and who grunted with a kind of laughter which was like a cow's cough. This was a very tiring prelude to a day's grouse driving, and rather unusual, I think.

There are few more lovely sights than Deeside and Perthshire when early frosts have changed the birches to gold, the rowans into flaming scarlet, the geans to maroon and crimson, and you see this all mixed up with the dark Scotch pine and spruces against brown

and blue mountains capped with snow. It is worth while being in Scotland in October !

On Thursday, November 10th, we chopped, at Angrove, the heaviest and fattest fox that anyone present had ever seen. The Squire displayed it and took opinions as to its weight. All agreed that it must weigh over twenty pounds. I have never seen one like it. It was a two-year-old monster. The same day, in a fast run from Seamer Whin to Maltby, near the latter village I saw our fox, a field and a half ahead, turn round, crouch and face hounds. He paused and then went on back for Seamer. I was sorry for him, as he was a game fox, and galloping to Seamer main earth opened it to save him, but the pack killed him before he made it.

I have many good runs recorded in November and December, but snow came towards the end of December (and I was in Ireland part of the month). Still, we hunted in the snow, but had poor sport. I record four of these days.

Of a fast ten minutes from Severs I say the grief was remarkable. "I fell at the Thornton Stell, the Squire came down, Edwin Fox and Tom Ward fell twice, my uncle, Arthur Pease, and others came down as well."

On January 14th, 1888, we had a remarkably severe run in our east country, with a small fox with a dirty little brush and a piece off his right ear, from Liverton Lane Head Plantation over the Roxby Danby and Waupley countries. "It was two hours without a check, a burning scent (E. wind) and hounds flying the whole time. He was pulled down by Bluecap, on Waupley Moor. Hospitable David Petch at dark

provided refreshment for horse and man at Liverton."

On the 16th we had another big run, Bonnybell, one of the bitches I got from Lord Portsmouth, putting us right at a critical part by holding the line for over a mile by herself.

We had a little trouble this January about the Hunt, as my father, Jim Lowther and I thought it unfair, being the largest subscribers, that we should have to find another £320 as guarantors, as the total subscriptions, including ours, only came to £380. So we withdrew our guarantee.

In the end Wharton said he would carry on if : (1) we gave him the hounds ; (2) we paid all poultry and other damages, and (3) we paid all keepers' finds. We accepted his conditions unanimously, resolving to create a reserve fund out of which we could make kennels and purchase hounds if the Squire left us to hunt elsewhere.

For more than forty years this has worked well, but at the time there was anxiety about how we should fare without our pack of hounds.

On February 6th a Grinkle fox gave us a whole day's run of five hours and ten minutes, fast to begin with, then a slow dragging run all over the eastern moorland country (I give the details of it) and beat us at 4.40, when hounds were "called off." I say, "I never saw such a run for hardworking perseverance on the part of hounds." Wonder, Templar (first season), old Scornful, Bonnylass, Bonnybell and Gameboy I mention as displaying great hunting capacities. I had been on my mare Eviction from 8.30 a.m. to 6.50 p.m., and then I go back to London exclaiming, "Oh, the loathesomeness of London ;

its mucky faces, greasy pavements, its smoke-laden atmosphere and filthy leafless trees ! ”

In March when staying with the late Right Hon. James Tomkinson, M.P., at Willington Hall, Tarpoley, he mounted me with the Cheshire, and better performers than his horses it would be difficult to find. I describe the Cheshire country as a “ grand ” one, but am thankful that I generally hunt where such enormous fields are unknown. On one day I describe it as an “ awful mob ”—and when hounds ran only horses of Tomkinson’s class could get away from it. Jim Tomkinson was at this time, I should say, the hardest rider in England, and had earned the name of “ Jumpkinson,” from the numerous and extraordinary feats he had performed. Some of these many thought only a madman would attempt. I have never seen anyone else who was sane and sober so “ mad keen ” to the end of his life. He was sane and sober enough and, indeed, was an ardent teetotaler. He was killed at the last fence (I think, leading) in the House of Commons Steeplechase in 1910, when in his seventieth year—I should say the death he would have preferred to any other !

I finished my season with the Cleveland on April 14th, but they hunted on for some time longer. This season these hounds were out ninety-seven days, had one blank day and accounted for 135 foxes, of which they killed 35 brace.

My brother and I in May again took our terriers down to our cousin “ Ted ” Leatham’s home at Misarden in Gloucestershire and had some mining operations on a grand scale in pursuit of badgers. Of one day, I say, after a long dig we got within measur-

able distance of one, and I was (with others in the "cutting") just handing Wickle in to "tempt" the badger out, which would save us much rock chipping and digging, when he bolted through my brother's legs, sending one of his legs up in the air, and I had just time to put my foot on his back. Had it not been for Wickle seizing him as quick as lightning by the head and holding on, I should have been bitten in the ankle. He was a very good one and "we turned him out at Pinchinthorpe."

CHAPTER XVII

A COLLECTION OF RECORDS, 1888-89

IN the summer of 1888 my eldest sister, Mrs. Calmady-Hamlyn, died. She had been my companion in nursery and schoolroom days, in country rides and in the Row, and my diaries contain little apart from domestic and political topics. She left an only daughter, a great amateur pony breeder, and well known in Devon and the West Country to-day.

I see I showed a three-year-old mare, Caress, as a three-year-old hunter fourteen times this summer, and she won thirteen firsts and one second prize. When she was older she won many firsts, including Islington. I mention her as an example of the produce of a Roadster (now called Hackney) mare by Syrian. I owned the latter sire at this time. He was by Mentmore out of Princess, and had a successful Turf career—won many races and was placed in twenty-seven. At seven years old he won the Great Shropshire Handicap, beating Lowlander, Rostrevor, Thunder and Peeping Tom, and ran third, carrying 9st. 4lb. to Saccharometer (7st. 12lb.) and Lily Agnes (7st. 7lb.) in the Chester Stewards Cup ; but the sensational race for the Esher Cup when he was eight years old, was as exciting as any in his long career. He ran the dead-heaters there to a “short head,” giving Grey Palmer 32lb. and Munden 15lb. For the Sandown

Members' Handicap, at eight years old, he was given 12st. 12lb. to carry, and his weights were such this year that he had no chance of a win. For quality, courage and action he was a horse after my own heart. He got many winners and later some fine performers in the hunting field. Among those who used him in Cleveland whose hunters (home bred) still retain the character of Syrian is our present joint Master, Major Turton. But to return to the mare he got off my hackney mare Mother Brown—she was as good at her job with hounds as in the show ring.

I had a year later a fall with her overjumping herself and landing and slipping up on the hard high road, and she broke her knees very badly, so I sold her at Tattersalls, where she with her broken knees was knocked down to the late Mr. Cecil Boyle, of Broghill, for 240 guineas. Given plenty of courage, quality and pace in a hackney mare there are worse ways than breeding a hunter than this; though there are few worse if the mare is not the right sort.

Part of October and November I was in Ireland and stayed for a short time with one of my friends, Mr. Pierce Mahony, M.P., who had a particularly nice herd of red and black Kerries. Mr. John Ellis, M.P., of Scalby had asked me to pick out some good red Kerry heifers for him, and I was attracted by both the red and the black Kerries and also by some Dexters. I bought a few black Kerries and Dexters for my farm, but I gave up the latter, which for their size gave a good yield of good milk on poor pastures, for three reasons—they were rather inclined to abort, they had difficulty in calving owing to the calves having such big heads, and the milkers complained that they

had almost to lie down to milk these dwarf cows. The Kerries did well, but were very wild at first and I did not persevere with them, preferring for my dairy herd Shorthorns and Jerseys, and especially the cross between these two breeds.

Sport with our hounds was not great in November and December, but there were a few good hunts and one very long run on December 27th, of which I relate that "Johnny Petch had the best part of it to himself, at which he was highly pleased," and that I rode a stern chase, and with a few more only caught them towards the end, having ridden some way behind the fortunate Johnny. Our only revenge was that when Bill, the whipper-in, had asked a man if he had seen the hounds, he replied, "Aye, an nea a yan wiv 'em save *an awd chap on a gallowa*"; which was well rubbed into John P. Petch.

I say, "I was followed by young Clive Dixon." This is the first mention I find of one who was to become famous in our part of the world as the pride of our Hunt and than whom there was no better and straighter man to hounds or in life and death. Like the best, he fell in action in the Great War, being killed on November 5th, 1914. He will reappear in these pages, but the place he filled remains henceforth empty.

In the autumn of 1888 I record a few incidents with the Bilsdale and anecdotes about Bobby Dawson, whom I have mentioned before as the whipper-in to the quaint establishment. He says he had whipped-in for "aboon [above] fifty year."

He says of the *Field* correspondent of that day, "Arundel," who toured the Hunts (I hope some of

my readers can follow our dialect !): "Yan o' thease writin' chaps whea had hoonted all ower England, Scotland an' Ireland cam ti see t' Bilsdale dogs. Well, ye knaw, he cooms oop tiv ous joost as t' dogs were drawin' t' Banks [i.e. the Cleveland Hills], an' he ses 'Good morning.' 'Good morning,' says Ah. An' then he sez, 'Ye've got nobbut a bad mount.'

"'Aye,' sez Ah, 'pow-er fauks hez pow-er waays, bout mebbby,' sez Ah, 'Ah'll be there at neet when thoo isn't,' an' he gav me a pawky luke an' left me behint; boud afore neet efter roonin' aboon [above, i.e. more than] trey hours, he'd gotten eneaf [enough], and his horse mair than eneaf, an' I cam oup wiv him, an' ez Ah wez gannin' past him, he tons ti me an' sez, 'Ah 'pologise fer makkin' that remark aboot yer horse,' an' Ah sez tiv him, 'Ah telt thee Ah'd mebbby be nigher tiv 'em afore neet. Sae good-bye,' sez Ah, 'fer Ah hevn't tahm ti wa-aste talkin' ti yer !'"

It was the same day that the *Field* correspondent, Mr. Blew, had the conversation (reported by Major Fairfax-Blakeborough in one of his books) with Bobby about the antiquity of the Bilsdale hounds (which they assert claim descent from the Duke of Buckingham's pack in the seventeenth century), when Bobby asserted his hounds to be the oldest pack of foxhounds in the kingdom.

To this claim Mr. Blew opposed that of the South Dorset (? descended from the True Blue pack of the eighteenth century), at which Bobby stared, and then said, "Dowsett ! Dowsett ! Niver heer'd tell o' siccan [such a] pleace ! Coum oup mare !" and rode off in disgust.

Bobby gave me an account, too, of a midnight hunt

they had after a day's hunting about Swainby. "We'd hed a long day sae put oup fer a bit at Stowsla [Stokesley] on t' rawd yam [home]. Oor chaps hed gotten a canny soup [sup] o' gin in tiv 'em, an' aboot ten o'clock at neet they gat on ti t' hosses an' lowsed [loosed out] oot t' dogs an' went oup t' baank be Bouzby [Busby].

"Joost as they'd got ti t' top o' t' baank a fox crosst t' rawd, an' iv a minit t' dogs was on t' line, an' we hoonted him till we ran him in tiv a haul [hole] aboot tweea o'clock o' t' morn, an' that a Soonda [Sunday] fer t' soop o' gin had made t' chaps sae 'at they'd fergetten it were Soonda—*thaw*, Ah deeant knaw it wad a made a vasst o' difference if they hedn't gotten t' gin."

Bobby informed me which he considered the best bitch in the pack (I forget her name, but fancy it was Charlotte). He said: "She's yan ah fetched ya day oot o' Farndale in a pawk [in a sack]. Yan o' t' Farn-dale chaps gav' her ti oor chaps." I hear Bobby has just "resaan'd" [resigned] his post. My informant said: "Sic an aud chap wez ti nae yuse—he wez good fer nowt."

Harvest was very late this year and we began cub-hunting on September 26th, when I say, "hardly any corn cut." One day when grouse driving in October, in Aberdeenshire, I saw two separate lots, one of three and the other of four golden eagles, the one lot hunting on Cullardoch and the other at the Crathie end of our moor.

This year there was an invasion of Pallas's sand grouse in the eastern districts of England, and a few came to Cleveland. Having read of this in the papers, one day when I was out with my gun (October 23rd)

I recognized one on the side of a stell about a hundred yards off and did a successful stalk—as I crawled through rushes flat on my stomach and popped my hat over it and secured a perfect specimen alive. I kept it alive for some weeks, but it died. It is now in the Middlesbrough Museum. We gave these migrants special protection by Act of Parliament in the hope that they would nest in East Anglia and remain, but all in vain. It is, I think, the only bird which has an Act of Parliament to itself.

A boy was staying with me early in January, 1889—Lionel Palmer, a son of Sir Charles Palmer, of Grinkle ; and on January 6th we had a good rough run of two hours and forty minutes. I remark of him : “ He got two good croppers, lost two shoes and gave his mare a dirty face and came home rejoicing, saying he liked it—he went like a brick,” which seems to me a poor simile. Two days after, in a run, “ he got a capital upset and enjoyed his cropper as usual.” He went into the Canadian Mounted Police and roughed it in the West, came home eventually, and died while he was still young.

On the 19th, after a morning's run on the hills, we had a curious find at my place. For some weeks past every now and then in the morning a fox had jumped out of our kitchen garden over the wall into the little plantation behind. He was there this morning, and just before noon the gardener was nailing up some apricot trees on the wall, when a hare screamed. He looked over and saw the fox in the act of killing a hare. The gardener got over the wall and took the hare from the fox. When we came two hours later we found the fox at the very same spot, and gave him the biggest

fright of his life, for we ran him over the low country, over the hills, and then back into the low country to ground. "That will larn him to kill hares under the gardener's nose and when he is hammering the wall at noonday. I think he must, lion-like, have returned to find his kill."

CHAPTER XVIII

REMINISCENCES AND REFLECTIONS, (1889)

HERE is an incident that occurred one day with the Hurworth which is perhaps worth mentioning. I must first explain, however, that the previous summer I had gone to Michael Young at Cockermouth, intending to try to buy a horse called Report with a great reputation in Ireland, but whose previous owner, a Mr. Burke, had had a bad fall.

Just before setting off my neighbour and cousin, Mr. Edwin Fox, said to me : " I wish you would try to buy a horse called Report for me when you are at Michael Young's," and he told me a good deal of what he had heard. This put me in rather a fix, but I was anxious to see him well mounted. When I got there Michael produced half a dozen of the ones I fancied most of a long string he had brought over from Ireland, and I rode them each against the others over the Cockermouth Steeplechase course. Report struck me as good enough for the Grand National. He had flat, shelly feet, but was very fast and a great leaper and easy to ride. So I bought him for Fox for £120, for I would take him if he did not suit. I bought two grey mares, Nora Creina and Peggy Dillon, who turned out all I could wish, giving £150 for the two.

Now, on this particular day Fox had Report out

with the Hurworth, and he was "full of beans" and short of work. In a run he jumped so big over a fence into a road that he covered the whole and landed on some cattle in a gateway on the far side, came down, broke a bloodvessel, and blood poured from his mouth.

When I got home from my day with the Cleveland I found Report in my stables, he being too far gone to get the half-mile on to his own. The vet. said he would not give sixpence for him, and the horse was certainly blowing hard and in a bad way.

Fox wanted my views. I said: "I should not give him up. At any rate, I will give you 400 sixpences for him." Report did not look much better the next day, but I cheered his owner by offering 1000 sixpences. About a month later other vets' opinions having been taken, and all considering that the chances were of his not standing work again, I wrote to a friend of mine in Italy, Freddy Meuricoffre of Naples, who was fond of steeplechasing, and had his racehorses at Genoa. In reply to a letter in which he asked if I could find him a horse to ride in the Italian Grand National, I said I could and told him all about Report. Fox asked forty pounds for him, which I gave, and I sent the horse out with a groom to Genoa for another fifty pound or so. He was a great success in Italy, and won the Italian Grand National with Meuricoffre up.

On January 26th my brother and I had a rattling day with the Hurworth. Hounds met at Skutter-skelf and this was Lord Falkland's first day's hunting with the Hurworth from his new home, for he had only recently come into residence. We found at

once in his coverts and by about 3 o'clock most had had enough. After a second fast gallop—which landed us at Yarm, my mare had had enough, but my brother offered me his first horse as he had two out, when Forbes asked the select few who had come through in the last fast thing—my brother, George Elliott (M.P.), George Macbean and myself—"like the good sportsman he is, 'Shall I draw again?'"

We chorused "Yes!" for scent was good, and we went on to Farrar's Whin. Hounds went in, the whipper-in at the southern corner yelled "Gone away!" and off we went, hounds flying out and racing from the start.

It was a cracker by Fighting Cocks and night was coming on when we reached the Darlington and Stockton Railway, when only my brother and I were with them, and luckily came with hounds to some railway gates. These were locked and chained, so I jumped off, found on the railway a yard of railway metal and we soon had the gates smashed. We heard hounds in the dark, reached them near Sadberge about two miles on, whipped them off and took them to a farm. I never got home that night.

There was subsequently a row about the railway gates. Forbes knew about them, but few others did, and when he was pounced on by the railway people said he had seen nothing, and kept mum—now everyone may know how we managed to stop hounds on a dark night! Looking for Hunt servants in the dark seemed useless, but we came across a whipper-in in a lane, with his horse dead beat in the ditch, got some gruel for him at a farm, and left him to get hounds home.

On January 24th, 1889, a cousin of mine, Edwin L. Pease, died from a hunting accident with the Zetland; but it is perhaps hardly fair to call it a hunting accident, for he was giving a too fresh puller, a horse called Hussar, some turns round a ploughed field to "steady" him (usually a useless proceeding) and got an awful fall, fracturing seven ribs and sustaining other injuries. His horses, like many others, were generally too full of corn for their work.

I have seen many good ones ruined by this very prevalent system of overfeeding horses who perhaps do not do a day once a week and are hateful rides in consequence. The night before his fall he said at dinner, "I have not had a fall this season," and added, "I must not boast, as the last time I said that I had an awful cropper the next day!" The doctor said, "With all his broken bones he was like a sack of stones."

Here is an extract from the entry on Thursday, February 14th. "Frost suddenly gone—thought I would hunt with the Hurworth at Over Dinsdale—sent Peggy Dillon to box by rail to Yarm—no horse box—she came back (so far about six miles of road) here by 10.15 a.m. I got on to her and trotted her all the way to Over Dinsdale (about twenty miles) and found them blowing hounds out of the first cover. Jack (my brother) was there—found at Beverley Wood and ran by Hornby, Smeaton to Pease's Plantations—to Wellbury, back to Tees Banks, running four hours, and killed at dark.

"Mare carried me first rate—glad to get her into Jack's stables at Hurworth—rattled fast into Darlington. Jack in his dog-cart with 'Bubbles' in the

shafts, each with a big piece of cake in our hands, caught the 6.45 p.m. train Darlington and attended a big meeting in Middlesbrough, at which I spoke." This little horse, Bubbles, was a wonder. My brother was once playing cricket at 7 p.m. at Wynyard, had a quarter of a mile to walk to his trap at the front door carrying his cricket bag and had some fourteen to fifteen miles to cover to his quarters at Darlington, dress and go out to dinner at eight and he did it. Anyone who knows these roads will allow this to be a marvellous performance. The fastest drive I ever did was $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles in twenty-seven minutes behind a blood mare by Struan.

The Cleveland had some hard days this February and March. On March 8th we killed three dog foxes and "the old squire (Wharton) being eighty to-day and out, went home with a brush and a head."

I think we did not hunt into May this year for at the end of April I give the summary of the season with the Cleveland :

Eighty-five days hounds out (three of which were blank days).

Twenty-five brace killed.

Twenty-eight brace to ground.

We had finished apparently before the 25th, as I find, my brother and I, on one day, and my little son and I had two good days with my brother's beagles after moor foxes about then. Of the latter day I say, "Ran a fox over the moor and up to him, but the little beggars would not tackle him and finally he got to ground in Howden Gill."

Of the former day I write, "Up at 4 a.m. and had a grand hunt with Jack (my brother) and his beagles.

A lovely hot day, drag for half an hour on the moor, when he got up in front of us and we ran him by Percy Cross via Ayton, Hanging Stone, Pinchinthorpe and lost him in Hutton Middle Gill (We were riding.)”

But between these two days I got leave to invite the Bilsdale over to hunt our coverts, as there were so many foxes, and here are some extracts from the record of that day.

Mr. Horsfall of Potto had become Master of the Bilsdale, but without disturbing the primitive ways of that ancient Hunt. On April 22nd I rode over to his place and arranged with him for the collection of hounds the same day in the dale, and for them to spend the night at my place.

There was a remarkable and regular follower on foot of the Bilsdale named Coulson, to whom was assigned the duty of collecting the hounds from the scattered farms, and he always went on foot. He went from Swainby to Bilsdale and then did twenty-two miles before he got “t’ dogs” to Chop Yat, and had another ten or eleven to get them to Pinchinthorpe.

Horsfall, his groom, Nicholas Spink (ex M.F.H.), and Bobby Dawson, mounted and all in pink (Bobby’s coat was purple with age), with Coulson, in green, on foot, arrived at 9.30 p.m. with seven-and-a-half couples of hounds, and after a good feed all went to bed in their hunting clothes! Bobby’s couple of hounds were dull and half-starved-looking brutes. I said something to Bobby about their looks, and he replied, “Aye, they’re allus oot o’ fettle an’ desput pla-aged wi’ wurms.”

I asked Nicholas about them, and he said in a tone

of great bitterness, "Robert *nivver* had owt tiv onny yuse—an' he keeps oop t' breed" (breed). It is a fact that when some years ago Feversham suppressed the Bilsdale Hunt (he owned the whole of the Bilsdale country where hounds were kept), on account of the depredations of the hounds in summer and the complaints of the shooting tenants, and had forbidden his tenants to keep hounds, that Bobby secreted a few in his farm buildings, bred from them, and that for seven years they never came outside by daylight!

When at the end of that time the terrible edict was withdrawn, to everybody's surprise Bobby produced from his barn some of "t'awd Bilsdale breed" of the Buckingham blood—and at any rate kept up the claim of the oldest blood in England.

The Bilsdale had had many troubles, and one had led to another, for it had been the custom immemorial when hunting ceased in the spring, in order to prevent the hounds hunting during the summer and from straying far from the farms or getting among the moor sheep, to "wire" the forefeet—i.e. to put a ring through the web between the toes. There was really no cruelty in the operation—more than putting a ring into an ear, but of course it punished a hound that pain would not deter from hunting. The Hunt were prosecuted for cruelty to animals and had to give the practice up, hence hounds did do damage, hence the horrible edict.

I say of the day's hunting: "I think my York constituents and others would have smiled at my breakfast party at 4.50 a.m." Before breakfast I had gone round to the stables and found the "Bilsdale

chaps" out of bed, Bobby grooming "t'awd meear," and Coulson, after his forty-mile walk the previous day, was sitting smoking his pipe. His ancient horn interested me ; it was a large curved brass one with a big mouth.

After they had eaten any quantity of herrings, ham, eggs and sausages, we "met" at 5.30 a.m., and a fair number turned up at the meet. Hounds were taken to covert in couples and then "loused" into it full cry—great white racing brutes (Charmer for my money !).

We found all right, but as all breed earths were open at this time of year and scent was bad we had more amusement than sport, and we knocked off on the moors at noon, but not before William Scarth Dixon had broken his collar-bone on the moor and Bobby had had a good cropper. Coulson, after six and a half hours' hunting on foot, had a twenty-mile walk home to Swainby !

CHAPTER XIX

OF DIFFERENT KINDS OF SPORT AND SPORTSMEN, 1889-90

TOM WILKINSON of Hurworth, the senior representative of the noted Wilkinson brothers who founded the Hurworth Hounds, hunted hard all the season and had a pack of otter hounds at this time, with which he put away the summer months. Otter hunting is no doubt fascinating enough for the owner and huntsman of the pack, but is often for people of my temperament a dull kind of sport as lookers on, and often there is such a mobbing and heading of the otter that it does not quite accord with my ideas of hunting, but a cry of hounds and pretty surroundings certainly are attractions.

On April 30th, before resuming my Parliamentary duties, I went over to Crathorne on the Leven for a day with Tom Wilkinson, after a cup of tea only at 5.30 a.m. It was a very cold, showery day and two hours up to one's waist in the river was a "cooler." I tailed one otter, and taking a pad made for home at five, glad when I got in of another cup of tea, having had nothing to eat since dinner the night before.

During this hot summer, when I was at home for a few days, I did a good deal of sitting over the fox and badger earths near my house—and saw much of their inhabitants, badgers and cubs coming out of the same

earths as the fox cubs. On June 12th I say : " At 10 p.m. I was astonished at seeing five great big old hoary badgers come out of a hole within a foot of where I was standing, and they all went into the earth where the fox cubs were bred. . . . A sparrowhawk has a nest just above the gate into the cover. I hope the keepers, who are walking the coverts day by day to find it will miss it ; they do more harm than a dozen hawks. I like to have these wild things about and to watch them."

Later in the month I was staying with Lord Rosebery at Mentmore, and he showed me all his bloodstock at Foxhall. I was much interested in the old stallions Dutch Skater and Foxhall. I liked Dutch Skater, but Foxhall's stock had no forelegs and ankles. It is terrible the number of bad forelegs and ankles one sees amongst blood horses.

Each autumn I used to stay with Frank Lockwood when he was driving his moor. This year on August 31st I experienced the nearest escape from death I ever had.

—— (one of his guests) was stumbling along at my side along a cart track in the heather after lunch on our way to the butts, and put his foot in a deep rut, stumbled sideways, thrusting his gun barrels under my nose. I was just watching to see where his gun would go, and saw the two holes of his muzzle end under my cheek, and before I knew what had happened I fell on to the moor completely stunned. His gun actually went off under my ear, about an inch from my throat. I was deaf for a long time after and felt at the time as if half my head had gone. I never knew of a gun walking up to butts with his gun loaded and full

cock. However, a miss is as good as a mile. He said he was afraid he had given me a very dreadful fright, and he shot merrily all the afternoon—but never again on Frank's moor.

We began cubhunting on September 9th at 5.30 a.m. at Saltburn, with $39\frac{1}{2}$ couples of hounds out; very hot and dry. After ten days' grouse driving in Aberdeenshire I had a day's shooting with my brother-in-law, Robert Barbour, of Bonskeid, in Perthshire. I mention this, as I do not think a better mixture of game is to be had in any other county, and on this day in October we got pheasants, partridges, grouse, black-game, woodcock, snipe, cappercaille, brown and blue hares, rabbits and roe, also one teal.

I give accounts of extraordinarily good runs with the Cleveland this November, and one good day from Winton with the Hurworth. I mention on this occasion among the few in the first flight, and who had to jump the Wiske twice, the present Lord Lonsdale, the late Lord Londonderry, and the late Lord Henry Vane Tempest.

I see that after a great day with the Cleveland with a grand fox, who beat us by going to ground in Percy Cross Plantation, I got up the next day and rode over at 6.15 a.m. to the earth to see that Burrell's keepers had not been "playing any of their tricks" with him, but "found the earth open and all serene." Burrell was at this time the shooting tenant of the Kildale Estate and not, like his landlord (Major R. B. Turton, now joint M.F.H.), a hunting man.

In December, whilst having some excellent shooting at Shotesham at Mr. Robert Fellowes's (one day over eight hundred head), I mention a white-headed

gun called Everett, "who shot with pin-fire guns, slow and very sure"; also the fact that many of the Shotesham pheasants are pure white.

1890.—I see that in 1889 the prices I paid for forage were as follows, delivered :

Best old land hay, one year old, clear of top	£	s.	d.
and bottom per ton	3	10	0
Best old oats (short) per quarter	1	6	0
Best long oats " "	1	3	0
Good dry wheat straw per ton	2	0	0

In January, I mention that a terrier went into an earth after a fox we had run to ground at midday at Marske, on Thursday (16th), and as he had not come out the next day they started to dig for him. They dug all Friday, and with the help of another terrier dug to him till 5 p.m. on Saturday, when he was got out alive and well, still laying at the fox a yard farther in. The fox also was unhurt and all right. The terrier had stuck to his job for fifty-one or fifty-two hours.

On the 18th we had a punishing run in the Roxby country, two very big rings, and finally lost. Now, the first ring, uphill and over moors, was so severe that I saw "George Mortimer's brown, a four-year-old, fall and die half-way up the hill." When Johnny Petch and I with three or four more were going up the same hill the second time with only seven-and-a-half couples of hounds still sticking to the line, "they were busy *skinning Mortimer's horse*, and headed our fox, who went back to the Birks and beat us in cover." Moral, wait till the hunt is over before you begin skinning your hunter !

On the 20th, after recounting a hard day, at the end of it "we bolted from Woodward's drain, a dirty

superannuated, all but toothless old bitch fox, and killed her." Such an old vixen is very rarely handled by a huntsman. Hounds seldom get hold of one. They live mostly underground, and over a course of years some keeper is sure to put them down, for I *know* that many keepers who preserve foxes, quietly put down a vixen, and some, if the vixen has cubs, put her down and hand-rear the cubs.

Others than keepers, who would not put a fox down (I have known this) when a keeper has opened out the earths in the spring in order to have foxes, go and plug up the breed earths, sometimes leaving a vixen and cubs to die underground.

But here is another story this month : Mr. —— of ——, a farmer friendly to sport, sent in a poultry claim, but we made the accusation that his son had shot our fox on Thursday last. He said he would "clear his son out as he was always shooting something he had no business to."

CHAPTER XX

ABOUT STEEPLECHASES, WILD BIRDS AND OTHER MATTERS

ON March 29th, 1890, we had our second House of Commons Steeplechase at Rugby. I had two very good grey Irish mares, one Nora Creina, by Lord Gough, dam by Arthur, the other Peggy Dillon, by Tallavera (by Arthur Wellesley), dam by Hercules. I had ridden them for two seasons, and for the life of me did not know which was the better, though I tried them at top pace against each other. Finally I entered Nora Creina for this event. She had been a very wild thing when I bought her at five years old for £85; had changed hands in Ireland at £17, and in 1891 I refused £600 for her. The Rugby race was the only one in which she was ever beaten, and she led the field up to the last fence but came in second. She really set them an awful pace from the first; Elliot Lees won the race very cleverly on Damon; but the following year Nora left him far behind at Daventry over a bigger country.

At Rugby thirteen M.P.s went to the post, a fairly large field, and no one had any idea what horses they were up against, but that they were probably as good a lot of hunters as ever met in this sort of way. We had no idea where the course was, what were the fences on it, nor its length. Given these circumstances, I

thought my only chance was to set the pace, knowing my mare could stand up over any country, in the hope of bringing the most dangerous ones down.

I did this, and certainly several of the best fell at or before the water jump, over-jumping themselves. After the race, when people were saying what a wonderful performance Nora's had been, "Bay" Middleton said: "Yes, she's a wonder; she ought to have won, but was *damned badly ridden*." I took this to heart and accepted it as truth from an expert, pondered it over and altered my tactics—and yet till you have ridden a horse in good company you cannot know exactly how to ride it, when you do not know the distance, nor the effect of weight.

To get up to the weight of 12 st. I put on heavy clothes and saddle, heavy irons, three girths and surcingle (17½ lb.) and had to carry 7 lb. of lead. Lord Ernest Hamilton was third in this race on a mare of Hermon Hodge's.

I was most afraid of Mr. F. B. Mildmay's Discretion, but she fell, when level with me, at the water. There is a full account of this meeting in the *Field* of that time.

Personally I think 12 st. the right weight for these sort of races and 12 st. 7 lb., the usual minimum, too much. For horses accustomed to carry 11 st., 1 st. 7 lb. or 12 st., 7 lb. is a big addition to dead weight, and often with penalties of 14 lb., too much for good horses.

There was one thing which Bay Middleton and the public did not see. I was leading by a field after half the journey was done. Before me was a very strong bullfinch, in the middle of which appeared to be a gap

filled with strong new rails. Naturally I went for the rails, which were in my line, but to my horror, when too late, I saw there was a pond in front of them, certainly twelve, probably fifteen feet across. My mare jumped the pond, smashed the rails down as she landed on them and hardly lost her stride. This let in Damon and the rest, who galloped through the pond, only two (one being Jarvis, who was hurt) facing the bullfinch, which brought them down. But for this I think I should have won.

I dwell on this race as I learnt a lesson how not to ride in a real point-to-point. I have seen many make my mistake. Jim Tomkinson lost his life by playing the same game. In last year's (1930) Grand National I would have, after seeing it, have chosen Glangesia as my mount, but he was ridden "too well" the first three and a half miles, and yet if he had not led so long he might have been bowled over in the crush.

In a crowd one must be at the top or take risks. Till there are even weights in the Grand National one will never know which is the best horse. I think Old Tay Bridge and Silvo about as good as any which have run in recent years, but they were not allowed to win it.

In 1890 I attended the Great International Horse Show at Berlin and learnt a great deal about German and Continental breeds. There were some very peculiar breeds, such as the Pinzgauer, circus coloured horses, black or dark spotted roans. The whole show was badly organized, but the display of artillery and other army horses instructive. The European (Austrian, etc.) Arabs interested me; many were big tall horses with great action, and very attractive carriage

horses. This was another example of what man may evolve from the Arabian.

That summer I spent several days with Mr. Burdett Coutts, M.P., who had a most wonderful stud of horses at Holly Lodge. He had at this time some of the very best Cleveland, Coaching and Hackney stallions and mares in the world and bred on a big scale and with great success.

There is nothing to record during November and December, 1890, but what is of a purely local character—yet, as it is of interest in the North, I wish to note that now Clive Dixon begins to show at the front. It was, however, after he returned from India with his regiment and with some years of campaigning, pig-sticking and racing behind him, that he became our “best man.”

He was one of five who saw the finish of a desperate thirty-five minutes on December 6th, which finished on the moors. The finish I describe thus: “a parlous, exciting, neck or nothing gallop through boulders, bogs and holes at top speed. Phillida (a three rising four-year-old mare by Charles the First) kept me close up, and after an exhausting spurt uphill from Sleddale, Bugler, Gaylass and Freedom pulled him down. Bugler is a five-year-old by Hurworth Cromwell, Gaylass by Hurworth Gameboy out of our Cobweb, and Freedom by our Pasquin out of Flora. I gave the brush to Clive Dixon, who goes to India on Monday, and the mask to Tom Ward, and took hounds back.”

The month of January, 1891, saw severe winter weather and fogs in the South, and though we escaped with clear weather we had a great deal more frost than

we usually get, but I record a few very good days. In February my parliamentary duties interfered with hunting, but included in them was my introduction of a Bill for the Protection of Wild Birds, which eventually got into the Statute Book. The amount of trouble this measure gave me would hardly be credited, but I had the valuable assistance of my friend Sir Edward Grey (now Viscount Grey of Falloden) and others, and especially of Professor Alfred Newton, in drawing up the schedules.

When I had the Bill drafted it appeared so cumbersome and complicated that I took it to Mr. Herbert Asquith, who astounded me in the way he dealt with it. He just asked me what I "wanted to do." He then in half an hour drafted an entirely new Bill in simple, clear and concise English, divesting it of preamble, the legal and technical forms and phraseology beloved of parliamentary draftsmen, and handed me a short Bill which any layman could understand. That is the history of the birth of Wild Birds Protection.

I find some of my efforts for guidance as to the schedules were not very successful at first, e.g. "Went to see Professor Flower at the Natural History Museum. He seemed to know really very little about birds and could offer no useful suggestions, but he showed me some butterflies and bugs beautifully set up!"

However, I got some days at home and even put in one or two with the Bilsdale. Of one of these I say it was a poor one but as amusing as ever. Old "Bobby" was hunting the hounds, and very slack he was, riding his old roan mare.

Coulson, of course on foot, asked "Robert" if he wasn't gannin' ti sturr hissel' a little." Poor old "Bobby" said: "Ah's leeam [lame] i' me back" (lumbago, I think). Coulson brutally rejoined: "Thoo's not sae leeam i' thy back—thoo's leeam i' thy heead!"

We ran a fox to ground early in the day and returned later to see how the foot men were getting on at their quarrying for him. They had got within sight of the fox in a fissure in the rock, a long way in, but no one cared to go in to try to draw him, so I got down and worked myself into the crack. It was a hard job, and when I got the fox out it was a vixen with only three legs and a wire snare on her! I was a bit blown and in a hurry to free her, and she got killed by the hounds when I wished to take her away.

CHAPTER XXI

DING-DONG POINT-TO-POINT RACES IN 1891

IN the previous chapter I told of a mishap with a vixen. The very next day I had another somewhat similar misfortune. I had made a new whin covert at Morton with an artificial earth, and being in charge that day took hounds down to this new covert. At that time I had a terrier, Twig, who ran with hounds all day. He went straight to the artificial drain, and before you could say "knife" the vixen bolted right into hounds and was killed, to my mortification and grief. I had just jumped off when the dog fox bolted through the hounds and went into a short drain pipe, and old Twig after him before I could stop him. Twig had him out in a minute with half a dozen hounds round him. I was determined to save this fox, and I threw myself on to both him and the terrier. Seizing the fox, which had fast hold of Twig through the head, I lifted him out of reach of hounds and held them both for fully five minutes this way while hounds were got away and someone came to my help to get the fox's mouth open. Twig never made a sound the whole time. We gave him a long start, had a fast run and lost him in the hills. Old Twig enjoyed all this immensely.

On March 17th, 1891, I give an account of what was for me the run of my season of one hour and forty

minutes, from Hob Hill Viaduct via Upleatham, Guisbrough, Cass Rock, Guisbrough Moor, Bethel Moor, Sleddale, Nor Ings, Sleddale, and killed close to the Kildale Road near the Piggeries. Only four of us were in the last forty minutes—the late Charles Ward Jackson, John P. Petch and Tom Ward, and at the end I had the obsequies to myself. I mention this run, for it was as exciting as any I ever rode through, for on the moors (the last forty minutes) there was the densest of fogs, and the hills were covered with snow, which lay often in deep drifts, so that we had to keep within one hundred yards of racing hounds over a terrible country of bogs and gullies and mountain streams. The same night I was back at my parliamentary duties.

The next day, March 18th, the first Zetland Point-to-Point was run from Greystones, a four miles point. I did not see it, but have the result. Twenty-two runners went to the post, the heavy and light-weights in those days being run together. The weights were for the light class catch weights over 12 st. 7 lb. and for the heavy one catch weights over 14 st. 7 lb. Horses not ridden by owners 7 lb. extra.

Seven Peases rode in this race, which was a fine one. The Hon. G. Hamilton Russell on The Nun, and Sir William Eden on Lord Grey (by Victor) were level over the last fence, and The Nun, after a ding-dong race, collared Lord Grey, who had led the field most of the way, and beat him by half a length. Captain Sheldon Cradock on Moonlight (by Fairyland) in the heavy class was third past the post, my brother, J. A. Pease, fourth (third in light-weight class) on Report, Captain Towers Clark's Chartreuse second,

and Mr. C. Hunter's Woodlawn third in the heavies.

There are still many living who will remember these six fine riders, and the sort of cattle they possessed. Yet of the six only my brother survives, and of the twenty-two who went to the post I think only about half a dozen are now alive. Of the seven Peases, three survive—my brother, Mr. Lloyd Pease, and Lord Daryngton.

As Parliamentary Steeplechases are now ancient history, I give some account of the third one, which is quite one of my best reminiscences.

Below is an extract from the Press account of the race. I may add that Lord Carmarthen rode Bromley Davenport's second string, Delilah. My mare had never seen oxers, and when some of us saw the first two fences were double oxers we realized that the Pytchley gentlemen were giving us an extra big sample of their country.

I really won this race so easily because at the turning flag *I did turn*, feeling that whatever was next ahead, immediately after turning, it had been looked at and considered fair, but half the field could not believe that we were meant to face a six-foot dense thorn fence which obliterated all the country beyond.

I was leading and wondered what would happen. I sent my mare at the thing ; she hung in the top of it for appreciable moments, and then dropped seven or eight feet on to the hillside below and beyond the beastly thing, and was "at home" again. The rest was comparatively easy—no more oxers, only the big brook and thorn fences. Those who shied off that fence went far and wide of us, to find a better, and were out of it.

Damon started favourite at six to four ; Nora's price was two to one, and six to one any other. The course was described as "about three and a half miles," but was judged four miles as ridden without flags or indications of the line, except the flags and tent on the top of Flecknoe Hill. The time was ten minutes eighteen seconds and the going all on sound grass, mostly uphill and downhill. I believe Lord Henry Bentinck after turning took an extraordinarily stiff line home, and his getting in second was a great performance.

I say little about the race in my journal except that "just before and after turning the country seemed enormous. I never moved hand nor heel, and many expressed surprise that there was not a single prick on my grey mare after crossing such a country. She is a sweet treasure."

Extract from a newspaper account : "All were in scarlet except Sir Savile Crossley, whose black coat was a conspicuous mark amid the brilliant mass of colour. . . . When Captain Soames dropped the flag they charged the big blackthorn fence almost in line abreast, and all disappeared over it except Lord Ernest Hamilton, and he was then out of the race.

"Up the furrows of the next grass field Nora Creina began to make play and was first at the fence, which would have stopped all but a brilliant fencer and bold rider where Mr. Pease went at it. There the thorn twigs looked weaker, and a Pytchley man would have known what that meant.

"Two yards off on the far side was a stiff ox rail. Mr. Pease saw it in time, gave Nora the hint, and the beautiful mare flew over, blackthorn and oxer in her

stride. Sir Savile dashed through where the bullfinch was high, and Mr. Muntz, who in spite of his weight was still in the first flight, led the others over a better place.

"Galloping well together and flying another thorn fence, they followed the grey as she dashed downhill for the brook . . . all nine got well over and then, as they breasted the hill towards Flecknoe Mr. Pease for the first time checked Nora Creina's speed, pulling her gently back to her horses.

"Then Sir Savile Crossley took up the running for several fields, with Mr. Walter Long, Mr. Elliott-Lees, Lord Henry Bentinck and Lord Carmarthen close upon him, Mr. Muntz cutting out a line by himself on the right. The pace now began to tell as they neared Goodman's house and went for the fence with the line of scrubby trees that Warwickshire men know so well.

" 'Now, gentlemen, ride your boldest ! There is an oxer to you, and hidden behind the frowning blackthorn a broad ditch to catch you if your horse does not jump big enough.' Sir Savile, first at it, comes down at that trap, and the rest get safely over. All three heavyweights are well up, and not to be stalled off yet by the pace.

"Quickest round the flags, Nora Creina dashes once more to the front, but now the favourite Damon (Mr. Elliott-Lees) begins to look dangerous. Down a steep ridge and furrow come the cluster of five racing hard for the brook. Nora knows it is there. Her ears are forward, her broad nostrils quivering, her head well up, and every muscle strained for the leap. Light as a deer, she bounds over where the banks

are wide apart, but strongly bound by the roots of an old thorn tree.

"Mr. Walter Long, Lord Henry and Muntz ride at another spot, and Elliott-Lees, still farther to the left, rides where the landing bank is hollow. Damon drops a hind leg on a rotten place; recovers, but throws his rider. . . . Muntz gets over, but at the next fence (uphill) the pace has told and Landmark falls heavily.

"Now Pease, well ahead, jumps into the third field from home, where the rolls of ridge and furrow tax Nora's powers. Looking over his shoulder, and seeing only Mr. Long with him in the same field, he gives the mare a pull so that she strides lightly from wave to wave. Mr. Long makes an effort to catch her and takes a little too much out of his horse.

"Nora Creina is still fencing brilliantly, and nothing but a fall can now lose her the race. Over the last fence she lands as firmly as if fresh from the stable, and canters in an easy winner by forty lengths, having covered the three and a half miles of stiffly-fenced country in ten minutes and eighteen seconds. Lord Henry and Mr. Long jump into the last field within a stride of each other, and then ensues an exciting race home between these heavyweights, Lord Henry just getting first by a head as they pass the post."

I was staying at Althorp for this race, and was alone there over the subsequent week-end with Lord Spencer ("The Red Earl"). I say: "I enjoy everything here, the wonderful library, the pictures, the heronry, the deer and Highland cattle, but he is the best thing about the place. I love him very much. I do not know another man so much a man and yet so

gentle, simple and true. He mounted me, and I had a nice day with his hounds."

On Monday, April 6th, we had a remarkably busy day, for the Cleveland hunted that morning at nine, and had the run of the season, finding at Skelton, running to Baysdale, and killing at Ingleby. They did all that before our point-to-point races at 2.30 p.m., at Redcar.

I missed most of the run through following Ben, the whipper-in. His horse slung a stone with his hind foot into my right eye with such force that I was knocked off my saddle and for some hours was quite blind in that eye. I found a horse trough in which I was able to bathe the damaged eye and managed to get to Redcar, and to ride and win the Cleveland Members' race.

There were fifteen runners in it, and I should think it was the most peculiar course ever selected. This was the first point-to-point we ever had. The course was from Old Eston to Kirkleatham and ended at the grand stand on the Redcar Racecourse.

After going about five miles we had five furlongs on the flat on the Redcar Racecourse! I won on a four-year-old mare, bred by Lord Battersea, called Phillida; Mr. Harry Bolckow, on Wisdom, was second in the Lightweights, and Mr. D. Stubbs, on Jerry, third in that class; but my brother, on Catgut, was leading at the last fence (a good water jump), and though I soon had him settled on the flat he won in the heavy class and was second past the post. He was the only heavy who survived this very punishing, if not cruel, race (over a heavy plough country the first three miles). My brother's performance on Catgut,

carrying two stones more than I did, was, I should say, the best of all.

It seemed endless, but in a race like that there is time to "make good" any mistakes. Early on, my mare, which was a "fier," and jumped literally like a stag, often hitting my boot soles with her forefeet—took such a fly at a fence into "Meggitt's Lane" that she jumped the whole lane and came down in the fence on the far side. She was up so quick however that I had not time to go over her head but was thrown back into my seat. I saw others down who finished respectably.

The farmers rode the same country, and a wonderful weight-carrying mare, Marigold, which was a roarer, won; her rider, Mr. Thomas Petch, jun., winning by "eye for the country," got home on the flat fifty lengths in front of Thomas Dale's Palm Sunday. There were seventeen runners in her class.

This shows what could be done by a slow, clever animal, ridden by a man with a good head and eye in the old true point-to-point races—which gave every hunter a chance. Ten years after I went to a London oculist, who said: "You have had your eye injured by a blow some time—it shows a bad scar." Forgetting the accident of 1891, I assured him that I had had no such thing, but he was positive. Days after I remembered, and found that I had told him a lie!

I have often been asked who was considered the best man across country on a horse in the later Victorian period. It is a question I think no one can answer, but there could not be a better horseman than "The Cat," John Maunsell Richardson. He had the old perfect long seat, perfect hands and a

perfect understanding of horses. He was in his prime (thirty to thirty-five years old) during my Cambridge days, and won the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase at Cottenham, at that time a very big natural course with quite a different class of jumps to the Grand National.

Several of the natural thorn fences were as wide as the Aintree ones ; there was also a double post and rails, and sixteen feet of water beyond the next natural fence, but there was a fence, innocent to look at, at the last corner at which I have seen more grief than at any other. Instead of a ditch at the take-off side there was a wide hollow, and woe to the horse that did not take off before he reached it.

Having ridden this course myself in the 'seventies, I can say it was the best racing test for real hunters, and I regret that the National Hunt Steeplechases came to an end, for although the Grand National is the most wonderful steeplechase of all, it is entirely artificial, both as to terrain and fences, whereas Cottenham was a real natural course, except the water jump.

But "The Cat" could ride, and generally win, over any course. He rode the winners of the Grand National two years in succession, 1873 and 1874, and won every great steeplechase. He could beat jockeys like John Osborne and Cannon on the flat, could and did hunt hounds, and was the best judge of hunters in the show ring I have ever seen.

No doubt if you can afford to ride the best horses it is a great advantage, but few know which will become the best, and in many cases he made the raw material into the best possible. There were other

great amateur riders at this time whose names will live, but I doubt if anyone ever surpassed "Cat" Richardson in the combination of head, eye and hands in every high test of riding and knowledge of horseflesh.

CHAPTER XXII

AFTER IBEX AND IZARD IN THE PYRENEES,

1891

SOME years before this one (1891) I had been with a family party in the Pyrenees and had gone up from St. Sauveur to Gavarnie to try and get an izard (chamois). Having no rifle and finding no native who possessed one, I had borrowed an old gun from a noted guide, Celestin Passet. After practising with it with ball at a mark and finding that I could hit it about once in three times at one hundred yards, I went after izard in the Val d'Ossoue.

I missed the only time I got within one hundred and thirty yards of some, and abandoned this chase with the intention of returning some day better equipped. Passet and others whetted my appetite with accounts of the bears, izards and bouquetins obtainable on the Spanish side.

On returning to England I found that the "other side" was already known to Sir Victor Brooke and to my cousins, the Edward North Buxtons. What they succeeded in accomplishing is related in Buxton's *Short Stalks*. Having gathered such information as I required I persuaded my brother and Mr. A. E. Leatham to come with me in May, 1891, and to attempt what is perhaps the most difficult task that any hunter can set himself, to secure specimens of the

Pyrenean Ibex in their last and most wonderful habitat.

My wife and sister were of the party, and we also took with us our Scotch keeper (Lundie) who was destined to have the most terrifying and bewildering experiences of his life. We set out in May, sending Lundie ahead of us labelled with his destination, and carrying his instructions in French and English. He got lost on his journey, but by an amazing chance our express happened to pull up at Dax, north of Bordeaux, and there my brother saw in a train, in a siding, bound for Paris, the opposite direction to ours, no other than James Lundie. We had just time to pull him out and stuff him into our compartment. Where he had been travelling the preceding days, and whither he was going he had not the faintest idea. He was longing for porridge and tea !

Many years before he had been recommended to my father by Mr. Fogo, the Invercauld factor, but said Fogo, "he's a man with very peculiarr reeligious opeenions." "How so?" said my father. "Wull, Sir Joseph, he's one of these persons which are called Teetotalerrs."

Poor Lundie on the Spanish side, after great physical and mental strain on giddy precipices, used to suffer intensely from thirst. He fell from grace, and was glad to share with us "the drunkard's drink" of Spanish wine. To his indignation we photographed him asleep with an empty bottle beside him to remind him of his lapses.

The valley we hunted in, the Val d'Arras, is without a rival for the stupendous magnificence of its walls, the unsurpassed beauty of its colouring, the splendour

of its forests, the loveliness of its flowers and the terrifying grandeur of its cliffs and pinnacles. There is nothing more glorious in the world, though I am told there are valleys in Cashmere that might almost compete with it.

It is the last refuge of the Buchardo or *Capra pyrenaica*. This ibex survives in the impregnable and inaccessible places or in dense scrub on the steepest sides of the mountainous cliffs. To gain a sight of them requires great physical exertion and nerve.

An experienced alpinist, like the late Edward North Buxton, said that if you can get to ibex in the Val d'Arras you can do anything there is to do in Switzerland.

I had a pretty "good head," but I must say I have never before or since walked so close to or so often with death as in this valley, or been in such dangerous places. I have had considerable experience of stalking chamois, but that is child's play compared with hunting the bouquetin.

One frequent passage to the higher and most likely ground and to the snow line of Mont Perdu was three miles along a corniche of the narrowest description, with no place to put your hand. Sometimes it was a foot wide, sometimes three to four feet, never level, and seamed with couloirs, chimneys and gullies which you had to spring across, and all this along a cliff that went sheer down three thousand feet to the valley below and rose above you sheer up to about an equal height.

My brother-in-law, the late Gerald Buxton, one of the most intrepid and determined of men, could

not stand the strain of this terrible journey and did most of it on his hands and knees ! His father devised a shorter agony by discovering that if only you could cross the flat face of one great cliff you could save yourself several miles of terror, and he employed Spaniards to drive in two rows of iron pegs across the face, one row for your hands and one for your feet. This was done by a Spaniard, a mason, of Torla, who was let down with ropes and placed the pegs, and triumphantly made "La Scala Buxton." Having done both journeys I consider them equally terrifying, but Buxton's route saved hours of time.

I never got a shot at ibex, but we did secure two specimens, one of which is in the Dorman Museum at Middlesbrough, and Leatham got another, but I shot some izards. One day I got a right and left. The first fell some three thousand feet and it took all day to reach it. It was like a lump of red currant jelly and hair, but strange to say the horns and top of the skull were not smashed.

We never saw a bear, but there were tracks and signs of their presence. The black squirrels, the raptors, and other birds were a source of continual interest, whilst the flowers, snow white daffodils, and rock plants were an unceasing delight. In one place I counted twenty kinds of stone crop, also irises anemones, hepatics and narcissus.

On May 22nd I give an account of a perilous morning, and then say, having seen no ibex : "We spied izard, and Jack (my brother) was sent off with Tresgarges after them in the direction of La Casque. We were all on the tops (Leatham, Vincente, Passet and myself) and it was bitterly cold in the snow, and

Ted and I were nearly frozen. Then a snowstorm came on and a thick mist, and we decided to get down while it was possible. With the mist, snow, and drifts we found that neither Passet nor Vincente knew how to get down.

"We went on to gigantic snow wreaths which projected far beyond the cliff tops, and peered over these awful edges, but could not find a way. At last I heard Passet say there must be a way down a certain precipice for a reason which struck terror into Ted's heart and mine. 'Parceque j'ai vue les izards monter par là !' We doubted then if any more would be heard of us.

"We reached a most awful chimney on a cliff thousands of feet high and had to drop from rock or terrace, and usually alighted or fell on loose stones—snow falling and the ravines all bottomless abysses in the mist. We at last did reach the horrible cornice, which was covered with snow, and where it was almost impossible not to slip, yet one slip and it was certain death. Our alpen stocks and the men's help saved us.

"At last we reached the Salerous passage, which, whatever we thought of it at other times, was like being in paradise after what we had gone through. At night we thought we would do no more, but this had often been the case and the next day we were after ibex again.

"I saw one male and could have shot at four hundred yards, but as it went down to where I had left Lundie with a Paradox gun, I left it alone and he got it. This day I was posted for many hours on a projecting rock on the cliff face and when the drive was over it was a quarter of an hour before I dared to

get on to my feet from my knees. It was a wonderful sight to see the giant Bernhard carry this very heavy four-year-old ibex on his back down the most awful places."

There was another valley adjoining called the Val de Niscel, but we never found a way into it, yet it looked very likely for ibex and bear. I never heard of anyone getting into it to see.

Leatham, whose feet were substantial and who wore large boots in places where the Spaniards took off their light spadris or sandals, frightened us on more than one occasion—"once in a horrid place he had followed us and sprung across a couloir to a small ledge projecting from the cliff face from which there was just foot-room to hitch yourself across another couloir on to a cornice. Leatham got on to this ledge, but could not face the second jump. A Spaniard at last unwound his cummerbund and jumping lightly on the very edge of the ledge, tied one end to him, and throwing the other to Passet and another, held him to the rock and gave him confidence to spring. But we did not return by that road, much to my own secret relief. I can manage dry rock work, but my nerve gets shaky on ice and frozen snow slopes."

An extract from my notes reads as follows : "Seen some ibex each day, but even these Spanish human cats cannot reach the places where they crouch or lie. There is nothing much more wonderful than to see Celestin come down four or five thousand feet. He leaps and runs and pulls himself up on the brink of eternity a score of times, just by laying himself back on his alpen stock, and as far as I can see does it just *pour s'amuser*."

Whilst the French have allowed the Pyrenean ibex to be exterminated and permit wholesale evasion of such game laws as they have, the Spanish Government have now given absolute protection to this the rarest and most interesting member of the ibex family in his last refuge and mighty stronghold. The difficulty of getting a shot at this ibex may be realized when I mention that Mr. Edward North Buxton made four expeditions before he got his first male.

CHAPTER XXIII

AFTER MARAL IN ASIA MINOR, 1891

THIS autumn saw my last time with the grouse on our own shootings in Aberdeenshire. The weather was continually bad, but it must have been a fairly good grouse year, for five guns "dogging," and often only three guns driving, on twenty-four days to get 3088 grouse and 468 head of other game. I went one day to pay a last visit to old Thompson, who had been our stalker and was nearing the end of his days. He was very much attached to us, but was a very tiresome and tyrannical servant with his own code of fixed stalking rules, yet a fine character.

I write : "I went up the familiar pathway to his cottage at Dougleish—he cannot now get about. We talked over our memories of stalks, shots and big stags. On my leaving him he said in a very deliberate way, 'Wull ! I hev a suspeesion that I'll never see you again—good-bye.' I attempted to say something more cheerful, but he repeated his 'suspeesion' that we should never meet again 'this side of the Reeve'—and his suspicion was right."

In September and October of this year (1891), I went with the late Edward North Buxton into the interior of Asia Minor. In his *Short Stalks* there is some account of this expedition, to which I contributed some pages. I could write a book on what we saw

and did, apart from sport, during our travels into what was then a difficult country to penetrate into, but I do not intend to dwell long on any of our experiences.

It was the first of several expeditions I made with this remarkable man, and my very dear friend. Few others ever went twice with him, for at this time in his life he worked at high pressure and to a time-table, was oblivious to dangers of every description, indifferent to comfort and fatigue, and the greater the obstacles he met with the more obstinate was his determination.

The previous year he had gone into Asia Minor as far as the Ak Dagħ with Mr. Findlay, of the British Embassy at Constantinople, who had special facilities for getting into that country. Findlay had succeeded in obtaining a fine Maral stag, and his head was believed to be the only Asia Minor one ever brought to England.

Buxton was determined to explore other ranges, no matter what objections the Turkish authorities raised, and was quite unaffected by stories of captures by brigands and atrocities perpetrated on their victims. Buxton firmly held the view that one, and not the least, of the purposes for which the British Diplomatic and Consular Services and Colonial and Military Governors existed was to assist him personally to obtain any coveted trophy or curious animal upon which he had set his heart. Some were charmed, some amazed at his presumption, but I am bound to say he invariably convinced them that his view of their functions should be acted upon.

The one occasion upon which he failed was fifteen years later, when I accompanied him and his daughter, Miss Theresa Buxton, to the Sudan, with the intention

of getting the addax, south-west of the Dongola Nile bend. He had roped in all but Lord Cromer, and our arms and equipment were already at Dongola.

After being kindly entertained by Lord Cromer, the latter tackled Buxton and pointed out that he would not allow the whole of the Egyptian and Sudan services to be occupied in Buxton's arrangements for a difficult and dangerous journey, and that as the chances were even in the then state of that region that we should not return (in which event there would be more bother) he vetoed our trip.

So we turned our attention to getting Mrs. Gray's waterbuck (*Cobus Maria Gray*) up the Bahr el Ghazal. That was in 1906.

During my 1891 Asia Minor trip with Edward North Buxton I thought it was quite wonderful how he got the British Consul, Holmwood, the Vice-Consul, Wrattislaw, and the leading English family of Whitall at Smyrna to help him. Nothing could have exceeded their kindness. At this time the interior of Asia Minor was infested with bandits and to get in with rifles all but impossible, but with the help of the Whitalls we secured the services of the most notorious ex-bandit chief of the day, as our guide and protector, but at his own price.

He was known far and wide as "Bouba." I extracted his history from him and give it in the laconic account of my diary as a veracious account of how brigands are made and unmade.

"Bouba in his youth lived at Nimphi. He got into bad company and drank 'mastick.' About thirteen years ago he killed a man in a quarrel over a 'public woman,' fled to Brousa, and to escape the law joined

a band of brigands and took to the mountains. The gang lived by ambushing the Government post and often took bullion and the pay destined for the troops.

"His band in the first period was eight, in the second twenty, and in the last five ; he was a 'joint captain,' He never took life except when attacked by troops, but on one occasion his band killed thirty-six soldiers. On this day Bouba was shot in the thigh, and hence his chronic lameness. As a rule, they killed any wounded member of their own band, and cut his head off and carried it away to prevent identification. The country people kept them in provisions and the merchants in Martini rifles and ammunition. Thus these purchased full immunity.

"They only once took a European, the son of a Frenchman at Ashkehehr who had refused to send them £ (T.) 500 when written to. He then paid it and his son was restored. When Bouba 'came in' and surrendered to the authorities on a free pardon he had only forty-five pounds after eight years of looting."

Bouba certainly secured safety for us and even kindness in all the country districts we traversed, and though we were told the inhabitants of the towns who had never seen Europeans were dangerously fanatical, we had few disagreeable experiences beyond being spat at and stoned in a few places.

We were not very successful and did not get one good maral and only a few head of other big game, but I learnt a great deal of how not to do things. I bowled over two magnificent stags in the Ak Dagħ and lost them both, but never had a shot in the Emir and Han Dagħ. Over one of these two stags I learnt a lesson. I shot him trotting through trees at seventy

yards, an enormous stag with some sixteen or seventeen big points. He went on to his back and lay with his feet in the air, and I thought he was dead. I put my rifle against a rock, ten yards from the stag, and was about to take hold of a leg when up he sprang and disappeared into a thickly timbered ravine. I followed him for two days in vain.

One other incident I may relate, as I have seen the question raised lately as to whether eagles ever attack adults. One day I was posted under a rock on a high peak above the timber line, and my Yuruk hunter had gone to see whether he could "move" any deer, if they were on the other side, on the chance of their passing Buxton or me.

There were a pair of the great black eagles in sight, and we often saw them with many others of the larger raptors in these mountains. One of them spotted me and came circling to inspect the strange object. He circled a few times round me within ten yards and looked, I thought, uncommonly hungry as he moved his head from side to side, but I was, at first, more interested than anything else in watching him, being confident that I had only to move and he would clear off. But not a bit of it. When I raised my arm he made two or three circles high above my head and then swooped down with a lightning swish within a foot or two of my head. I then stood up and waved my rifle at him, but he repeated his attack. I realized I could not hit him if I shot and that to fire was to spoil the chance of a stag, also that if the bird laid hold of my face or neck in one of these lightning swoops it would be very nasty.

I felt puzzled and found the position ludicrous of

being frightened by a "big bird." I danced a sort of demoniacal hornpipe and swung my rifle about, shouting. He had a good look at me from six feet, swinging round me, and then sheered off to the white precipices above me. My Yuruk hunter, Achmet Tchaus, was a fine specimen, but, as evidence of the difficulty in getting these big stags, he told me he had hunted this mountain for years and had never got a stag and only three hinds.

There were numerous bears here, of which he had shot two or three. The wild boar is common, though we only shot one or two, and I saw a number of *Capra ægagrus* in the Mimoun Dagh and shot one there. I was very ill with fever the day I got it, and believe I killed a very fine male the same day, but was in that state when nothing matters and I did not even look for it. My diary has a very full description of the larger fauna of Asia Minor and where the various species were still to be found in 1891.

And now I come to the things I learnt not to do. Buxton, to ensure success, took a Norwegian elkdog with us, also two Pyrenean hunters. This dog Smoke spoilt Buxton's best chance, and was a nuisance in other ways. He could not be booked further than Dover on our way out to Brindisi, and at Calais Buxton gave up our registered baggage ticket to Brindisi instead of Smoke's exhausted one. The latter he presented at Brindisi as his baggage ticket, much to the amazement of the Italians and of himself at its uselessness.

Buxton had three weapons with him, two single shot Martini-Henry rifles and a Paradox gun, and two cleaning rods. Both the latter he allowed the Pyreneans

to use as whips, and they smashed them to pieces on their horses ! He had invented an enormous holster into which he thrust, muzzle downwards, one of his rifles, his deer glass, water bottle, a Kodak, an umbrella, and sundries. The first time his horse stumbled this rifle was broken in two at the grip. It was replaced by the Paradox, and the next time Buxton's mount pecked among the rocks the foresight was knocked off and lost. In our first camp Buxton lost the breech block of his remaining rifle and declared our expedition at an end ! However, with the help of old dirty Yani, our cook, I managed during a whole night of splicing and wiring to mend the rifle which was broken, and it stood the trip.

The cooking vessels of our canteen were specially designed by Buxton with adjustable handles to economize space in packing. These handles were used by our camp followers as weapons, pokers, toasting forks, spits, digging tools and hammers, and disappeared one by one, and our kettle spout and handle were soldered, instead of being riveted on, and melted off in the first camp.

We had no camp beds or comfort of any kind, and he insisted on forced marches from dawn till nine at night over the scorching plains of the interior to save time, and we spent each night in the filthiest guest chamber of the awful *odas* of the towns and villages. On these vermin-infested floors we flung ourselves down with our men in our clothes, too exhausted to cook a meal, and would be on the road again before 6 a.m. Buxton wore rough Scotch tweeds and woollen stockings in this roasting climate and got raw with riding some fourteen or fifteen hours a day. He must

have suffered agonies, but on we went, though in the final stages of this awful march he had to be carried in an *araba*, which was only a change of torture.

If I could be young again and revisit Asia Minor, I should plan to be in the mountains in July and get bears and collect other things such as fallow bucks, and take my time over the stags in September and October. These deer I consider are a variant from the Maral or Caucasian deer, and are different to the Carpathian and Crimean, but have been classed as "Maral" no doubt with good reason. I never heard them called "Maral" until long after 1891, but always "Soghun," or "Dineir."

I killed a hind that had a face eighteen inches long. She stood about thirteen hands high, and must have weighed forty stone. We gave Selous all our information, and he had to make two expeditions before he got one. The Whitalls, and I think Mr. George Barker, obtained some good ones, but I have not heard of one being shot for many years.

Asia Minor is a really good field for the naturalist, and for the antiquarian, but I recommend those who travel there to take their time over it, to carry their rifles on their backs, to camp and avoid *odas*, and adjustable handles, and elkhounds, and to do without Pyrenean hunters.

CHAPTER XXIV

EXTRAORDINARY CROPPERS AND NOTES IN 1891-92

I RETURNED from Asia Minor in time to enjoy the greater part of the remarkably good hunting season, 1891-92. The most noteworthy thing about the many good runs I record with the Cleveland and neighbouring packs is the amount of "grief." The croppers among the hard riders were not only frequent, but severe, and I had my share of falls, and was hurt in two of them, but the most singular fall I had was when not hunting.

I was riding up a very steep bracken-covered hill with my reins slack, when my mare started and whipped round at a blackbird or ring ousel. I clutched the near rein to bring her back, when she reared and struck the slack off-reins with her forefoot, and not only broke them, but tore the whole bridle off her head, and away she went full bat down the precipitous slope. Anticipating a regular smash before or at the bottom, where there was a deep bog, I leant forward to grasp her nose, but she unseated me and dragged me a considerable distance through the wet bracken at full gallop. However, my foot got free, and I was none the worse, but it took eight hours to catch my mare !

Another curious fall I had some years after was on

my way to a meet. I was putting the hook of a gate back into the eye on the post after coming through, and my horse was impatient. The hook dropped into the hole, above the buttons of my strong glove on my right hand, and the horse sheered back and pulled me out of the saddle ; but as my left foot was fast in the stirrup I eventually was suspended horizontally to the utmost stretch by a foot and a hand between my horse and the gate. I wondered how many joints would be dislocated, and what would give way first. Luckily the hook ripped up my glove, and I fell and my stirrup leather came out ; but I must have been an extraordinary sight.

I once saw the late Jock Clarke thrown over his horse's head with both feet remaining fast in his stirrups. Somehow he turned and had hold of the bit with both hands so that he had his face looking into his horse's mouth. The horse galloped round a field with Clarke in this extraordinary position, but as he was a good weight it told on the horse's head, and he came to a stand, when, help being handy, Clarke was freed snorting and swearing " something fearful."

The most terrific cropper I ever saw without serious results was about fifty years ago in a remarkably good run from Eston Banks across the vale to Roseberry Topping, over the top of that high peak, and to ground at the Powder Magazine, Nunthorpe, after another fast four miles over the low country.

There was a man out, a stranger to me, on a roan horse ; I think he came out from Middlesbrough. I was hurrying down Roseberry by a steep track called Cat Trod and saw this man's horse run away with him high up on the hill and take him at racing pace down

the mountain to the precipitous escarpment below, called Cockle Scar.

Over the cliff they went. The first twenty feet was a fall in the air. The man and horse parted at the first bump, then both rolled and somersaulted, over and over, to the bottom of the Scar, and the horse rolled over the lower slopes beyond the cliff bottom. I was certain they were both killed, but to my amazement the man got on to his feet and went down to his horse.

As I got to them the horse, too, got on to his legs.

He had not a broken bone, though he had scores of cuts and scratches and had more hair scraped off him than left on. The man said he was "All right," so I continued the chase. I never saw either out again, and if a cropper could knock the love of hunting out of a man that one should have done the trick. It was the most extraordinary escape from death I ever saw, and really an awful thing to look on at.

On December 31st, 1891, there was a great hunt which ended very curiously. Hounds ran their fox to the high cliffs of the coast east of Saltburn and were stopped on the brink. The fox got down the cliffs, swam out to an island rock and sat down there. The tide being high and up to the bottom of the cliffs, which were about three hundred feet high at this point, hounds could not be taken round by the shore. Whether the fox waited until the tide ebbed or whether he swam back to the cliffs no one knows as night came on, but the old customer saved his brush cleverly and deserved his life.

A month later another or the same fox took us to the same cliffs (on January 27th, 1892), and one hound went over after him and was killed.

I gather that this season we had no harder riders than the brothers Charlie and Ralphie Ward-Jackson of Normanby Hall, and amongst the farmers than Willie Scarth and Tom Ward. The former, brave brothers, alas ! are no more ; the two latter after a lifetime " in the van " still " like to be there."

Charlie Ward-Jackson's falls at big places I mention sometimes, but usually make a general comment : " Here Charlie took his daily cropper." On January 2nd, 1892, relating a " rattling run of one hour and ten minutes over a grand big country with the Hurworth in the Northallerton district, I say ' Charlie and Ralphie went A 1.' "

In April this year when staying at Aston Clinton I spent a day at Leighton and saw Mr. Leopold Rothschild's bloodstock. The sires there then included Morglay, Brag, Lactantius, Roswell and Trent. I call Lactantius a beautiful little horse, Morglay beautiful to look at, I don't like Brag's short shoulders, but say he is a wonder of strength and faultless in appearance otherwise.

Another day I spent was at Lord Rothschild's at Tring, and he showed me his horses, his wonderful Jerseys, also his emus, which last were answerable for the famous letter from his man which informed him, " One of the emus has laid an egg, and in your lordship's absence I have got the biggest goose in the parish to sit on it."

CHAPTER XXV

SPORT IN ALGERIA, 1892-95

AFTER just a taste of cubhunting, September, 1892, found my wife and myself at Algiers, she having been ordered abroad for the winter. The French doctor there ordered us into the desert, and we reached Biskra in October. Biskra was then less accessible and little known to English travellers, but the railway had already got there. A little book I published on Biskra and the oases of the Zibans in 1893 did much to advertise this place, and some of the information I gave was incorporated by Sir Lambert Playfair in Murray's *Algeria*.

I set myself to find out what sport could be obtained, and bought some capital Barb mares in the Batna market, collected two or three good "Sloughis" for coursing desert hares and jackals, soon discovered the best parts of the desert for gazelle, and the likeliest mountains for Barbary wild sheep (*Ovis lervia*), and the mountain Admi antelope (*Gazella cuvieri*).

Algeria and Tunisia are countries where to obtain sport you have to face real hard work, and need a great store of patience and resource. My ambitions at this time were to get lions, bubal, red deer, and panthers. I failed in all these attempts, although none of these species was then quite extinct.

Panthers and lions in very small numbers probably

exist to this day. The red deer certainly persist in a limited area of Tunisia, and I do not believe the bubal is totally exterminated in the Hamada south of Oran, and in Morocco. In those days there were all sorts of rumours about animals and where they might be found, and no reliable information obtainable; so that it took me years to discover where these animals were not to be found and the true facts.

It was asserted that there were bears in the Atlas Range, but though undoubtedly they were there formerly, I have never been able to hear of one being killed since Crowther obtained one in 1841 in the Western Atlas.

Having seen the Algerian panther, both when young and in the flesh, and his tracks, and being familiar with the Central and Southern African leopards, which vary greatly in size, I am one of those who entirely disagree with the scientific authorities who class all leopards and panthers as one species. I have seen Algerian panther skins fully as large as the largest lion skins, and always grey in general colouration, totally different to African leopards and Asiatic "panthers." I took photographs of a baby panther caught in the Djudjura Mountains which was almost as big as a leopard and with limbs as heavy as a lion's.

The buffalo still survives in the marsh districts of Bizerta in Tunisia and the red deer in the Southern Tunisian forests. I have only seen one hind, but I came across moderate stags' antlers in the hands of the native Arabs.

The only widely spread big game (excluding such animals as hyænas, jackals, foxes, etc.) in Algeria and Tunisia are wild boar and leopards in the forests

and mountains, wild sheep in the whole southern face of the Atlas Range, and the mountain and desert gazelles.

I soon gave up shooting with a scatter gun except for the pot or when the quail were "in" in the spring, for it was "much cry and little wool" as a rule. The quail were never fat and the shooting easy and monotonous. In the barley fields in good years you could get from fifty to one hundred in half a day to your own gun.

The small bustard or houbara of North Africa afforded me amusement in the northern desert, as they are difficult of approach except by circling round them on horseback and shooting them from the saddle. I never got more than three in a day. I have gone out with the Arab falconers after them, and after hares, but with no great success. I used to think it a good day if I got two or three courses after hares and jackals with my greyhounds, for hares are difficult to find in the desert.

I became, however, an adept at shooting gazelle from the saddle at full gallop, an art which came in useful in other parts of Africa in later years with other species of antelope. The Dorcas gazelles were very numerous everywhere in the northern parts of the Sahara, and further south were quantities of the Rime (*Gazella loderi*) as well as Dorcas.

The stalking of a good male of either species is no easy matter. He is not a big target at one hundred and fifty yards, and you are lucky to find cover to get within that range. My favourite hunting ground for gazelle was between Sidi Okba and Zeribet el Oued, where herds of gazelle up to and over one hundred strong were common. I have shot five

good bucks in a day there, and I once saw an albino.

In that country I also got badly shot myself. I had made the acquaintance at Biskra of a delightful Irish boy who had an "if" about his lungs, and was very anxious to get fit enough to pass his medical examination for the Army. In this he succeeded, distinguished himself in the Boer War and got a D.S.O., and was killed in the Great War. He was my constant companion this winter, and was the keenest and wildest pupil I ever had, always longing to shoot something and always doing the wrong thing.

After weeks of incredible efforts he had never hit a bird or beast, but his anxiety to kill never flagged. I was always trying to get him an easy chance. One day I spied a fine solitary buck Dorcas in a bit of desert well sprinkled with bushes. I placed him behind a bush with his gun loaded with buckshot, and left my rifle with him in case the buck passed too far off for his gun, telling him I was sending my Arab to move the buck, and that he would most likely pass between him and the next bush, some fifty to sixty yards off, behind which I would be stationed to watch and perhaps help to turn the buck towards him.

All went according to plan. The gazelle walked slowly up during the next half-hour, and then stood stock still half-way between us. My pal fired both barrels at him and bowled me over (I was kneeling) with the first barrel, but I got into a sitting posture before the buck had got over his astonishment, when "crack!" went the rifle, and I was covered with sand and gravel from a .500 express expanding bullet just short of me. The buck bolted and was followed by another bullet.

I was badly hit—one slug in my face and another in my skull, while one grazed my thigh.

This happened at about 1 p.m. after some seven hours' riding, but I was able to do another sixteen and a half hours through the night to Biskra.

This was all that my youthful friend bagged the whole of that winter, and a more devoted nurse I could not have had. I was more sorry for him than for myself.

Further on I intend to give a few extracts of interest to naturalists and sportsmen, but here is an early one : "1892. Near Blida.—Oct. 19 . . . Saw a very curious sight on the road to the Gorge de la Chiffa ; three Arabs carrying on a donkey what I thought was a dead lion. We pulled up and called to them that we might see the trophy ; they gave the lion a pull off the donkey, and to our astonishment he was alive and they brought him grumbling and slobbering to meet us.

"After a close inspection the king of beasts showed his teeth, was given a whack with a heavy stick, whereupon he waddled back to the donkey and rolled on to the donkey's back, and hung like a limp sack, the fore feet on the offside and the hind feet on the near side, just reaching the ground, and apparently went to sleep."

This was a fine black-maned Algerian lion. The lions of Algeria and of Cape Colony were by far the heaviest and finest specimens of *Felis leo*. I have a record of an Algerian lion 2.50 metres from tip of nose to the root of the tail ; the tail length 75 cm. ; total length, 10 feet 7 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches.

CHAPTER XXVI

OF THE BARBARY WILD SHEEP AND DORCAS GAZELLE

I MUST now say something about the animal which has been to me the most fascinating of all descriptions of big game, the varieties of which that have fallen to my rifle, number between eighty and one hundred species. This, *Ovis lervia*, is the only African species of wild sheep, and is to be found in certain mountains throughout the Atlas Range from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Gabes, also in those of the Tuareg country, as well as in some Egyptian and Sudan mountain ranges.

It is by far the most difficult animal to spy and to approach, not only because it is endowed with incredible acuteness of sight, hearing and smell, and by its protective colouring, but with the highest order of protective intelligence; it frequents ground where it keeps ceaseless watch over a wide field of vision. By day it is almost invariably found on rocky ground in still and quiet climates, on cliff faces, in cliff caves, on pinnacles or promontories, motionless from an hour or so after sunrise, until an hour before sunset, and feeding only during the night and the first and last hours of daylight. The most skilful stalkers will be defeated four times out of five by the old rams—and you are fortunate if you get two decent chances in a month of strenuous work.

I tried all sorts of footwear and my bare feet before I found anything silent enough and tough enough. Ordinary solid rubber-soled boots would be cut to ribbons in two days on these red-hot rocks all jagged and pointed like broken glass. Indian rope soled sambur leather boots would wear longer, but were not absolutely noiseless ; but I found a maker of a quality of red rubber, called Fox, in Conduit Street, who put me on soles which would stand about two months and outwear any leather or ordinary rubber soles.

I remember once after some six weeks in the Algerian and Tunisian mountains being reduced to my bare feet, and going barefooted for ten days without much discomfort, my feet had got so hard, and returning to Biskra thus, and with clothes torn to ribbons. In those days you had to report yourself to the French authorities at the Bureau Arabe, and the astonishment of the French officers at my appearance I have never forgotten. It was greater when I assured them that I did these things for pleasure.

The commandant remarked, " Mais, vous Anglais sont tous fous ! "

I could tell extraordinary stories of the cunning of the Arrowi or Arui, the name we used for these sheep. One will suffice. One afternoon I was searching the great face of a precipice methodically with my deer glass when I saw an Arab with his long flint-lock gun lying on his face on the summit of a precipice, peering down a long fissure ; this fissure eventually became a ravine leading into a maze of gullies farther down the mountain.

I worked this fissure with my glass and found an old ram standing at attention, under a shelf. The



A. E. PEASE AND BARBARY WILD SHEEP

Arab never moved, but evidently thought the ram was somewhere below. After about half an hour he threw a stone down which clattered past the ram and then more stones. I saw the ram crouch and keeping always under cover of shelves and never once exposing himself, reach a part of the ravine hidden from the cliff top. Then he stood listening and looking occasionally up and below him, he selected an intricate and circuitous route for half a mile without once exposing himself to view. He then got to a point when he could not reach the mountain he was making for without crossing a ridge in view, from this point he crossed at top pace in a second and was gone. I turned my glass on to the Arab and he was still watching the fissure and I crawled away and left him there probably for the night.

I have known Arabs sit in *one spot*, with a skin of dates and a skin of water for three days and nights on the chance of an Arrowi passing a certain col. I have often wondered whether you would not get more chances that way, if you had the patience, than by walking range after range and spending hours with the glass.

The finest head I ever saw was obtained by a native in this way, and it is now in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. I had spent days looking for the same ram in the Amarkhadou, judging from his track that he was a fine specimen.

This sport would break the heart of most hunters, but its being the highest test of hunting craft would make it appeal to many men. It takes you into very strange places, curious salt mountains, labyrinths of ravines, places where you can observe a wonderful

variety of raptores, rare birds, lovely rock plants, beautiful flowers, curious small mammals, reptiles, marvellous views of deserts and mountains, and where you will occasionally come across the striped hyæna, leopards, foxes, zorillas, and often see the exquisite Admi antelopes.

These last are about as difficult to stalk and to obtain as the Arrowi, though more numerous. I have often seen nine or ten, but never more than thirteen wild sheep together, and the flocks are usually about half this number. I have had little ones, and they are easily tamed when caught young—and seem to bear captivity particularly well.

I have never seen the Arrowi drink, and, of course, the desert gazelle live entirely without water in the real desert where rain does not fall once in ten or fifteen years. The desert animals cannot draw water from the wells in those parts where there are wells.

For anyone who can stand heat I recommend the months of March and April for hunting the wild sheep, or even the beginning of May. The Arab shepherds have gone with their flocks to the cooler regions of the North, and you have the mountains to yourself. It is the time of flowers and the nesting of birds, and this country, everywhere, in the mountains, to the sea, is a paradise in the spring for the botanist and ornithologist. I published a list in 1902 of 387 Algerian species of birds, and this list has now been much extended.

This winter I made my first acquaintance with the most wonderful of all races of camels, the meharia of the real Sahara. The first mission from the then mysterious Tuaregs to the Governor of Algeria



AN ADRI ANTELOPE (GAZILIA CUVIERI)

arrived on their mehari at Biskra in November, 1892. I photographed a mehari and the veiled strange members of their embassy who were armed with long spears, long swords and arm-daggers, and saw them off by train to Algiers on November 13th, 1892.

The next month I witnessed on horseback the final stage of a race by Chamba Arabs, riding the same breed for a prize given by Cardinal Lavigerie of one thousand francs. The race was from Ouargla (Royal Geographical Society spelling, "Wargla") to Biskra, 366 kilometres. I came in alongside the winning mehari, which had completed the distance in thirty-six hours and twenty minutes. He arrived well and fast, less fatigued than his rider, although he had torn a toe during this race. The distance in miles is 227, the average pace being at something over six miles an hour for more than two days and a night (thirty-six hours twenty minutes).

In after years I came across Chamba Arabs, who had ridden from Ouargla to Ghadmes on these wonderful animals with one stage of thirteen days between wells. This was when I went in 1899 south of Ouargla.

I consider that these large high-quality camels of the true Sahara are to other races of camels what the thoroughbred is among equine races ; many of them are exceedingly beautiful and snow-white in colour. I have had a fast, easy Arabian riding camel in Somaliland, with pace and stamina—a most delightful companion ; but I do not think any Arabian camel could match the better-class Mehari.

Biskra was now becoming better known, and some of my relations and friends came out during the follow-

ing winter and I made the acquaintance of other visitors. I found more interest in acting shikari to some of these than in shooting by myself, always excepting my eagerness to defeat the Arrowi.

One art I had acquired was that of moving gazelle in the direction of, and right on to, a placed rifle or gun in the desert. I generally selected, if possible, a single buck or small bunch of good males, taking care only to get near enough to them on a horse to make the buck move—it might be a mile off.

I found if I first moved them when their heads were in the direction of the distant ambush, and if I never disturbed them enough to make them break into a trot, I could manœuvre so that I could bring one or a whole troop right on to the very spot I wished. It is very easy when you are manœuvring thus over miles of unvarying desert to lose the particular stone or bunch of grass behind which the shooter is lying flat, so that it is important throughout the operations to keep your eye on your marks.

Anyone can easily, with very little practice, acquire such skill as is necessary. The advantage of this proceeding is that you get the best heads. The very best I have ever seen were got by my guns this way, one or two being better ones than I have obtained myself out of scores shot between 1892 and 1900.

Unknown to Biskra people, there were gazelle which I knew of, close to the oasis, and I remember placing my brother (the present Lord Gainford) in some rocky ground and bringing a fine male up to his unerring aim within an hour of our hotel.

As for the wild sheep, I have known the best stalkers at home spend an arduous month or six weeks without

getting a shot. I have mentioned the noted Celestin Passet of Gavarnie. He was a phenomenal performer with the deer glass and was brought out on several occasions by English sportsmen to help them. I knew him once out for a month in the Aures with the late Sir Edmund Loder without, as he admitted, ever once getting his glass on to a single sheep, and I have known him do at least seven hours a day with the glass.

After some experience I gave up spying at 9 a.m. and did not attempt methodical spying again until 4 p.m. You are far more likely to jump them in some fastness of the rocks than to spy them between these hours. I give my tips for what they are worth, but however much help of any sort is given the hunter of this game, he will require all his patience and skill and a turn of luck to get a good ram.

CHAPTER XXVII

ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN AND DESERT.

1892-95

I MUST tell the story of a friend of mine, the late Edward Devas, to whom I had explained the difficulties of stalking the Arrowi sheep, and whom I had equipped with my camp bundobust, mules and shikari. He would not accept the loan of my Purdey .500 express (this was before the modern flat trajectory, high velocity rifles). He had no experience of stalking and had bought in Algiers an ancient Wetterli military rifle with an enormously long barrel with some old cartridges, about one inch long, with a pinch of black powder behind the solid bullet.

I directed him to a mountain where I had located two or three lots of sheep. He climbed the mountain before sunrise, stood upright, his six feet or more of height on the skyline facing the risen sun, and surveyed the valley below him and the ridge of the opposite mountain. He saw four ewes and an old ram, galloping along the far ridge, which had seen him, and with the ancient Wetterli loosed off at them ; the old ram fell, and when at last he got to him he had killed it with a shot *in the eye* at a range of over four hundred yards, and this was a galloping shot with a rifle he did not know, with a great foresight which covered an acre of ground at that range !

This was a better head than I ever got in three arduous seasons, though I missed two as good or better at far less range and with a good rifle.

For a mixture of good and bad luck the following tale, told me by my shikari of the fate of one of his friends in a mountain I was hunting at the time, takes some beating. His friend and another Arab came across a ram caught by his horns in the fork of an old thuya tree. They decided to take him alive and get a good price for him at Biskra. The one took off his long kummerbund and tied one end round the ram's horns and the other end round his own waist, whilst the other tied his kummerbund to a hind leg, holding the end. They then released the ram's head.

Away he went over rocks and terraces until the Arab who was holding on to the leg fell and let go, his companion being taken full gallop to the cliffs, over which the unfortunate fellow and the ram went and were dashed to death.

At the beginning of 1894 my friend, Sir Edmund Loder, came out to join me in a search for a species of gazelle, which we had identified from horns and skins which reached the Biskra market, as a new one. It was well known to the Arabs of the South by the name of the Rime, yet was unknown "to science."

I had obtained information of its existence in a very waterless sand dune country east of the Shotts and north of El Oued-Souf—at least a hundred miles nearer than where even the Arabs believed it to be.

After an arduous journey and most fatiguing hunting in these dunes, we found a few; I saw several good males, and more females, but they were very alert, and I never got a chance. Loder alone got

one with a very long-range shot, and gained immortality thereby, on St. Valentine's Day, 1894. It was a good male, and is the type specimen of the *Gazella Loderi* in the British Museum, South Kensington. In a later expedition in the Oued Igharghar, south-east of Ouargla, I saw quantities, and shot five, and was able to supply Loder with specimens for his museum. A case of three, mounted whole, I gave to the Dorman Museum at Middlesbrough.

We should never have found the Rime in 1894 but for a negro slave, Ibrahim, whom we took from his job of herding some camels in the desert. I give one extract from my diary of our last day in that weary but very beautiful bit of desert.

"February 16. We are tired out, but had to make one more bid before we gave up this most arduous chase. A very hot day ; seven hours in the saddle, with seven hours trudging in the heavy sand. Riding home by moonlight, we had some difficulty in finding our camp by means of our morning trail, and had to ride at a certain angle to catch it by the light of the moon.

"While hunting, I walked mostly barefoot, but sometimes in slippers. . . . Ibrahim is an excellent hunter ; both he and Ali (my regular shikari) by the lightest touch with the finger of a print in the sand can tell the age of the track to an hour or two—indeed, the nigger just touches the track with his big toe."

This is possible by the fact that until sunrise there is dew, and this forms a slight crust on the track ; a touch with the toe discovers the crust, and hence a track that has been made before sunrise. After the sun has been up an hour the track has no crust, and

the sand during the day runs down more and more into the depression of the imprint.

Ibrahim must have *run* each day some twenty-six miles alongside our horses, exclusive of the hunting; he did this on one meal a day—of camel's milk and dates.

During this expedition we had what was my first taste of the horrors of a real sandstorm in the desert; but another winter I was in one when for three days and nights we had to lie in the sand with our heads covered, where we could not, and dare not, move. These terrible storms rarely last more than three days, but if you are far from water this delay may cost you your life.

On one occasion about this time the whole of a small French military expedition was wiped out thus. One solitary camel had died within a kilometre of the well, from which they were distant about a couple of marches. It must be one of the most terrible of deaths.

The end of February found us hunting in the mountains once more. I give one or two more extracts from my journal. Loder and I had been exploring an awful mountain which we had christened "Djebel Agony." Of our last day there I wrote:

"March 5th.—A long day with Ali, seeing more than a dozen admi. I had a too successful stalk, getting within thirty yards of two, and as I raised myself to shoot (they were lying on the skyline of the ridge above me) they were up and over the ridge. Another curiously unlucky thing happened to me. I was sitting in a little dry water-course meditating and looking at my hands after eating my lunch, with Ali asleep

behind a big stone on my left. I had unconsciously edged away about four yards from Ali, and my rifle (the latter as a rule I kept close by me), when I happened to look up and there within five yards of me was a fine buck admi gazing at me, making curious grimaces and his tail going like mad.

"We looked earnestly at each other for two awful minutes, and then the admi began to stamp his foot, so I whispered as loud as I dared to Ali, 'Mookelah.' Ali, like a good warrior, sleeps lightly, and had the sense to see without my moving that I was at a steady point. I edged my hand down, and he moved the rifle slowly towards me, but long before it was in my hand Mr. Admi had got over the skyline, which was only twenty yards off."

"March 6th.—Loder tired of the 'Agony,' and I disheartened; and worse, the little trickle of water that there is here is nasty and purgative . . . but we went out together and saw admi but without a chance of getting near. . . . What a hot day! We hunted till dark."

"March 9th.—We were on 'that great bristling great mountain of Chicha' . . . I saw four arrowi at 7.30 a.m., and had a very hard day on the precipices. One very nasty place I climbed in Ali's wake, and had one of those nasty turns you get when you feel that the rock on which you know your only support depends is coming away from the face. I made a desperate plunge and just saved myself as the rock went thundering down close past my head. The men are cooked and our boots quite worn out."

This entry reminds me of a very narrow escape I had on the Djebel Melhaa. This is a very beautiful

salt mountain of extraordinary formation, honey-combed with deep ravines, fissures and deep pits with slippery slopes. It is a favourite resort for wild sheep and admi for the salt licks and salt herbage.

I slipped off a narrow ledge and went sliding down the slope towards the cliff below ; I spread myself out flat on my face with my legs wide apart, and came to rest with a foot against each side of a narrow couloir above the cliff. I dared not move, but Ali, at the risk of his life, got down to me and saved me. No one need tell me that you cannot depend on any Arab. I have had three who were as faithful and staunch as any men could be.

Years after I did my best to requite this service. Ali in a fit of just rage slew his wife and her lover, whom he caught *flagrante delicto* in his own tent. This, as I think rightly, is no crime under Moham-medan law, but Ali got a sentence of seven years' penal servitude in the convict prison at Lambesa. I was able to persuade the French authorities of the uprightness and irreproachable character of Ali bel Kassim, and he was liberated. He returned to his tents, however, and shortly afterwards died of a broken heart. I had another faithful follower, Taha bel Lazouach, who died from the results of exposure in a snowstorm when with me and my son.

Later in the month I have an entry : " The great heat continues. Loder and I started at 5.30 a.m. I was wearily climbing up some ugly rocks on the north side of El Golea (where I had recently shot a good ram), about 9.30 a.m., when looking up I saw a couple of hundred feet above me Loder basking in the sun. I got up to him, when after a few minutes'

silence we had to confess that the arrowi had fairly beaten us and that we must give up the game.

"About ten o'clock the men said 'whāin?' the local Arabic for 'where?' meaning which mountain are you going to next. I replied, 'Djebel Biskra.' This was a joke that our shikaris could master, and they were so delighted with it that it became the *expression consacrée* for 'throwing up the sponge' among our camp followers."

CHAPTER XXVIII

MORE ABOUT ALGERIA AND TUNISIA IN 1894

I SHALL finish with my Algerian experiences before I return to any English and European ones. In November and December, 1894, in the company of two cousins, the late Mr. W. E. Pease, M.P., and Miss S. H. Pease, we worked our way from Batna by Mount Chelia, through the northern ranges of the Aures and to the desert, in the hope of finding lions and other game in Chelia, but we found little except wild boars and admiral antelopes. The last lions had gone years, perhaps ten years, before.

Here is my record of prices I paid for our horses and mules in the Batna market: Five horses cost 800 francs and five mules 1185 francs—£79 for the ten. The mules were a splendid lot. There was much of interest and adventure in this journey, also of hardship through torrential rains and flooded camps, but no sport worth describing.

The .256 Mannlicher rifle had just been brought out, and St. George Littledale, the noted explorer and hunter, had initiated me into its mechanism and virtues in London. I had now adopted it, and when at last I got Fraser, of Edinburgh, to get rid of the military double long pull, and to cut its barrel down and re-sight it, I had a rifle that lasted me for fifteen years, and with which no other rifle (and I have tried most

sorts) was comparable. This rifle cost me originally four pounds, plus ten pounds for adaptation and a lyman sight. I have had other Mannlichers, .256 and 9 mm., but I never had one so true and handy as this one. No other rifle is so quiet to load or can do such execution with so small a bore. This is my opinion of the Mannlicher.

The superiority of the old clip-loading Mannlicher over the Schoenauer is chiefly in the much greater rapidity of loading. With the clips you load five cartridges far faster than you can load one with the Schoenauer, and as the bolt drives the last cartridge into the chamber the clip drops with a little "ring," and signals that it is the last.

There is none of the trouble and delay in "stripping" a clip, which you have in other rifles. I have killed many lions and large animals like kudu and hippo as quickly with the .256 and with less trouble than with any other rifle. I have killed seven greater kudu bulls clean with it, all in fact that I have fired at.

Twice, when particularly anxious to impress natives, I have made gallery shots with it, and consider both shots very lucky ones as the fine foresight covered more than the whole target. One occasion was when we were spending ten days as guests of the Kaid of Khanga Sidi Nadji, who had never seen a modern rifle. I give the incident as described in my diary :

"December 7th, 1894. . . . This day the Khalifa asked to see me fire my Mannlicher, and selecting a large stone on the far side of the river I fired a shot, without taking much pains, and hit it high ; not at all a good shot, but it astonished the Arabs, as the range was beyond anything they knew, and I fired

very quickly. The Khalifa asked to try his hand, and I handed him the rifle, explained to him how to use the sights, and fixed the lyman carefully. He took careful aim, and to the great delight of his following (he had his goum with him) hit the stone exactly in the centre, putting me to shame.

"I felt it necessary to do something for my reputation, and first invited him to try another shot ; but he said ' no.' I then asked if he could see a solitary white pebble high up on the mountain side opposite . . . it was just visible, the distance was about three hundred yards, but looked much greater, owing to the ravine and river.

"I screwed my lyman up to a fine three hundred yards, and by an extraordinary and most opportune bit of good fortune I split the little stone to pieces. A man ran off and brought in the pieces and a fragment of the bullet. This fluke was the best timed one I ever made, and created a great impression."

The other occasion was some years later when I was having an *indaba* with the Swazie Queen " Mac-Mac " and her heir " Prince " Fana. Having arranged at her kraal all her affairs of state, I was presented with a huge white ox.

Now Fana was the only native in those parts to whom I had granted the privilege of owning a rifle, and he was very proud of the distinction. I told him to get his rifle and shoot the ox, and to distribute the meat amongst his people. He asked where he had to shoot it, and I put my finger in the centre of the ox's forehead. Fana from a yard off took a careful aim and hit the wretched ox *in the nose* ! Of course, the poor beast was maddened, and I had really an awk-

ward job to get a safe shot, but he fell dead to one in the neck.

After this disgusting business, Captain Slatter (my Police Commandant) and I went outside the kraal to rest on the edge of the mountain, but were followed by Fana, the Ring-Kops and others, and Fana begged me to shoot at something "to please the men." I could just detect a wild pigeon sitting in the top of a tree across the valley. Slatter laughed when I said, "I don't see anything else for a mark." Slatter himself was a remarkable marksman, though he had lost a hand.

The pigeon I judged to be 120 yards off, and I told Fana I was going to aim just below its ear. This by way of a joke. To my amazement I killed the pigeon, and to the astonishment of Slatter and the crowd, the Kaffir sent to retrieve it returned with it decapitated. That was the best fluke of my life. They begged in vain "for more."

To return to Algeria. The Khalifa was determined to show us some sport, and had out all his forces to drive a great mountain for wild sheep. Djebel Djermona was the name of the mountain. I say of this day: "We went up the mountain about forty strong." A number of us were placed in posts—the Arabs with flintlock and matchlock guns. "Djermona is kept as a preserved hunting ground for the Kaid, the only mountain in Algeria I know of which has immunity from the ceaseless persecution of the Arab hunters and shepherds. . . ."

We were posted in no sort of line; the only ram that came within range ran the gauntlet of numerous guns unscathed. "In time of peace it is unlikely

that one could ever feel more like being in action in the middle of the curling line of guns. When the Arabs opened fire, bullets splashed all round you, and whistled and sang over your head from the guns below you. Will Pease shot a fine striped hyæna, otherwise this day was barren of results."

In January, '95, I had my brother Jack as a companion (the present Lord Gainford), and though we had disappointments with the wild sheep, we got several, and he on one occasion scored a right and left at males.

This winter I made the acquaintance of a remarkable man, Fernand Foureau (b. 1850, d. 1914), who consulted me as to the type of rifle with which he should arm his expeditionary force in a renewed attempt to penetrate into the Tuareg countries. He had previously made attempts, and had been successful in locating the scene (the wells of Tadjenout) of the annihilation of the Colonel Flatter's expedition, and had returned from this great venture to Biskra with relics of the ill-fated force. He had also for the first time negotiated with the Tuaregs an assent to enter into commercial relations with the French.

He finally performed perhaps the greatest feat in the wonderful history of African exploration, by crossing the great unknown regions between French Algeria and Timbuctoo. With this object he made repeated expeditions between 1884 and 1896, and at last in 1898-1900 it was accomplished. The whole story is a very exciting and interesting one, the earlier chapters of which he related to me himself. He was as hardy, intrepid and as adventurous a man as ever even Africa has seen.

I strongly advised him to adopt the .256 Mannlicher especially as every pound of weight in arms and ammunition was important, and after I had given him a demonstration and explained every detail of its mechanism, he decided on it and never regretted it. Foureau gave me much information about the fauna beyond the last French desert outposts, and Sir Edmund Loder joined me early in February at Biskra in order to try for addax.

Unfortunately we were held up by the French military authorities at El Oued, the last French post in the south-east until leave from the Général de Division at Batna was obtained. It took many days to heliograph the request and to receive the reply. Leave was refused, the excuse being the danger from the Tuaregs, who raided at times north of Bir Beresof. We were released on parole not to go south. No "prisoners" were ever more hospitably entertained than we were by the French Commandant and the officers.

We had a somewhat dreary and adventurous journey north to the Tunisian Shotts and to Nefta, and spent the spring months in hunting in the Tunisian mountains and Western Aures. I mention this, the first of three attempts I have made to get the addax (which failed), in order to give other sportsmen the information, which may help them to succeed.

The three regions in which I should now feel pretty confident of finding addax are : (1) about a week south or south-west of Bir Beresof, the latest information as to their presence being obtainable at El Oued on the way there ; (2) a few days' south of Aïn Taiêba, the latest information being obtainable at



A. F. PEASE AND HIS BARB—TIFTIN TIME IN THE DESERT!

Ouargla ; (3) south-west and south of the Dongola bend of the Nile. The great point is to get information from the Arabs as to where rain has last fallen in these regions, for where there is fresh grass there are the addax, and once found they are numerous and easy to obtain.

CHAPTER XXIX

TRAVELS IN THE SAHARA—SPORT IN STYRIA (1895 TO 1899)

I AM not going to write of my longest journey in the Sahara (1898-99) as it yielded practically no sport. Indeed, on one stretch of twenty-one days' marching, from Oued Chair to Guerara, all I saw of living creatures were three gazelles and some flocks of sand grouse. Yet in the beautiful Erg, among the mountains of sand further south, Rime abounded, and in some districts Dorcas gazelle were numerous.

There were also lovely fennecs and curious creatures including the sand-fish, which in appearance is simply a fish but finless as well as limbless. It is spotted minutely, like a trout, and swims at a pace beneath the sand which makes it difficult to catch.

I kept one alive for months, but having handed it over to my children at Biskra as a pet, finally a *femme de chambre* trod on it when it was swimming under

NOTE.—Those who know the "rules" of the Royal Geographical Society, as well as those who are familiar with the Arabic of Egypt and other parts of the world, may object to my spelling the names of places and words, according to the local Arabic pronunciation and French rendering of words in North Africa and the French Sahara.

The letter called *Waw* in English is *Ouaou* in Algeria and beyond. The *Wady* of Egypt is *Oued* in Algeria, etc.; the name of the town called *Wargla* on English maps is, and is pronounced *Ou-argla*; *Wed Souf* is the English for *Ou-ed Souf*, and as the English *W* obliterates the *Ou* in the *Owaou*, I maintain it should not be used in this part of Africa. There are many common Arabic words in North Africa totally different from the Egyptian ones.

the carpet. It seemed to thrive on a liberal allowance of daily changed sand, and I mention this curious creature as I have never come across any description of it in English natural histories.

I had at one time and another some singular pets captured in Algeria, an arrowi, a gazelle, a fennec, a zorilla, jerboas, silvery little hedgehogs, a wild boar and a jackal, all perfectly tame. The last two lived for years in England long after I got home again.

I may add that the same manœuvring on horseback, with a final charge at top pace, I found was quite practical with the Rime as with the Dorcas, for anyone accustomed to the game and to shooting at full gallop ; though a sand desert is much more exhausting for your horse, and you require a Saharian barb to stand it. It is, of course, much easier to "get on" to your target cutting through a troop of, or across in front of a single gazelle with a short-barrelled rifle.

In my later African years, I had a .256 Mannlicher, 23½ in. barrel, 6½ lb. weight, which I used for all purposes when riding, and also for stalking. I had a .9 mm. Mannlicher 17 in. barrel for lions when riding, but for long range and stalking I found a .256 barrel, 25 in. long, the best. The barrel measurements are exclusive of the bolt chamber. I may say, however, that I killed most of my lions with the .256 Mannlichers, and every lion I have killed at close quarters, I have knocked out with a 10 bore, and these last include four lions which charged home.

Naturally I swear, therefore, by the big bore and the big bullet for lions. I have twice seen the high velocity rifles and bullets absolutely fail to stop, or even check a charge, though in both cases the lions

got the bullet full in the mouth ; in one case it was a .400 cordite rifle, and in the other a .280 Ross. What you want to do is to smash a charging lion down at once and not to drill a hole through his head. It may be a clumsy illustration, but you can smash a window pane to pieces with a cricket ball when you would only drill a tiny hole through it with an automatic pistol.

I would rather defend my life at three yards' range against a lion with an ordinary 12-bore shotgun than with the most powerful .400 cordite rifle. I am only referring to lions or tigers. I do not regard leopards as dangerous game in the same sense. I never knew any man killed by a leopard, and I knew of two men who killed leopards with their bare hands.

I am now, as far as these notes are concerned, going to say good-bye to the Atlas and to the Great Sahara. When I think of the labour and hardship we who travelled in such regions went through in the end of the last century—having to buy young camels, break them in, having to make the camel bags, and mule bags (telisses), buy and test waterskins, collect barley, chaff for our animals, provisions for our men and selves; preparations that took weeks of exertion before we started on a desert journey of five or six hundred miles, and of the marches of ten or eleven hours, day after day, without accomplishing more than twenty miles a day on the average, the contrast with modern facilities is so amazing as to leave one speechless.

I have lived to see what took me five months to do, done in a week or two with motor cars and in a few hours by aeroplane. And yet I would not exchange my time for the new, or our intimacy with the desert, our familiarity with its silence, its starry and



A SOMALI LION AND A GREY'S ZEPRA, KILLED BY ALFRED IF ASE, 1897.

moonlight nights, with its people, its denizens and its dangers, for anything else.

The Austrians, and sportsmen generally in Central Europe, surround their sport with a great deal of custom and paraphernalia which at first seems strange to Englishmen. For instance in Austria you are never supposed to shoot blackgame or capercaillie excepting during these birds' courting season in the spring, and then you only stalk the cocks, a week or two after the mating time has begun. It is quite an interesting sport as practised, but does not seem very productive to those who have seen bags of thirty or more capercaillie in the day in Perthshire, yet in the old, larger Austria of my time about five thousand cock capercaillie were shot each year. In Austria, you listen for notes of the cock capercaillie, which begin with a curious noise called *schmalzer* and are followed by a note called the triller, ending with a loud sort of crack. You are guided by this love song, but you make your advance in the moments of paralysed ecstasy which follow the "song," when the bird in the tree is blind and deaf to all worldly affairs and allows even shots to be fired without being roused from his blissful oblivion.

I do not know what old customs were killed out by the War and by the terrible changes it wrought in that beautiful country and among that charming people, but in the times I am writing of there was an enormous value attached to, and distinction acquired by those who obtained, eccentric, peculiar, mal-formed, or particularly fine heads of red deer, chamois or roe deer. The knowledge about these sort of things and their possessors was part of the education of a sportsman.

They had a code of venery that seemed to me almost mediæval, and indeed some of their practices were so. Poachers of chamois could be and were shot at sight, and I knew one case of an Englishman who was staying with an Austrian proprietor, and was being entertained with lavish hospitality. He was out stalking chamois when he and his stalker saw a poacher within range. The Jäger pointed him out and asked the Englishman to shoot him ; he replied he would not dream of doing such a thing ; the Jäger then asked him to hand him his rifle and he refused. On their return, the incident was reported to the Englishman's host, who asked if all this was true and was told that it was ; whereupon he informed his guest that as he refused to help him to protect his game he would kindly pack up his things and leave the castle at once ; which he did. Knowing this, I was quite frightened when my Jäger pointed out a col near a peak called the Prediger Stuhle, where he said there was a *good chance* of shooting poachers who came that way from a village !

I had two good times in Styria in 1895 and in 1897 on a beautiful stretch of chamois country owned by Prince Philip of Coburg and leased for three years by my friend, Sir Edmund Loder. The royal house of Coburg have been noted as sportsmen. Our Prince Consort's eldest brother's dying words were, "Let the drive begin." The name of the place was Schwarzen See, and it was indeed a lovely country of great snow-capped mountains and wooded valleys with lakes and streams. Yet it was hard work and we stuck at it.

The rule most days was breakfast at 4.30 a.m. ;

each rifle had about three hours or more very stiff climbing to his beat between 5.30 and 9; but once up, the work was not more severe than on a Scotch forest. It was the coming down some four thousand feet of very steep ground at the end of the day which shook you up and really tired you out.

There were red deer and roe deer in the woods, but we stuck steadily to the chamois and only drove a few days towards the end of the lease. We were supposed by Loder only to shoot bucks, but no one can be certain of the sex of chamois at 170 to 200 yards, which was about the usual range of our shots, for not a few geise (does) have male-like horns and the horns are all you have to go by. Loder made as many mistakes as most of his guests, and the Jägers were no better hands in determining sex than we were.

On August 20th, 1895, on Tanncherinne I record that Loder shot a black chamois; to shoot a white one is considered dreadful and augurs death. On September 16th the same season I had a cold, wet time in the snow and snowstorms, and saw several lots of females "one lot containing a white one and a black one, the latter they call a 'Kohl' (coal)."

The heaviest buck killed this season (1895) was killed by Sir Merrick Burrell, it weighed clean 29 kilos (63.8 lb.). I had the next best, 28½ kilos (62.15 lb.). The heaviest chamois I know of, one which Count Teleki killed in the Southern Carpathians, was 56 kilos clean (123.4 lb.). The proportion of bucks to does was very good always. I have not exact figures, but I see in 1897 in my diary that "up to September 19th inclusive, thirty bucks were killed before a single geise, and out of a total of 42 only

four were females." In Styria (or Steiermark) some 2000 chamois were killed annually in the 'nineties.

It is more usual in Austria to drive than to stalk, and at the end of his season in 1897 Loder was much behind his limit and decided to have nine different parts of his "shoot" driven.

Loder was proud of the average shooting of his party. The late Baillie-Grohman, a great authority of lifelong experience, was with us and writing of it said "the successful long-range shooting at the drives was a revelation to those natives who were present and who knew as well as anybody could what is the ordinary performance of rifles at drives."

The other rifles were the Hon. T. Fremantle (the present Lord Cottesloe), perhaps the best of all English marksmen; I. S. Oxley, another great rifle shot, and myself. Loder himself was in the first rank of marksmen.

Here is what we did in eight days; we had one blank day.

Loder	had	5	blank	days
Baillie-Grohman	"	5	"	"
Fremantle	"	5	"	"
Oxley	"	2	"	"
Pease	"	4	"	"

Yet our total was 46 chamois in eight days. Fremantle, who was new to the game, was top scorer with sixteen, and depended on his Jäger for picking out bucks for him.

In one drive, when Fremantle's shooting was perfect, the Jäger made seven mistakes, and out of ten clean kills seven were does. Loder made three mistakes, as did Baillie-Grohman; Oxley and I, one each—

in killing geise. We always drew for places, and I had the hard luck of drawing top place four days in succession, which meant a very rapid and punishing climb in a given time. I did not get over this strain on my heart for years.

How easy it is to mistake a doe for a buck is illustrated by this extract from my diary on September 28th, 1897: "Fremantle, Oxley and I rose at five and went up the valley. . . . I drew top place, and had an awful climb to the top of the ridge of the Predigerstuhle, but it was worth it. I did not see fewer than 200 geise, kitz, ein-jahrigers and zwei-jahrigers *close to me*. They came over the most awful ground in strings and bunches, some passing me within 10 yds., some standing and panting, some grimacing at me, but never a buck.

"Just as we began the descent we saw three which Barr (the Jäger) declared to be bucks. He told me to take the last. It was a moving shot, with 150 yds. sight up, and I found him stone dead, but 'he' was a 'she'—a gelder geise with quite abnormally male horns. Oxley got a buck and Fremantle had a blank day: this brings up the bag to 82. We pack up and are off to-morrow."

Loder's limit was ninety, and Baillie-Grohman got the other eight in November, long after we had all left. In November the high dorsal ridge of chamois hair is at its best and longest, and the chamois at this season, when in full winter coat, are termed "Bart-gems."

In 1895, Lady Loder shot a most curious buck with a regular chamois horn grown out of the coronet of a forefoot. The horn was $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. long and $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. in

circumference at the base. I saw another curious one in the Engadine in 1900, where Dr. Oscar Bernard, of Samaden, had obtained it. In his specimen the horn grew out of a fore-leg ; its length was 11 cm., and circumference 7 cm., but it had not the crook of the chamois horn which Lady Loder's specimen had.

Loder never troubled much about the stags and the roedeer, and only two stags were killed in the three seasons. One Loder killed was twenty-three stone clean.

Baillie-Grohman, who died in 1921, aged seventy, said that the best chamois head he knew of was one of Count Teleki's—12½ in. of horn. He himself had one with one horn full 12 in. (left) and 11¾ in. (right). Andreas Rauch, of Pontresina, got one which he gave me, and which I gave to the Dorman Museum, Middlesbrough, full 11½ in., and was the second strongest I ever heard of, being 3⅝ in. in circumference, and with the exceptional distance between tips of 6⅞ in. The heaviest buck got during the three seasons 1895–97 at Schwarzensee was 31 kilos, killed by Fremantle (68.2046 lb.).

CHAPTER XXX

IN ENGLAND AND ELSEWHERE, 1894-95

I SHALL now hark back to the summer of 1894, in England. I stayed with Lord Rosebery at the Durdans, and saw him achieve the second of his desires when he won the Blue Riband of the Turf with Ladas. (Throstle beat Ladas in the St. Leger that year.) Lord Rosebery was then Prime Minister, and his capacity to cope with his cares of State, to keep up his interests, literary and sporting, and to entertain us in the happiest way, was simply marvellous.

I was also with Sir Edmund Loder a good deal at Leonardslee, where I never tired of watching the extraordinary variety of animals he had roaming free in his woods and valleys. Beavers, capabaras, and other water animals, many kinds of deer, black-buck, mouflon, wild sheep, ibex, gazelles, kangaroos, Patagonian cavies, wallabies and other creatures were there, as well as strange birds like bush turkeys and emus.

In the autumn I shot with the Edward North Buxton's at Garrogie, and had a little stalking too. Garrogie marched with Glen Dole, and there was a fine snow-white stag which belonged to that ground, jealously protected for the last seven years by Ross, the proprietor. This stag's mother was a white hind.

Occasionally the white stag came on to Garrogie, and one day I got very near to him and enjoyed a long inspection of the only white red deer I have ever seen. I often wondered what was the end of the muckle White Hart of Glen Dole—perhaps some of my readers will know.

I made a curious shot one day when at Garrogie; my brother-in-law, Gerald Buxton, and I were taking long shots with our rifles at rabbits, which were sitting out along a river bank-side. I killed one I aimed at, and two more—one about 20 yds. beyond the first, and the third about 20 to 30 yds. beyond the second—all with a soft-nose .256 bullet. Of course, bullets must go somewhere, but they do not often choose a line of rabbits.

Every man who shoots has queer experiences. I once, in British East Africa, shot at a good impala buck on my farm, bounding with about twenty females straight from me, and killed him at about 120 yards. When I went up, there were two fine males dead. This was a great mystery to me, and I can only suppose that another was lying down out of sight.

In September, 1894, when judging hunters at the Kendal Show, I record a remark of my colleague, James Darrell, who was an experienced judge of hunters and of horse breeding, that he "found in a long experience that a mare breeds better to a new horse every year, and that the first foal off the same mare by a particular sire is superior to his 'get' off her afterwards." I say then, that I think "there is a good deal in this view"—but I have never collected sufficient information to confirm it.

There are now (1931) well established colonies of

badgers in Epping Forest, but in 1894 there were none, and Mr. Edward North Buxton, who all his life gave ceaseless attention to improving the Forest and adding to its interest, asked me to get him some badgers to turn down there. Here is an extract from the account of how I got him the very first pair :

“September 28th.—Tom (Sir Thos. Fowler) and I with my small son Christopher (killed in 1918) and men took our terriers which ‘found’ opposite my house early in the morning. We worked with young terriers, as I was loath to risk my old veteran Twig ; the consequence was that after we had dug a long trench to seven feet deep, the badger buried himself and was lost.

“I then took Twig, who marked a tiny mouse hole which the trench intersected, and although those present laughed heartily at Twig and at the idea of a badger in a mouse hole, I said nothing but took Christopher’s little spade and excavated it. It led into a quantity of loose earth, then Twig immediately opened tongue and we soon had a very big (30 lb.) badger out, also his wife (23 lb.).”

This October I was lucky so early in the season to have some good runs with the Cleveland, and had one day with the Zetland “on a really good mare of Jack’s” (my brother). I mention a great number who “went” that day ; nearly all are dead—Herbert Straker, Eddy Aylmer, Sheldon Cradock, Will and Ernie Pease, Arthur F. Pease and Bob Collins are among them.

In the spring of 1895, on our way from Algeria, we spent some time at Vernet les Bains, where I had a try after izardes on Mount Canigou, but I had as

guide a native of an exasperating kind who spoilt any chance of getting one. Still, I saw them and enjoyed being on the mountains again.

In the summer I was again at the Durdans, and saw Sir Visto win Lord Rosebery's second Derby. It was a wonderful performance, as Sir Visto was lying seventh when they passed our box on the Grand Stand and S. Loates brought him on and won by three-quarters of a length. Curzon, a half-bred gelding, was second, ridden by Chaloner, and Kirkconnel third.

In June I record inspecting a "snow-white foal" out of a cart mare, foaled on Webster's farm at Newton-under-Roseberry, by a cart stallion—both parents bay to brown in colour. This is the only case of the sort I have ever seen. It was not an "albino."

In a description of a good day from Redcar in November, I find a scene I have sketched in my diary that much amused me. The record is as follows, the parties being Charlie Ward Jackson's portly coachman, acting as groom, and Jack Walton, a horse dealer, in his spider-gig.

"The coachman, groom for the day, was riding one of Charlie's carriage horses. The horse reared and fell back over with him at covert side. The man remounted, trembling, pale and frightened, and sat green and blowing. These were Jack Walton's words of comfort to the terrified man: '*By gock! Wot a daangeros oss—gert 'elpless beast. Ah can see by his gert hoogly hye he's goin' to do it agen.*'"

In November a neighbour of mine, Nelson, a much better ornithologist than I am, consulted me about a bird he had shot at Loftus. He thought it might be a descendant of capercaillie my father once turned

out at Hutton, but I assured him that it could not be so, as that was a failure, and twenty years ago. The authorities at the South Kensington Museum pronounced it a hybrid between a blackcock and a hen pheasant. Yet blackgame are extremely scarce in Cleveland since the 'sixties. The last indigenous brood we had on our moors which I know of was about 1865. My father, in the early 'nineties, hand-reared a number successfully, but they were ridiculously tame and when turned into the coverts fell an easy prey to vermin. I have not seen more than three grey hens in Cleveland in the last thirty-five years, and probably these were visitors from the western moorlands of the North Riding or from the west of Durham county.

In December I inspected a freak rabbit taken in a snare by one of our keepers ; it had a hare's head, but was a rabbit, with the rabbit's coat, yet the hair all over its neck and body was longer than that of the longest coated Angora rabbit. Its feet were enormous, like large hare's feet.

Leaving my family in France I hurried home, having hoped to get the end of the season with the Cleveland, but they had stopped hunting very early. I therefore went to my brother's at Snow Hall, near Gainford, and got a day or two with the Zetland, and then got a day with the Sinnington. Of the latter day I say that it was poor, and that I did not get home, after eighteen miles to ride back, until 9 p.m.

"As I passed Ingleby they were digging Henry Sidney's grave." He was a younger son of the second Lord de L'Isle and Dudley. He died suddenly on April 13th, was about my age, and a particularly nice man, a good shot and fond of cricket.

Of one of my days with the Zetland at Blackbanks, I write that "Kit Cradock" was staying, as I was, at my brother's. His father had been the Master of the Hounds (Raby Hunt) before Lord Zetland, and this was his sailor son, who, in the Great War, when Admiral, went down fighting with his ship the *Monmouth*, in the Pacific. He was a charming man.

Of this day my diary records: "We had some pretty ringing sport about Hoppyland and Shull. In the afternoon as we three were about to start for home, Cradock got a nasty fall in a wood and was thrown into a beck, when he cut his head and lost a large quantity of blood. We got him to Hamsterly, and from there, Elsie (my brother's wife), drove him to Snow Hall, where the doctor bandaged him up."

I cannot read about these old days without feelings of sadness, nor can I resist putting down the names of old friends who were "good and true," in a perhaps vain hope that they may not be forgotten.

My brother, who was particularly good all round at games, when he lived at Snow Hall, took a wager with a man who fancied himself very much to see which was the best in thirteen events; these included a turn with guns, with salmon rods in the Tees, single-wicket, golf, lawn tennis, billiards, a steeplechase, and other contests. My brother having won the first eight or nine events of the day with ease, the other man "drew his dog," confessing he had met more than his match.

Remembering this contest, which took place at Snow Hall, it brings to mind a performance of mine on the Coniscliffe Golf Course in one of the very few

(not more than four) games of golf I ever played, and which was to be my last. Golf is a game that I never had time for, or, to tell the truth, the least inclination for ; but my brother on this occasion insisted on my taking a turn with him.

My play was so peculiar, so very bad and so weird that we were, before half round the course, followed by a crowd of golfers attracted by my brother's instructions and by my attempts to carry them out.

At the last "tee" (I think it is called), I built a "tee" about a foot high, while the spectators were waiting and tittering. I placed the ball on the summit, took a look at my tormentors, and then took a swipe with all my might at the ball. It flew over a valley, lit on the last green by the church, about three inches from the hole, and I walked there and put it in. As far as I know no one has or is ever likely to beat that.

The crowd was amazed, but I was enabled to bear myself as if I had been fooling and as if this one was just a stroke to exhibit my real form. My brother nearly died with laughing, partly at the luck of the thing, but more at the puzzled amazement of the hitherto mocking crowd. I retired from golf for the rest of my life.

Part of the month of May I was at Fontainebleau and at Barbizon ; of the former I write that I was last there in 1869. "What a change ! Then these grass-grown courts and now ill-kept gardens resounded with music and the tambours, and the place was bright with the pageantry and life of the Third Empire—the change for the worse is as great in Paris."

Once or twice, on foot, I watched the performance

of staghunting in the forest. The hounds were few and strange creatures ; for the most part each couple pursued with subdued zest different deer, while liveried hunt servants tootled appropriate notes on their immense horns.

CHAPTER XXXI

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND SOMALILAND,

1896-97

WHILST in Paris in May, 1896, I write that my friend, Edmond Mame of Tours gave me a perfect lunch at the Café Papaillard, and took me to see the new wonder, the Cinémetographe.

On June 17th, in London, "I went after dinner to the Imperial Institute, where we listened to the Monte Carlo band, and saw the new great stinking, shaking motor carriages, and Prince Henri of Orlean's¹ Somali trophies," which were good ; but I was much puzzled by the presence of a very European-looking wolf among them.

My little boy Christopher (ten years old) "gave a very creditable and laughable display at the Yorkshire Show at York in July." It amused a vast crowd, in a very large class of children's ponies, "to see him sit down and gallop his pony, which nothing in the ring could touch for pace, no matter how he was jostled and crowded out, for nothing but 'Zacky' or a cat could have got round the corners as he did."

The *Field* said : "Master C. Y. Pease, who rides with a dash and determination unusual in a boy, won

¹ I have seen a letter from a friend of Prince Henri, who states there was no such collection made by *Prince Henri of Orleans*.

the spurs for the best rider in the class, and was perhaps the happiest individual on the show ground." He was killed in the Great War.

On July 25th I was at Wilfrid Blunt's and saw his sale of Arabs at Crabbet Park. I say that on the whole I was disappointed with them, though they were of such a high class and of beautiful quality. The highest price was 310 guineas, for Anbar, a beautiful Abeyan Sherrake horse. Another little beauty was bought in of the same race, namely, Ahmar, and Blunt lent him to me for a season. He got few mares besides my own Barbs, but his stock was first class. One of my tenants bred a sixteen hands first flight hunter by him off a show jumping pony—and I never want to ride a much better hunter.

I disliked Blunt's half-bred produce, which were all by an Arab, Messaoud, off Suffolk Punch mares. You can't breed a horse of any class that way; the extremes are too great.

In September I saw and shot quail in Cleveland for the first time in my life. We began cubhunting on September 10th. I had, at the end of September and early October some misses when out deer stalking at Guisachan and later at Inverewe, which worried me very much, as with long practice I reckoned no beast could escape me and my Mannlicher, standing or moving within two hundred yards' range; most men who have had long and constant practice in Africa feel like that, and yet I missed some very easy "sitters" at one hundred yards.

One stag at Guisachan stood broadside to me at about eighty yards, and I was certain he was mine, but off he went. I was so taken aback that I did not

shoot again till he was about three hundred yards off, galloping up a hill, and he flinched and went on. About a fortnight after this stag was killed by another rifle and my bullets found in the right place *just under the skin*. I then had my ammunition tested and found it was "rotten." I had changed the source from which I had always got it before.

Hitherto I had got mine always from D. Fraser, of Edinburgh. It shows how one ought always to test one's ammunition, though this is the only time in my life when a gunmaker has let me down. It is remarkable how reliable our gunmakers are in this respect.

"Ford Barclay (a cousin of mine who had done much big game shooting in the Rockies, the Far East of Asia and elsewhere) is staying with me. He told me some good lion stories from Somaliland. His first lion fell with his tail on his boots. As an instance of Somali pluck, one of his boys held a leopard while Ford Barclay shot it. This is not quite up to Delamere's boy who pulled a lion off Delamere with his bare hands and quite unarmed, and saved Delamere's life."

I hunted and shot till November 2nd, when I started for Somaliland. The following April, 1897, we were at Locarno, where I was recovering from a very bad "go" of malaria. During this winter in Somaliland I had, without knowing it until long after the event, been elected M.P. for Cleveland and was again in the House of Commons in May, 1897. During this winter the mascot of our expedition was a Somali sheep bearing the Somali title of Muthou Hamadou, and he marched at our head for one

thousand miles and more, twenty miles a day. He was such a favourite and escaped so many dangers that we determined to ship him home, unaware of the new regulations which required the slaughtering of all cattle and sheep on landing in England. I had the most desperate struggle with Walter Long and the Board of Agriculture before he was landed alive and reached my home, where he lived pampered for years. His head is on my walls opposite me as I write. I shall give an outline of his early life.

He was lambled on the Plains of Toyo, on the Somali Waterless Haud in 1895. In December, 1896, we met him two days south of Berbera, marching coastwards with a large consignment of other muttons destined ultimately to be eaten by Tommy Atkins at Aden. I was struck with his independent mien and his jet black legs for Somali sheep, which are without wool, are usually white with the head and neck only black. I purchased him for rs. 6 (8s.), a big price in those days, and he marched back with us across the Haud into Ogaden, Burka and back to Berbera the following year.

He sailed, after a week in the British Residency, to Aden on the s.s. *Woodcock* and resided in the Hotel de l'Europe, Aden, until the B.I. *Golconda* carried him to the Thames, where the fight for his life began. The captain of the *Golconda* helped, for he declined to land him, and after six weeks on land and on sea, being daily inspected by a veterinary inspector, he was given leave to travel round by sea to the Tees. There he was, under veterinary and police escort, landed at Middlesbrough and escorted nine miles to a box in my stables, where he was imprisoned for a

further twenty-eight days, under police and veterinary supervision.

I put in my diary a summary of his travels :

94	days'	marching.
5	„	at Berbera.
1½	„	on s.s. <i>Woodcock</i> .
6	„	in the Aden Hotel.
17	„	in the s.s <i>Golconda</i> at sea.
20	„	in the s.s <i>Golconda</i> in the Thames.
25	„	on shore in the London Docks.
3	„	at sea, Thames to Tees.
1	„	Middlesbrough to Pinchinthorpe.
28	„	solitary confinement.
Total	200½	„ of unparalleled vicissitudes without damping the courage of this noble sheep.

CHAPTER XXXII

VARIOUS RECORDS AND A TALK WITH SCOTT,

1897-98

THE season 1897-98 was a very good one in Cleveland, and except for two or three weeks at Christmas, when I joined my family at St. Moritz, I was alone at home, and hunted regularly. The doctor, against my wife's and my own opinions, sent my wife there for the whole winter, and undid the cure that had been effected by three years spent mostly in warm dry countries out of doors.

The intense cold, the altitude, and the stuffy hotels even in three weeks made me quite ill, and though there were certainly cases which benefited by being there, most of the consumptive people I knew, did not ; many died, and the moral effect of being among dying and ill people is always bad. The winter sports were the redeeming feature, and nowhere else was the standard of tobogganning and bobsleighing so high in those days. The full course of the Cresta run is a splendid one, and the racing on it worth going to see.

In 1897 ski-ing was in its infancy in Switzerland. There were many very bad accidents that year at St. Moritz, and I was in one nasty one in a bob-sleigh race with a good crew, but I escaped with only bruises while some had broken legs and were badly hurt. We ran off the course, and upset among trees at top pace.

It was a race in which ladies had to steer. An American lady, Mrs. Shepley, was steering our "bob," The Alligator, and the smash would have been worse but for her presence of mind. We were at top speed going down the Cresta road, when suddenly we came on to a team of horses drawing trees up the road. She immediately turned the bob up the mountain. If she had done anything else it would have been a terrible accident. She was badly hurt and had a broken leg.

In my diary I say of this day, November 17th : "Mavrogadato broke his arm on the Village Run, and Cook broke his arm on a 'bob' to-day." Also for January 19th is the entry : "Elton Fox very badly smashed on the Village Run—broken ribs, broken shoulder and hip." January 21st : "Village Run Races. There was a very bad accident (near where I stood), McLachlan, leaving the course at the Belvedere Corner, went through the spectators, knocking down four ladies, who were nearly killed as well as himself.

"One of the Miss Forsyth Grants had a leg pulverized at the knee. One man died to-day from an accident. . . . Kit's (my little son, aged eleven) turn came after McLachlan, and he was kept waiting while the course was cleared of dead and wounded. He did a fine run, finishing fifth out of thirty-one—by far the youngest competitor. Miss Mowbray, a very neat performer, won."

I came away from St. Moritz feeling one was much safer hunting at home than at that place. Our Alligator won two races, doing one course in what was said to be the record time, two minutes thirty-five seconds. We were steered by G. St. Aubyn. In those days it

was a long, tedious, cold journey from Thusis with sledges to reach St. Moritz, but not uninteresting in its way. While I was there I went over to see Andreas Rauch, the noted guide and chamois hunter of Pontresina, and went out with him towards the Roseg Glacier and watched chamois through my glass.

The Swiss have a most detestable system of closing a canton for, say, five to seven years against shooting chamois. They then open it for a week or two, when the mountains are literally swarming with rifles and guns, and the chamois are slaughtered without distinction of age or sex, and wiped out. The canton is then closed until it is restocked, and the horrible massacres are repeated.

No foreigner is allowed to shoot one ; but Rauch said, " Come with me when it is open and you can use my rifle." I declined, having no wish to partake in these butcheries, or to witness them.

I have always had a horror of cold and frost and a love of hot, dry climates. You may suffer some discomfort in very hot climates, but very cold ones are actual pain. I have been quite happy and active in Africa with the thermometer at 120 deg. Fahr. in the shade, and very uncomfortable and slack in India with the thermometer at 90 deg.—I have found it the same with altitudes. I have found 7000 ft. in Europe and 9000 ft. in Abyssinia very trying to my heart, and 7000 ft. in Equatorial Africa very pleasant.

There are most curious cases of asthma. In the Transvaal I knew a doctor who was a terrible martyr to asthma, wherever he was, and it was killing him. He discovered a kopje about 100 ft. high near Kómati Poort, no different to a hundred others, on the top of

which he was perfectly free from this most distressing malady, and he had to live there.

I have shaken with cold and had teeth chattering in South Africa, when during a thunderstorm the thermometer dropped from 100 deg. to 66 deg. Fahr. The temperature I prefer in England is 75 deg. to 80 deg. Fahr., but seldom get it !

I have always had a great admiration for those who can stand arctic cold, whether at 20,000 ft. or within the Arctic Circle, because I know I have been totally incapable of bearing it or the discomforts of the life. Scott, just before he started on his last fatal expedition, came to see me here in Yorkshire, and he was full of enthusiasm as we sat in comfortable chairs over the fire. He said : " You do not seem to be much thrilled by Arctic exploration. I should have thought that you as a sportsman would be excited about it."

I replied that to me the thought of all he was going to face and suffer was horrible, " and to discover and see what ? I know exactly what you will find at the South Pole. Just an awful waste of snow or ice, and hideous cold without life, and death staring at you." He said : " I am surprised ; no one has ever talked about it to me like that. I should not have thought it of you."

It was to him a great adventure. He won through with it and met a hero's death, and gave a lasting example of what man can dare, bear and do. Yet it was as I said. There was nothing discovered worth a brave man's life, except how such a man can suffer and die. I often think of his death.

This was the Diamond Jubilee summer in England, and a gay and busy one it was, but I do not know that

there is much in the sporting line to record. Galtee More, the favourite, won the Derby with Lord Rosebery's Velasquez second.

Here are one or two entries later in the year : August 17th : " Jack (my brother) and I went up to the moor after lunch and had one or two little drives in a high gale, and got eleven-and-a-half brace. Christopher (my son, eleven years old) came too, and for a joke I put him in a butt with a single barrel .410 collectors' gun. Imagine our astonishment when several lots of grouse came his way, to see him each time cock his little self up and kill a grouse each time he fired ! "

The killing power of these little guns is really remarkable. When I was collecting birds in Abyssinia I shot many great bustards, hares, dik-dik antelopes, etc., at twenty to thirty yards' range, by shooting at their necks. This August I record the death of our hardest rider and a great horseman, John P. Petch, of Liverton—a very bad man to beat over any kind of country.

At this time my cousins, Herbert Pike Pease (now Lord Daryngton), who is a very tall and broad heavy-weight, and his brother, Claud, who is of much smaller dimensions, and of a weight that enables him still to keep at the top of a hunt, hunted with the Cleveland.

Claud one morning said to Johnny Petch : " Good morning, Mr. Petch." Petch looked hard at him and said, " Good morning, sir." " You don't know me, I think," said Claud. " I do know," said Petch, " that you're a Pease, but there's that many of you I can't keep count." " Well," said Claud, " I'm a brother of

Pike Pease," pointing at his big brother. "You a brother of Mr. Pike's ! Well, that caps owt ! You moost hev been sookin' blue milk, when he was sookin' creem ! " said John.

This August I was shooting at Barningham with Sir Frederick Milbank. Of the party were General Hubert, a Russian prince and two Russian princesses, one of the latter ladies shot with us, and Percy Hale, a sporting parson, was another gun. I say of one day : "The Princess speaks good English and is very pleasant, but I don't like women out shooting ; they are dangerous generally, but more so with a gun in their hands. She has already shot the General in the shoulder and hand, and cut Hale's eyelid ! "

I have cut out of a newspaper and inserted it in my diary a list of game killed in Somaliland in 1895 by twenty-nine sportsmen. It includes 26 elephants, 79 lions, 49 rhinoceros, 25 leopards, 3 panthers, 50 zebras, 5 wild asses, 84 hartebeests, 31 greater kudu, 250 oryx, 7 ostriches and 1 giraffe. It also mentions a wart-hog with 13½-in. tusks, killed in 1897 by Captain Glossop (1st Dragoon Guards).

Just as I was going out to Styria with Sir E. G. Loder I got a telegram to say that my brother-in-law, Vincent Calmady-Hamlyn, the last of the male representatives of the Calmady and Hamlyn families, names well known in the sporting annals of Devonshire, had died suddenly near Leawood, his home. He was out riding, and seeing poachers on one of his farms he tied his horse to a gate and ran hard after them. As he ran he fell dead with his head resting on his arm, and exactly as if he was asleep. This altered my plans. His only child, Miss Sylvia Calmady-Hamlyn,

is well known in the West Country, and as a judge and breeder of ponies much farther afield.

After my return from Styria I give accounts of very good days with the Cleveland, and of long, poor days with the Hurworth, one with thirty-three miles on the road to cover and home. I give a list of fourteen ladies who hunted this season with the Cleveland who were "constant and all tip-top riders." So much for those who tell us that the Victorian ladies were "no good" at this or anything else.

CHAPTER XXXIII

ABOUT BARBS, ARABIANS, POLO AND OTHER SUBJECTS, 1898-99

IN January, 1898, I had a fall that, though in no sense serious, was a very troublesome one to me. I was galloping fast downhill in the furrow of a ploughed field on a young blood mare, when she cannoned a foot against the side, crossed her legs, came down and shot me far over her head on to my hands, which were badly damaged. My thumbs were dislocated and one of them broken. The mare was up before I was and galloped over the top of me, hitting me in the back, and then someone following galloped over me and gave me a black eye !

For several weeks I could not use my hands at all, and had to be dressed and fed like an infant. It is extremely awkward when you cannot even clean your own teeth. This fall and several others, on the top of having strained my heart, made me very ill this spring, and I was sent abroad to rest and to get away from all my parliamentary and other work.

I was absent from the House of Commons Steeplechase at Buckingham in March, but had the satisfaction of reading in the papers that my brother had come in an easy winner on Mr. J. W. Phillips's Oliver, Mr. Raymond Greene on Nameless was second, the Hon. Douglas Pennant, M.F.H. on Admiral, third,

Sir Samuel Scott on Joan, fourth. Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson and the Hon. Greville Verney dead-heated for fifth place, closely followed by Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, and Mr. Butcher came in last, on the horse with which he had won the Bar Point-to-Point.

In the autumn, when I was at home, after a very fine summer, with very hard work, I mention riding home some ten miles from Westerdale in September "without seeing a living soul." A year or two previously I rode nineteen miles to and nineteen miles back from Rosedale, without seeing a single person. I allude to this because of the contrast in the rural peace and seclusion of the old days with the present time when our moor roads are covered with omnibuses, charabancs, motor cars and motor cycles. Hikers and trippers are seen in every direction, and even the heavens above resound at times with the noise of aeroplanes.

This summer and autumn was the finest and hottest, I think, of any I have known since the 'sixties. I put down the 5th October, 1898, as "the hottest day I ever shot on in England," and it remains so. My brother-in-law, Gerald Buxton, and I shot most of the day, and bagged 30 brace of partridges, 17 pheasants, 7 grouse, besides rabbits and a few hares—which is a very good bag for two guns in October in Cleveland.

This winter, 1898–99, we were in the south of the French Sahara in the Beni Mzab and south of Ouargla.

During this expedition I had five Barb mares, which I bought with great care, which had full tribal histories and were true Barbs. These mares I im-



J. A. PEASE M.P.
(Afterwards Lord Gwyford)
from a sketch by G. J. Forster

ported in 1899 and retained until 1902, when through the ruin of my fortunes, I had to sell them and the rest of my possessions. They were all accepted at Weatherby's in the Oriental section of the *General Stud Book*. They are the only true Barb mares of high class I have ever seen in England. Three of them were well over fifteen hands.

The Barb beats the Arabian in size, in action and in pace, and resists intense cold as well as he does intense heat. If he has not the exquisite beauty of the Arabian he has the same courage and the same fire. I bought mares for this expedition as they are less troublesome in camp and are silent at night, and do not betray your presence to marauders. Two of these mares were of outstanding merit, perfectly broken after the manner of Arabs, and absolute perfection as rides. They proved to be first flighters when hunting in England, and jumped like stags. The first season I hunted them without shoes, for none of them had ever been shod, and could gallop on rock desert all day, so hard were their beautiful hoofs. But they slipped up on greasy hillsides and slippery grass, so the second season I shod them, and once shod, they had to be shod afterwards. I then bred from them. One of these mares, a chestnut, Safia, was ridden in the Row, and hunted by my ten-year-old daughter. I had ridden her daily during five months in the desert.

You do not touch an Arab-broken horse's mouth. You control by the voice ; you guide by rein or hand pressure on the neck, and prefer to take hold of an ear, rather than touch the bit, if the horse does not pull up to your word. This mare Safia simply

went mad if you meddled with her mouth, but a child could do what it liked with her, and I often jumped on to her bareback with not even a halter on her head, and rode her a mile to my farm and back before breakfast, opening gates and galloping down the fields.

These mares and their produce were sold for an "old song" at York in 1902. An M.F.H. bought Safia for some such price as fifteen pounds. He said that she was "quite mad" (although I told him children could ride her, and that the gentlest handling was necessary), that "no one could possibly ride her," and I heard he sold her for about five pounds! Yet she was the stuff that is the foundation of the English thoroughbred, for it was the true Barb and the English racing Galloway which gave the largest and best contribution to the English racehorse.

Among my young stock, which were up for sale at York, was a 14.2 grey three-year-old, by Wilfred Blunt's Arabian Ahmar out of the next best of my Barb mares. There was not a bid for him. The auctioneer sent him back to me, having bought him in at five pounds. I took him with me to South Africa. He was the most perfect horse in every way for his size that I have ever come across. He had all the beauty of his Arabian sire, and the pace, action and comfort of the Barb. It cost me thirty-five pounds to ship him, and as I had a horse sickness country to administer I sold him in the Transvaal at four years' old for two hundred and fifty pounds for stud purposes.

I mention all this because I have never understood why, since the eighteenth century, while amateurs of the Arabian have been numerous, the true Barb

has been so entirely neglected and the best never imported.

In April, 1899, we were home, and I got the end of the hunting season, which finished in May. The season's record with the Cleveland was 29 brace of foxes killed in eighty-five days' hunting—21 brace to ground, making 100 foxes accounted for.

One may say that up to 1900, polo, the most fascinating of all games, was within the reach of men of quite moderate means, and the Cleveland Polo Club, like many others in the provinces, flourished, but it was already becoming a game in which the highest class ponies brought very big prices, and the ponies which hitherto had sufficed for ordinary matches were so outclassed that the clubs with owners wealthy enough to possess the better ponies could alone compete in matches. However good a player you may be you are useless on an inferior pony against faster and higher class ones, so that most of the country polo clubs were gradually killed out.

Of course such polo as is now played is altogether superior and faster than that which satisfied my generation, and a modern match is a better spectacle.

I was so overworked this summer with many things outside my parliamentary duties in the North, not to mention the Central Chamber of Agriculture, the Royal Commission on Horse-breeding, the Royal Agricultural Society Council and Committees, and many other things in London, that my health broke down and I was sent to Bad Nauheim in Germany for a long course of treatment.

I returned home after three months much stronger, for when I left London I was too weak to walk up-

stairs. I had another "go" of Nauheim in 1900, and to encourage others who have damaged their hearts with too great physical exertion, I mention that whereas the German doctor whom I was under said in 1899 that my heart was "shattered to pieces," and in 1900 that with care I might live "two or three" years, I have lived thirty since he said it. When I left him in 1900, he said, "What are you going to do?" I replied, "We are going through Abyssinia to the Sobat and White Nile." He said, "Mad! Mad!" I retorted that if I had only two years to live I was not going to spend them in bed.

By the end of September I was able both to shoot and hunt a little and though far from right I took some "useful tosses" without much damage to my "shattered heart." One of these was a new kind to me. I was galloping a thoroughbred horse as hard as he could leather down a long smooth grass ride, across which was a ten or twelve foot high pheasant wire net quite invisible owing to the peculiar light between the trees. The sudden stop, with my horse down and all mixed up in the wire, was a curious sensation. The horse kicked himself free, and tore off a shoe and broke a bit off a hoof, and I escaped with a sprained wrist, "but we were soon going again," says the diary. However, next day the horse was lame with a sprained shoulder, a much more serious injury than that to my wrist.

On October 5th I was at the funeral of our late M.F.H., John Proud. He was seventy-five. I write, "I shall miss him; the old standards are dying out. I am glad I was born into the tail end of their generation. There are still some left, but grey are the frills

under their clean-shaved faces and bent are their broad backs, for the most part," and I give a list of them.

By the end of the autumn session I was too ill to hunt or shoot—and sent in my resignation to my constituents, which however was not accepted.

CHAPTER XXXIV

SOME RECORDS OF 1899-1900 WITH REFLECTIONS ON DIABOLICAL ENGINES AND POISON

EARLY in 1900 I was able to get out, sometimes for two or three hours, but I was in a poor way and my journals are mostly filled with politics, the war in South Africa, and other even less cheerful subjects.

The war in South Africa dragged on, as well as the one in the Sudan, and the small one in Somaliland. The first took what we considered in those days heavy toll of our officers. In 1899, and up to February 10th, our losses in South Africa in killed were 161 officers and 1337 men. These subjects and politics take up much of the space in my journals, but by January I was well enough to hunt occasionally, and enter other doings.

On January 22nd I say that there were too many badgers in "Bousdale," one of our coverts. My two sons and I had a "dig" with three of our terriers and got out between ten and one o'clock "three fine 'dog' badgers. The biggest was a very large one, 33½ lb." The second heaviest I ever got here. "I sent these to the Hon. N. Charles Rothschild as a present." Charles Rothschild, a great naturalist, who died 1923, was busy collecting and identifying the "*fleas*" on British mammals, and had hitherto, after great success among other animals, failed to

mark down a separate family of badger fleas. He had written to me, begging me to try to find some, and I had examined my tame badgers and wild ones in vain. I did not care much for the job, for flea-hunting, without a find, on bouncing badgers, with about the same percentage of danger as in fox-hunting, is a sport which palls after a day or two. So I sent Rothschild these badgers to give him the hunting.

He eventually discovered the game he was after, but whether my badgers or others provided him with his scientific trophies I never heard. No doubt the "type specimen" is in the Tring Museum.

On January 25th I describe a "clinking run" from Skelton to Saltburn, and thence to Loftus Wood, then to Handale and lost, when the survivors were Miss Rutherford, Miss Muriel Newcomen, "Bill," the first whip, and myself. The Master and several others were up at the "first check" at Handale. This was about a fifteen-miles hunt, hounds hardly meddled with all the way, the point being some four miles less than this.

On February 10th I record the death, at Hurworth, of a noted hunting man and Master of Otter Hounds, Tom Wilkinson. "A really good sportsman, with always a cheery word and welcome, when I turned up with the Hurworth. He was one of the few remaining country gentlemen of the type common in my youth, living carefully but happily, entirely in the country, with homely ways, now out of fashion, affecting the local dialect and heading, with his top hat on, a large procession of his progeny on the way to church every Sunday morning."

The same day I mention the death of Martin

Morrison, of Faceby, "another cheery kind-hearted man, a good example of a country gentleman, farming well, and welcome everywhere. Though a strong Tory and Protectionist, he told me he would not vote against me" (I was Liberal M.P. for Cleveland then). His son, Mr. Martin Morrison, carries on the traditions, and is one of the main pillars of the Hurworth Hunt; and the latter's sister, Mrs. Dorrington, during more than twenty years past, has been simply a wonder across country. I have never seen a better.

February brought one of the severest snowstorms and blizzards I can remember, yet I got to the Hurworth at Winton on the 24th.

After a run from this favourite place, Forbes went back to Winton and found another fox, which he would insist had gone to ground—"it was really very funny, for I saw the fox go away under the whip's nose, and in sight of all the field," but though I pointed him out I knew better than to tell Forbes, "with forty people there who had not seen him, only to be told to go to a hot place," so I watched them dig "for nothing" for an hour or more. We got a run from Welbury afterwards.

In March, when hunting with the Essex from Gerald Buxton's, during Charlie Green's mastership, I say, "The hounds run well, and are a nice pack, with a good cry. For the first time in my life I saw a barbed-wire country."

On March 1st, 1900, we in Cleveland lost our dear old chief, Squire (J. T.) Wharton of Skelton Castle, born March 9th, 1809. Since 1786 there had been but two owners of Skelton, John Wharton

and his nephew, the Squire. The latter had been our Master from 1870 to 1874, and brought the Cleveland Hounds, which had until then been a trencher-fed pack, into kennels.

My father sent me the news to London in a letter in which he said, "You will not be surprised to hear, that the Old Squire, as he once described it to me, has 'gone to ground.' He was a dear man. I much respected him, so honest, so true and kindhearted." This is a very brief and simple epitaph, but does anyone desire a better?

I mention hunting in March on "grey, cold bitter days." I include some "lively" ones.

In April I was in Cornwall and picked up three very perfect old man-traps. One was the most diabolical I had ever seen. It was very powerful with big teeth and had a long iron rod fixed to one row of teeth, with a short dagger on the end of the rod which, when the trap was struck, sprung up with terrible force and would stab a man just about his liver. I gave all these to Sir Edmund Loder for his museum.

I just remember, long after these horrible engines became illegal, an old notice-board at Skelton Ellers on which you could just read, "Beware of man traps and spring guns." I know a place in Cleveland, where two perfect specimens of the spring-guns are preserved. They are very curious and ingenious weapons on swivels, and it would puzzle most people to find out their purpose.

I have known people in Africa set ordinary guns and rifles as "spring guns" for lions, leopards and hyænas. I think them most dangerous; I knew

one man in Kenya who had set one for a leopard, who walked into his own wire and had his knee shattered. He died after several operations in Nairobi Hospital. I heard him screaming there before he died, and the thing has haunted me ever since.

I have never countenanced these most unsporting methods, and have known such awful things happen from using strychnine that I consider it should be a criminal offence to use it. I knew a case in Kenya where a settler shot a kongoni (*hartebeeste*) and put strychnine in it. Some natives found the freshly killed *hartebeeste*, carried off the meat, and nine of them died most horrible deaths. One man I knew well put strychnine into a zebra to poison *hyænas*; I forget how many *hyænas* were poisoned, but his dogs ate part of the poisoned *hyænas* and also died horrible deaths.

One friend of mine who poisoned a zebra on his farm said, "I shall never do such a thing again, for when I went the next morning, there were innumerable birds, vultures, some jackals and *hyænas* and ten lions lying dead. I was horrified at what I had done."

Early in May I was sent off to Nauheim again. There were in those days some thirteen thousand or more people a year who went to Bad Nauheim with heart disease, but there were few whom I knew among the crowd. There was, however, a friend of my boyhood, Charlie Orr Ewing, and his wife, Lady Augusta, and one or two others with whom to talk over memories and current events. Charlie Orr Ewing was younger than I was, but Nauheim did little for him and he died soon after his return home. His brother, Jimmy, was my age and we had been at Cambridge together,

where he was a hard rider, and often out with the Drag ; we called him "The Weasel." While his brother and I were at Nauheim he was killed in action in South Africa. He had been a major in the 16th Lancers, A.D.C. to Lord Londonderry when he was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and afterwards to Lord Roberts. There may be others living beside myself who remember him as boy and man.

In July I was back in London, and my cousin, Mr. A. E. Leatham, had just returned from British East Africa. I say he has got trophies of "some twenty-four varieties of big game there but, like the sportsman he is, not more than about two good heads of each." I mention this because I recorded a conversation I had with old Peachey (a good taxidermist to whom Leatham and I generally sent most of our heads to be set up) when I was looking over Leatham's trophies.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE TRIALS OF OLD PEACHEY—ABYSSINIA AND NOTES, 1900-01

I WAS in London in July and visited old Peachey, the taxidermist, to look over my cousin's, Mr. A. E. Leatham's, trophies from British East Africa.

In the midst of these Peachey was standing. I asked him how he was. "Oh, I'm pretty fair for an hold man, sir. I down't knowe if I be seventy-nine or hoity-one, but I am as good as my son 'ere. I've 'ad a lot o' trubble too ; yer see, sir, I lost my son—you'd 'ear of that, sir, 'ow 'ee died in the 'sylum."

No, I had not heard.

"Well, you see, sir, it wos this wye. 'Eee dies in the 'sylum after I pyde fifteen pounds a year for 'is keep there. Now, wot does the bloomin' guardians do but they tykes all my son's syvings from the bank—sixty pounds—all money syved from the ten bob a week which I allus allowed him—all money 'ardly earned by myself. I employs a lawyer to stop this.

"Now they sez, 'Peachey, you better give hup goin' to law 'as you'll only chuck good money hafter bad.' Very 'ard, isn't it, sir ? Yer see, that's 'ow they treats yer. Then I loses my missus, an' then I finds out that she'd lent fifty pounds to one woman and fifty pounds to another woman, an' the lawyer he sez, 'It ain't no use, Peachey, tryin' to get it back, has they 'aven't got

it.' Very 'ard, isn't it, sir? Well, I was just tellin' this to Cap'n ——' I forget his nyme—but a werry jocular gentleman—you know him, I think—but I can't get his nyme. Well, I tells 'im of the women gettin' this money, an' 'ee says, 'Oh, damn the women, Peachey! They've 'ad me lots o' times.' Them was his words, 'Damn the women, Peachey, they've 'ad me lots o' times.'

"I wish I could remember 'is nyme. The first time 'ee comes in 'ere 'ee says, 'I've been at Singapore, an' afore that hat Kandahar—you know them plyces, Peachey?' I says, 'No, sir, I down't know 'em.'

"'Aven't yer any relytions there, Peachey?' 'Well, sir,' I says, 'I 'ave if there's hanyone there as 'as got anythink for me, but if they wants hennythink I know nothin' about 'em.'

"That's wot I says, and 'ee says, 'Peachey, I'll never forget yer as long as I live! Peachey, do yer go to Church?' I says, 'Yes, sir, I goes.' 'Well,' sez 'ee, 'I expect yer gets hout afore the collection.' 'Well,' sez I, 'it's this way, sir, I got a bad cough, an' when I sees 'em comin' round with the bag I often has a bad cough, an' I down't like to disturb 'em, an' I *does* go out.'

"I wish I could remember 'is nyme—he was a very jovial officer—he leaves four gryte helephant feet with me to sell. I keeps 'em 'ere some years, an' one dye, Sir 'Enery Meux comes hin an' wants to buy 'em—he hoffers fifteen pounds for 'em, but the Cap'n wouldn't tyke it." (Here Peachey crushed a great insect which hopped out of Ted Leatham's skins, saying, "That's one of Mr. Leatham's.")

"'Ee says, 'Lor' bless yer, Peachey, they cost more

nor that gettin' 'em down ter the cowst.' So I keeps 'em another year, an' when 'ee comes in agen, I says, 'W'en are yer goin' to tyke these 'ere helephant feet awye, sir?'

" 'Well, Peachey,' 'ee says, ' I arsk's my mother to let me send 'em 'ome the other dye, but wot do yer think she says, " I *don't want no more of yer damn rubbish.*" ' That's wot 'ee said, she says to him, just, ' I don't want *no more* of yer damn rubbish.' So he says, ' Myke two of 'em hup.' So I mykes one of 'em into a bootiful stool with velvet cretown an' bright metal band—an' the other inter a lydie's workbasket—very bootiful they wos ; but lor' bless yer, Mr. Pease, there warn't no profit in 'em for me."

I like to remember this good workman and honest character. Where is the naturalist to-day who will mount your greater kudu heads and any others at ten shillings apiece ?

The winter of 1900-01 we spent chiefly in the southern regions of Abyssinia and Galla countries subject to the Abyssinians. There was in those days no railway even to the Province of Harrar, and it was a long march from Zaila on the Somali coast through Somaliland and the Danakil country to reach Addis Ababa, the capital. We left Zaila on November 9th and reached Addis Ababa on December 30th, after forty-one marches and forty-one camps.

It is strange to think that you can now sit in a train and do the journey (from Djibouti) in about as many hours ! Yet to the naturalist and sportsman this journey provided an extraordinary variety of interest and we were not without plenty of adventures and new experiences, some of which were unpleasant enough,



A. E. PEASE AND GUNBEARERS—ABYSSINIAN SOMALILAND, 1897

but as I have written a whole volume about this winter and the spring of 1900 spent in these countries I shall not say much about it here.

I give in the volume referred to much information about the country, its peoples and animals, and a list of 687 species of Abyssinian and Somali birds. I collected about eight hundred specimens of birds myself, including some new species.

I missed the chance of the distinction of getting the first Mountain Nyala, in a district a day north of Lake Zwai. I spent about half an hour within one hundred yards of four or five seen through trees, discussing with my shikari whether they were greater kudu, with a poor male, waterbuck or bush-buck. In the end I did not shoot at the male, which appeared to me to be too small for an immature kudu and with quite a different coat, and yet he was neither a bush-buck nor a waterbuck. It never entered my head that it might be a new species. It was not until 1910, when Mr. Ivor Buxton and the late Mr. M. C. Albright brought some specimens home that this species of nyala was discovered to science.

The only other nyala is the South African one, which was not uncommon in Swaziland in the years when I was in the Eastern Transvaal.

I pass over the summer of 1901 after getting back to England. I see we began cub-hunting at the end of August. Harvest was early for these parts this year. I began mine on August 10th and all was cleaned up and stacks finished by September 7th.

On one day in November I record the deaths of three centenarians, which I put down as a "natural history note"—two of these had lived in three cen-

turies. The first is Mrs. Elizabeth Hanbury, a connection of my family's, and the widow of Cornelius Hanbury. She was born June 9th, 1793, and was 108 years and 144 days old. She remembered George III, she wrote a poem on the Battle of Trafalgar when the news of it arrived, and as a child watched the cows when walking in Moorfields, where Finsbury Circus is now.

The second is the Dowager Lady Carew, born on December 2nd, 1798, and who, as Miss Cliffe, married in 1816 Mr. R. S. Carew. She was 103. The third is a Cleveland man, William Hall, born November 5th, 1801, who had been steward to Squire Maynard, of Skinningrove Hall. He died November 15th, 1901.

This November I got about on crutches, having broken a leg in October jumping a post and rails on foot ; this was the fourth time I had broken a leg and was not to be the last. I got out hunting on November 18th and relate that a pony of Watt's out at grass (now Colonel Alex-Fitzgerald Watt, D.S.O., then residing at Guisbrough), as we ran past Guisbrough, jumped the iron rails of the field he was in and joined the glad throng and kept it up for miles. "The last I saw of him was standing on the top of High Cliff Nab (a rocky eminence one thousand feet high) admiring the view from the edge of the cliff."

I always considered that the best, highest and most difficult pheasants in England were the ones sent over the guns from Hanging Stone and the hill tops of Hutton and Pinchinthorpe, for they were not only very high and fast, but divers and twisters. I see guns on November 21st and 22nd shot 562 of these. The party included my father, Mr. William Innes Hopkins

(septuagenarians), Frank Baker Baker, Chas. Backhouse of Wolsingham, the late Sir Arthur F. Pease, Lloyd Pease and myself. All but the last-named and I are gone ; also the pheasants—for these sporting shootings have been derelict for years.

“ November 25th. . . . We had out to-day a tailless hound, ‘ Bobbie,’ from Lord Galway’s. He was run over by the Scotch express near Bawtry and turned into a monkey.”

In December I had a bad fall, and because this country was then lamentably behind others in regard to “ X-ray ” equipment, the fact that I had broken my shoulder was not discovered for months, and I had more than a year’s pain and bother with it.

CHAPTER XXXVI

INDIA IN 1901—PYTHONS, BABOONS AND HORNBILLS

MY hunting season was short, as at the end of February, 1901, I was in Southern India. It had been an unfortunate one for me, for riding with a broken shoulder and useless arm was very uncomfortable, and in this condition I took another nasty toss and hurt my face and sprained my neck, having no right hand to save myself with. My second boy also had a terrible accident out hunting.

My almost lifelong friend, the late Colonel B. H. Philips, was hunting with me for a few weeks this winter. After his first day with "la famille Pease," and witnessing one of us up to the saddle top in an unsuspected farm pond on the landing side of a fence, my brother going head over heels over another obstacle, one of my boys taking a couple of falls, and my groom rolling over and over in a mud hole so that he was all mud and not a feature of his face visible, laughed the whole evening over what he called the new "Jack Myttons' " performances.

At the end of the year I was very dissatisfied with the Accident Insurance Companies, as I only got thirty pounds compensation for severe injuries, whereas if I had lain in bed and given up my work and activities I should have got a substantial sum. The company I was insured in had badgered me and bargained

over every accident I had had, and declined to insure me further, and I could not find a company under these circumstances which would take me. One alone said they would accept me, but excluded my right leg, as it had been broken three times, also steeple-chasing, big game hunting, and other things—so I have ever since been without accident policies.

My experience of them was not satisfactory. If you insure for this purpose the thing to do is to insure in a number of companies and have just one good accident and lose both your legs or something like that! "Claims liberally and promptly met" is all "my eye."

At Bombay I went to the Museum in order to ask Mr. Phipson, the curator there, to give me some guide-book to the Southern Indian birds, and spent some fascinating hours with him. Two interesting things I may mention—the one was a python which had recently swallowed his mate, a very much larger and longer python. It had taken him, I think, a fortnight to get the head of his companion swallowed, but the long length of the rest of his meal went down pretty easily.

A python, after he has swallowed a goat or antelope, goes many months before he requires another meal. I have never seen Indian pythons as large as some I saw in South Africa. I have shot big pythons in Africa, but I do not think any were twenty feet in length, though I was with a Captain Elphick at Malalane in the Transvaal, who shot one twenty-seven feet long, and I once passed within a few feet of an immense one coiled up on a mountain there, but I did not disturb him.

I was once talking to a Boer who thought he could stuff me as an imported "tenderfoot," and he asked me if I knew how to catch baboons. I said that I did not. He then told me that the best way was to get a number of large pumpkins and make holes in each of them just large enough for a baboon to get his hand through, then to extract the interior pulp through this hole and place a prickly pear in the empty pumpkin as bait, and then to put the pumpkins in a mealie field, and hide yourself near. The baboons would come trooping down and peep into the pumpkins, put their hands in through the holes, grasp, and never leave go of the prickly pears, and as they could not withdraw their hands with the pears in them and could not get away with the great pumpkins, you could knock them all on the head with a club or knobkerry.

I said it was a very good plan, and asked him if he knew how they caught pythons in India. He said, "No." I told him that the villages had mud walls round them, and that you made holes in the mud walls just big enough for pythons to pass through, and pegged down a pig on each side of the hole. When the python came along he swallowed the pig outside the wall, and seeing through the hole another on the other side, he passed through the hole far enough to reach this pig, and swallowed it also ; and then he could neither get forward nor back.

I finally scored off him when he asked me if I had ever seen "Kameels." The Boers call almost all big game animals by wrong names—a hippopotamus is a "sea-cow," a leopard a "tiger," a hyæna a "wolf," and giraffes are "Kameels." I said I had not only seen thousands of "Kameels," but had ridden

them hundreds of miles. He cried, "Gott Almachtig!" and ran out of my office, informing a member of my staff that the new "magistraat" had told him incredible things and that he feared he was a liar.

But to his amazement they told him that it was true that I had often ridden "Kameels." This Boer had actually seen giraffe and elephants on the site of Barberton, the town in which I was talking to him.

I have come across no birds of equal intelligence to the hornbills, or with such marked human affinities. There was a delightfully tame and companionable great ground-hornbill belonging to a friend of mine in the Barberton district which was a delight to be with, and which seemed to understand everything you said and replied with sympathetic and expressive noises. He would walk with you and share your interest in any object which arrested your attention.

Phipson, at the Bombay Museum had a large Indian hornbill, not nearly as large as the great African ground-hornbills. I write in my diary: "Nothing delighted me more than his pet hornbill, a most sagacious, accomplished and affectionate bird. His manners were good, for after every fig or bit of banana which we gave him, he came and first offered it to his master before swallowing it; his quickness in catching things was most marvellous; you might throw a fig or a tennis ball as hard as ever you could at him across the large room, and he would never miss it, but caught it "clean" in his great beak every time. He has never drunk water nor any other liquid during the eight years he has been there."

In 1900-01, I saw many of the still larger

African hornbills, *Bucorax abyssinicus*. I often watched them with great amusement, in Abyssinia, strolling about in small companies of two to four individuals or sitting in low trees. It is a much bigger and a more remarkable bird than the Transvaal *Bucorax cafer* (the Brom-vogel of the Boers, called Intsingizi by the Kaffirs) which I saw in larger flocks than its Abyssinian relative.

They seemed to feed in the same way as the Indian one, throwing up in the air any piece of food they had decided to swallow and catching it in their great mandibles, but their diet was not fruit, but ground insects, snakes, lizards, rats, mice and even tortoises. Their queer monotonous boom-boom note can be heard at a great distance, and the Kaffirs regard them with a certain superstition and blame them for drougthy weather. I collected five other kinds of hornbills in Abyssinia besides the giant kind.

The Maharaja of Kolhapur whose guests we were for some time, had amongst other curious animals a trained lynx for hunting small game, guinea fowl and the like. It had a little bullock cart and two attendants always to wait on it and to manage it. I never saw a fiercer little brute, unless it was the Scotch wild cat.

I had some days in the jungle after tigers with Colonel Ferris, with whom we were staying at the Residency, and at the Fort of Panhala. I only saw one and never got a shot, as he went to Ferris, who hit him twice, but he escaped in dense covert.

I enjoyed these days, and seeing sambur and other creatures, but as sport, shooting as we did from machans, it appeared to me as a very safe and simple

way to kill dangerous game, even safer than from elephants. On the other hand I regard it as a more dangerous game to go after tigers alone on foot than to tackle lions that way, for the tiger seems to me a more sneaking, skulking and ferocious beast with more of the character of the leopard.

One of my ambitions in India was to kill a bison, and I had several chances, but I could not for the life of me in thick trees tell the bulls from the cows, and it was a terrible thing to kill a cow. Yet I had the satisfaction of seeing these immense creatures several times, and once had a bunch of them within a few yards, but fear of killing a cow made me refrain from shooting.

I got one big sloth bear in a drive, and I was surprised to find the natives considered the bears much more dangerous than tigers, as they are bold and attack unprovoked. Certainly my bear came shuffling along, as fast as he could, straight to me, though I was in the open on foot.

Bapu Saheb, the Maharaja's brother, told me this day the following story : "Some years ago in this jungle a native jungle woman was passing with her baby, when she saw a big bear digging deep in the ground for ants. She was afraid, and said to herself that if the bear found out she was there, and so near, he would kill her and her child. So she tied the babe in a tree and then jumped on to the bear when his head was deep in the ground, and knelt on him. With her legs she kept his head in the hole and kept screaming for help.

"This soon arrived ; her husband, brother and two men coming on the scene with clubs and sticks.

They told her to get off the bear and that they would kill him. She consented, but when she took her legs off the bear he was quite dead, having been smothered."

This summer and autumn was one of tragedies and strange experiences for me, with much to do. It was the Coronation year of King Edward, and the King's illness caused the postponement after immense preparations had been made to celebrate it, and great personages had arrived from all parts of the world. I did something towards entertaining Ras Makonnen, with whom I had spent some time at Harrar the year before. He told me that he was glad "to find one face he knew," as he spent his lonely days watching the London traffic from his miserable quarters in Victoria Street, meanly provided by the Government.

I also entertained in London and at home the Maharaja of Kolhapur and his suite. He had given me a tough job : to find six blue roan coach-horses to make sure that he would have the most striking four-in-hand at the approaching grand Durbar at Delhi. He had set his heart on this colour and that they should be mares, as he was sure no other team would be like this, and being mares he could breed off them. I could not find them, but Mr. John Lett, of Rillington, succeeded in this truly difficult task, and the Maharaja had the satisfaction of driving them here before I got them shipped to Bombay. He was a very good whip, and they were a remarkably smart lot.

He was fascinated with English country life, but the thing which excited him most was the multitude

of rabbits, and he longed to have them and English hares swarming over his State.

In all his silks and finery he waded among nettles and thistles, and would crawl through and clamber over thorn fences, to look down the rabbit holes. He wanted to see whether, if he had them in Kolhapur, cats and foxes could get down the holes and kill the rabbits. I should have liked to photograph him on his face with his arm down the burrows.

CHAPTER XXXVII

LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA, 1903-05

MY brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Fowler, so often my companion in field sports, was killed in one of the last actions of the South African War, in April, and then in the autumn financial ruin overtook my father and myself, and I had to retire from Parliament, part with everything, and start a new chapter in my life. I shall leave this year alone, and begin anew with 1903.

Thus the June of that year found me in Pretoria. My diaries describe my gloomy view of the prospect of spending the rest of my life in South Africa, for I had left England with small hope of ever returning. I say : " Seen from the train the country we have passed through in the fifty-two hours from Cape Town is a mixture of North Africa and Abyssinia divested of all that is picturesque or romantic.

" It is a desert without oases, camels and Arabs, without even gazelles or the magic touch of the Orient. Again it is Algeria, with Kaffirs in dirty European dress instead of burnoused or gaily clad natives. Barbed wire, corrugated iron, biscuit-and paraffin-tin-built shanties replace Arab houses and Moorish villas among their palm trees. It is, in fact, all that is worst in Africa mingled with all that is worst in Europe."

Of the years 1903 to 1905, which I spent in the Eastern Transvaal, I shall not have a great deal to say here. I came to regard them in many ways as the most interesting and satisfactory of my life.

I had chosen a district quite unlike the country I have just described ; for it was one of great mountains, forests, bush-veld, rivers, and valleys.

The hills were covered in many places with begonias, gladioli, red hot pokers, agapanthus and other lilies, flowers of every hue and lovely things. The insects and butterflies were as marvellous as the flowers, the reptiles were almost as varied ; some were curious and some gorgeous in colouring, such as certain snakes, lizards and chameleons.

The larger wild animals were not very numerous outside the great Sabi Game Reserve, where big game abounded, but were a delight to me when I came across them in my long rides across the country. I often saw vaal rhebok and klip-springers on the heights, also rooi rhebok on some hills. Reed buck and impala were common, as were duikers and steinbok. There were hippo in the Komati River and strange creatures such as ant-bears, pangolins, bush-babies, as well as baboons, wild dogs, monkeys and crocodiles. It was a paradise for an ornithologist, and I have never been in any region which could boast such a variety of the most delicious fruits—in fact, no one knows what fruit is until they have lived in such places as the Barberton district.

Yet where Nature made a Garden of Eden for six months of the year, there, on the other hand, was the serpent ; literally in such shapes as the deadly mamba, the ugly puff adder or the splendid python ; and

metaphorically in that it was a land of disease and death. No domestic animals could live in it. Horses died of horse-sickness ; it took 345 horses a year to mount the 90 mounted men in my police, and at times 75 per cent of all my European police were down with fever.

Mules were no better, and all the donkeys died of biliary fever or of weird diseases such as one in which all their hoofs rotted off. Sheep could not live, and poultry survived in small quantities, nearly all being eaten up by ticks and parasites. As for man, he rarely reached old age, for malaria, dysentery and enteric were rampant. At forty-six I was regarded as "the old man" at headquarters.

I had a district about the size of Yorkshire to administer and once a month used to hold a session in a red-hot tin court house in Komati Poort.

In the evening I used to fish for tiger fish in the Komati River.

The tiger fish is a game and splendid fighter, but has teeth like a shark's. You have to use a gimp cast, and this coarse tackle adds a difficulty to catching him.

When fishing, I often saw zebra on the slopes of the Lebombo opposite me, and had the company of innumerable birds, and of the sand grouse and long-tailed doves, which came at evening time to drink. The tiger fish is a brilliant striped fish, and the most sporting one in my experience of North, East, Equatorial and Southern Africa.

I have never seen such rain as occasionally fell at Komati Poort (I have known nine inches in the day), nor such fever. My district surgeon there, Dr. Bostock, called me to a case where a Kaffir was still

living with blackwater fever with a temperature of 113 degrees F. This will not be credited in England, but it is a fact.

Among many remarkable characters in my district was one Sanderson, of Logogot, a fine specimen of a Scotch colonist, who had an intimate acquaintance with the fauna of the wild country where he lived his lonely life. He had actually reared and tamed wild dogs (*Lycaon*), and had a pack of them, which he hunted. This is the greatest feat in that line that I ever heard of.

In his early days he had shot white rhinoceros and said their hide, unlike the black rhinoceros's, cut into the best of all sjamboks, as supple as hippo hide. When I was in South Africa there were only thirteen white rhinos left, and they were in the Zululand Game Reserve.

At the Barberton Races in 1904 I rode my last hurdle race on a nice half-bred belonging to one Hotchkiss. The so-called "hurdles" were *very high* timber jumps, with timber 4 in. in diameter, and quite unbreakable. I rode nearly a stone over the weight, which was 9 st. 5 lb., and finished second. The pace of this race was far too hot for my mount, as all the other horses were thoroughbreds, the best of which came down at the last fearful obstacle uphill, and half killed their jockeys.

In my journal I say : "I considered that I had done very well at my age and weight, but Hotchkiss complained that I had not ridden Roland out ; if he had been on him the last furlong he would have known better. He said I had not used whip or spur, as if I did not know when it was of use to use either ; all the flogging in the world would not have got

another half-length out of him, and he was beaten by six lengths." Roland died, like other horses, of horse-sickness soon after.

When Lord Milner had left South Africa, I soon resigned my appointment and came home, but before doing so took a month out of the three months' leave due to me, which I spent in the Orange Colony at Lady Brand, Ficksburg, and in the Brandwater Basin.

In the last district I spent a day with a very old "Vortrekker" called Olivier, who had in the early days come into the Orange Free State with the first Boers. He described to me the myriads of quaggas, wildebeests, springbok, mountain zebras, hartebeestes, etc., which covered the land. I said it was a pity that they had all been exterminated: he replied: "We did not exterminate them. If all the Boers had shot all day every day of their lives they could have made no impression on their numbers."

This I believe to be in a general sense true, for I know that in East Africa the game was there in such immense quantities twenty years ago that man could not make any impression on their numbers, nor possibly kill a tithe of the numbers killed by lions alone. I reckoned that some twenty thousand head of zebras, kongoni and other game was killed each year by lions within sight of my house, on the Athi and Kapiti Plains.

What happens is this: the presence of colonists drives off the game from pastures and water, and particular herbage necessary for the existence of many species, and the game moves to less suitable regions and succumbs to unsuitable conditions, or

are so reduced as to be easily exterminated. Thus many species die out.

Yet animals like rhinoceros, elephants, giraffes and the less abundant species of antelopes can be, and are, reduced to vanishing point by man's attacks on them. The rarer a species becomes, the more eager is the hunter to get it. On my place in Kenya, neither I nor anyone else ever once shot an eland, for example, nor a giraffe, yet after three or four years there were none of these, except "visitors" on my farm.

I had a next-door neighbour who killed eight hundred zebras on his one thousand acre farm in a year, and you could see no diminution in their numbers. They literally drove him off his farm, so hopeless was his struggle with them. A few hundred zebras stampeded by a troop of lions will level your wire fences and crops and knock over anything.

Once a year at least when I was in the Transvaal I had to inspect Major Hamilton's police post; this involved a journey across eighty kilometres of uninhabited and, after the first few miles, waterless bush country, to reach Sabi Bridge. Nearly all this rather strange and adventurous journey I used to do through the night, and as it was all game reserve, and all lion country, I got in the early hours after dawn, and in the evening, some thrilling sights of game and wild dogs, heard lions, and was kept on the *qui vive* through the dark hours.

The Transvaal is the only country in which I have seen the South African bush pig and there he was a very large, handsome and striking animal. He has received scanty attention from writers, and I know

of no specimen in any museum. There were, and still are, lions outside the Game Reserve, and they run larger than in Equatorial Africa. I should think my friend, Major James Stevenson Hamilton, who has had charge of the Reserve for some thirty years, has alone on foot killed more lions than any other man has ever killed.¹ I regard him as the greatest authority on big game south of the Equator, and even beyond that.

If it had not been for him, after the War in 1902, it is certain that the rhinoceros, buffalo, elephant and giraffe would long since have been extinct in the Barberton District, and probably eland, sable, antelope and some other species as well. To-day anyone can visit the Kruger National Park (as the reserve is now called) and see hundreds of head of big game in great variety. In my time it was very inaccessible and very uninhabited country. A railway now traverses it, and anyone can visit in comfort this natural zoo.

¹ He had by 1931 killed over 200 lions and more than 150 of these he killed by himself on foot.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

ENGLAND, THE ORKNEYS, HUNGARY AND THE SUDAN, 1905-06

IN 1905 I was back in England for a while, without being able to find a billet, with my home let to others, and with scanty funds. I lived in lodgings, and had a small flat in London. Later in the year I enjoyed staying with relations and friends in the country and also shooting in Yorkshire and Scotland.

I was on the island of Hoy in the Orkneys in September when my cousin, the late Sir Arthur F. Pease had the shooting over a part of the island.

The island is the most striking of the Orkneys because its high red cliffs descend abruptly into the sea and are broken off into "stacks." It is treeless save for some stunted rowan bushes in some of the ravines, and rocks. The hills are of no great altitude, but rising out of the sea they display their full height. The hamlets at Orgill and Rackwick are in their primitive condition, turf-roofed stone huts standing in plots of turnips and oats. The inhabitants are crofters, quiet, slow, stunted, weather-worn creatures.

From the frequency of the surname of Mowat I should say they are very much inbred. Among those I talked to I only found one who had "travelled." This old Mowat said that he had once been to sea and had voyaged as far as Wick !

The grouse shooting is very poor ; a long tramp on the sodden hillsides will yield a gun a bag of 2 or 3 brace. The grouse seem too wet and cold to get up until you shoo them up. On the other hand the wild rock pigeons which abound on the cliffs will take the conceit out of you when they are fighting from inland to their home, darting and dashing in, in a gale, in the late afternoons. It is about the quickest work for a gun I have ever seen.

There are some snipe, duck and golden plover.

"September 1st. Arthur and I had a long tramp before lunch for a few snipe and five pigeons—too wild and wet after lunch. Saw seals, and ducks in variety, including eider, skuas, cormorants, dotterels, guilemots, herons and many other sea fowl."

"September 4th. . . . I watched seals on the Skerries the whole afternoon ; there were on one rock twelve old ones. At first they were on the Outer Skerries, and then went bounding across like porpoises, in single file, to the Middle Skerries, and landed there with their little ones." I seem to have spent many hours on other days watching the seals on the rocks and bobbing about within one hundred yards of us in the water.

From Hoy I went to my friend, Mr. George Albright, at Drumochter, and had some good days grouse driving, and one or two walking the high tops for ptarmigan, a thing I have always enjoyed.

However, I could not go on living on my friends indefinitely, and Lady Pease had to winter abroad. I had found no employment, and funds were very low. We decided to winter on the Island of Capri, where I took a delightful little villa fully equipped,

on the south side of the island, for a rent of 100 lira a month. Four of us could live here with two servants comfortable on another 350 lira a month.

The rate of exchange being favourable, this was the cheapest existence in Europe, I should think, in the way of value for money : and the climate was the best winter one I have struck north of the Mediterranean. The life there was to me, however, more tiresome than Elba or St. Helena to Napoleon, for there was absolutely nothing to do after the small island was explored.

After two months I went off, in December, with an Italian friend of mine, Fred. Meuricoffre, to Eastern Hungary and Transylvania, to see the primitive gold mining there, in the hope of finding some proposition which would yield me employment. The cold was intense, but the experience interesting, if not fruitful. I saw the tracks of wolves and of big stags in the snow in the forests and mountains of Transylvania, in the neighbourhood of the mines, but saw no game at all. The whole cost of my journey from Capri via Ancona, Fiume, Budapest, Felsobanya into Transylvania and back, including purchases, tips and hotel bills, was eighteen pounds. The zone system, by which the farther you go the cheaper it is, accounts for this low cost. Fiume to Felsobanya, first class, was sixty-three kronen.

I then returned to the warmer climate of Capri. I used to watch at times the detestable pursuit of the few remaining robins, and small birds which occasionally visited the island, by parties of Italian gunners with pointers and nondescript dogs. In Italy you are apparently allowed to shoot anything

anywhere, except where a notice is up stating that "the chase is forbidden."

One day three of these men ranged the mountain-side after a single robin for an hour, and the robin took refuge in my patch of vineyard, the pursuers' entrance into which I barred. This led to a heated altercation in which I dropped my scanty Italian for expressive English, and as we had not the slightest idea of what each party was saying to the other, they at last departed disconsolately, leaving me and the robin in peace.

These people had practically exterminated all the seagulls, too.

I soon embraced a chance most generously offered me of going to the Sudan, with Mr. E. N. Buxton and his daughter. We had met the previous summer a Captain Hodgson, who had told us how to reach the country where the addax antelope could be obtained. On reaching Cairo in January, 1906, Lord Cromer stamped on our plans, and we were diverted to an attempt to obtain Mrs. Gray's waterbuck (*Cobus Maria Gray*), very few of which beautiful species had been obtained at this time. At Khartum they were supposed to be rare and to be found in the swamps of Southern Kordofan; we only had permission to kill one specimen each.

We went up the White Nile and up the Bahr el Zeraf and afterwards sailed through Lake No and up the Bahr el Ghazal in two sailing nuggers. I have seen birds of all sorts in vast numbers, but I believe there is nothing in the world to compare with the bird life in its immense variety and inconceivable numbers on the White Nile. You do not see the

same thing up the White Nile tributaries, but there are birds in plenty to satisfy any ornithologist, and we often met with some of the great whale-billed storks (*Balinæiceps rex*), one of the most singular birds in existence.

We saw a great deal of big game beside the object of our search, and obtained a good many nice heads. The elephants I came across when we were in the Nuer country carried enormous ivory. I had not a licence to kill elephants, and neither could afford one nor desired one. Yet I watched for hours one day a group of five giants which carried I should say 200 to 300 lb. of ivory each, say at 17s. a pound, about £1000 worth.

Giraffe were there too, and there was no lack of interest wherever we went. We each got our "Mrs. Gray"—I saw large numbers of this kob—as many as seventy one day—but I kept postponing my one shot and in the end got a very nice head, though by no means the best which I saw. It is very difficult to know when to exercise your leave-to-shoot with a limit of "one."

I do not propose to relate our adventures here, nor our experiences among the stark-naked giant Nuers. We were in one Nuer village where we could find no man under six feet eight inches high nor any woman under six feet. I had, however, one terrifying experience. I have never been really terrified hunting big game; the incidents in hunting lions and other dangerous game you have usually more or less anticipated in imagination, and they are over so quickly, or the business in hand is so absorbing that fear does not get much hold.

The experiences which have really terrified me are such as being lost in a waterless and uninhabited country, having been pursued by a hundred baboons, or surrounded by a pack of yelping wild dogs ; being benighted in swamps amidst clouds of myriads of mosquitos, or finding myself suddenly sitting astride my alpenstock on a frozen snow-wreath overhanging an abyss.

My son, who at this time was serving in the Sudan, remarked to me at Khartum : " We have two kinds of country, both hot and thirsty, one where you have no water for your thirst and the other with too much water but where it is so hot that you have not *time* to drink enough." He went on to tell me a yarn about a man who, when he was at Suakim, went off into the desert on his riding camel loaded up with thermos-flasks of tea, but who died of thirst, as the tea never cooled enough for him to drink it !

I am one of the least thirsty persons living, but in the region of the Bahr el Ghazal I perspired so freely that I took my canvas water-bottle to bed with me.

One oppressive night, with nothing but faint starlight penetrating the river mist, we were moored to the reeds on the north bank of the river. When the red hot sun had dropped below the feathery tops of the high papyrus and had sunk into the endless swamps, there were few signs of life about us beyond the millions of mosquitoes, and a few crocodile snouts floating like pieces of wood among the sudd. We had built a partitioned deck house on our nugger, on to the roof of which Buxton had taken his bed, mosquito helmet and curtains, unable to bear the

stifling heat below ; the men slept on the roof, too. Miss Buxton and I were in our improvised cabins below.

I turn to my diary : "Feb. 12, near Khor Nadjwad. I had a horrible experience this night. At 3.30 a.m. I put out my hand, after untucking my mosquito net, to reach my water-bottle, which as I placed my hand upon it was, I thought, coated with mosquitoes as usual, and I carefully drew it through the curtain. I was immediately attacked in the hand and arm by what I took to be in the first moment, surpassingly vicious mosquitoes, but they swarmed up my arm to my neck and body and I dropped the water-bottle on the floor.

"In a minute the creatures had hold of me with pinchers all over, as if a hundred tweezers were pulling bits of skin off. I leapt out of bed in the dark, only to find myself standing in deep moving masses of insects. I took off my pyjamas and wrenched and swept the mounting myriads down in vain. I now realized that they were ants of some dreadful kind. In a few seconds I was a column of great ants holding on with nippers lobster-like.

"Mad with pain and horror, I yelled for Hassan, and shouted to Miss Buxton on no account to move or touch her mosquito net. Hassan arrived just as I was going to dive through the porthole and throw myself to the crocodiles. What checked me was a shout from Hassan that there was water in a big canvas bath aft.

"I rushed there, stood in the water and gave battle. Fortunately Hassan was fully dressed with strong boots and putties on. While he baled buckets of water

over me I scraped away with a bar of soap. The floor on which the bath stood being also deep in ants, Hassan became in a minute a living anthill. By the light of his candle it was a terrifying sight, but he was brave, if squealing."

"The ants had now ceased to swarm up me, but with many I had to tweak their bodies off from their heads and claws as they hung on like bulldogs. Hassan threw me a pair of trousers and a shirt into the bath and then carried me aloft. Once on the roof I took refuge under Buxton's bed, and lay there, wet and red, till dawn. On reaching the roof Hassan, dancing and screaming, was stripped by our two shikaris, who wrestled with his enemies and slapped him all over.

"When daylight came it revealed a strange state of affairs. The whole boat, except the roof, was one seething mass of moving and heaving ants, and we saw them pouring on board along reeds which were in contact with our boat. The broad leaves of the reeds were black with them, and our painter too. When we looked to the river bank there was a great trough worn through the mud, as far as the eye could reach, along which the endless black enemies were still marching.

"We cut contact and floated into mid-stream, and then we gave battle with brooms, shovels, boiling water and fire. Landing parties brought dry grass which we spread with kerosene over the ants and then fired—this work had to be done by relays, for a few minutes' labour sufficed to send the men dancing and yelling back to the roof. When the sun was well up we seemed nearly to have swept the ship clean. . . ."

This day we had marvellous luck, for the Govern-

ment steamer *Hannek* passed us, and not only lent us a hand with steam hose, but kindly undertook to tow us all the way back to Fashoda.

“February 13th.—As soon as it was dark last night the ants, which must have descended into the bilge and into the timbers of our boat, emerged in dense ropes and swarms and retook possession of the whole ship. We all had a sleepless night on the roof. On reaching Taufikya, the *Hannek* again gave us help with tar, creosote and boiling water until we could come down from the roof and go ashore. I went ashore at 6.30 a.m. in my bare feet, being now absolutely without footwear of any kind, this having all been rotted off in the swamps.

“Major Lampriere and Lieutenant Coke gave me breakfast, and after discussion as to how the King's Regulations were to be observed, they issued to me, for payment, a pair of heavy iron-shod ammunition boots. Outside their bungalow were the skulls of one of Sir Samuel Baker's elephants and of a zebra. It is interesting to think they have outlasted even the long years of the Dervish devastations. . . .”

I have heard of an army being driven out of camp by these ants in the Sudan ; also some natives told me that they had known an elephant killed by them, but on extracting details of this I found that the elephant went mad from the ants getting up his trunk, into his eyes and ears, and dashed himself to death among trees. My family and I have been driven out of our house in Kenya, in the middle of a black night, by a less formidable variety of ants in their thousands, but not in endless armies—preferring the company of the lions which roamed round our place.

CHAPTER XXXIX

ITALY, SCOTLAND AND KENIA, 1907-09

ON my return to Capri, we came in for the greatest and most devastating eruption of Vesuvius that has taken place during recent generations. The whole island and sea was buried in purple ash, we lived in darkness, cut off for days from communication with the mainland, and for aught we knew, it was the end of the world.

In Naples hundreds of people perished. The streets there were three feet deep in ashes, and many villages were wiped out. The whole top of Vesuvius was blown off, and when we got a view later the "cone" of smoke and flame was a wonderful spectacle.

This summer we got home once again. I now, partly with the idea of having a refuge in Africa from the menace of Socialism, and partly to find occupation for my energies, took up my first five thousand acres of land in the Machakos district of British East Africa—then to be bought at $\frac{1}{2}d.$ an acre outside of fourteen miles from the Uganda Railway—but I remained at home and got some hunting on two young Irish mares, which I made into good hunters before the end of the season.

On November 30th I got badly kicked by a horse on the shin right into the bone, which was laid bare, though I had double pig-skin leather leggings on.

This was a painful accident, and I got into trouble with the doctor, when I sent for him a day or two after, for being up and not having the leg sewn up when it happened ; but I managed to get out hunting again by the end of December, being a rapid healer.

“January 5th, 1907. Bone in the ground . . . the Squire took hounds down to the Redcar country where there was no frost. Found in Lackenby Whin and raced a fox straight over the low country to the top of Yearby Bank in eighteen minutes and lost. This was as fast as I ever saw hounds run over that country. Several others and the Master well up, but we got there through hard galloping and lucky gateways more than by jumping, yet my young mare jumped one or two big places and levelled a stiff bit of timber !”

On January 15th I got a good day with my daughter with the Hurworth at Low Middleton ; twenty miles to covert and twenty miles home from Bishopton ; “saw plenty of dirty coats in the run and one lady got a nasty fall and a broken collar bone. Forbes (M.F.H. and huntsman) seems to have grown quieter during my absence.”

My summary of the Cleveland's season does not sound as if it had been a very good one, though I have recorded two or three nice days :

63 days ; no blank ones.

15 days stopped by frost.

11 brace of foxes killed.

6½ brace of foxes run to ground.

In June, the first dinner of the Shikar Club took place, and I give the whole list of seventy members who dined together on June 8th. It is an interesting

but to me now rather a sad business going through it ; yet the Earl of Lonsdale, who was in the chair, is still this year in the same position, and going strong.

The autumn was spent much in the same way as others I have recorded, and in December we left for my " farm " in British East Africa. Our experiences there between 1908 and 1911 were interesting enough, and included not a few exciting adventures, but Kenya is now so well known, and even the early days of this colony and of Uganda have been so fully written about, that I shall skip it all and deal with the intervals at home between my repeated visits to my property there. Some day, if I live, I may have something interesting to relate about Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, F. Selous and other noteworthy people who were my guests or with whom I associated in those years.

Like many other pioneer settlers, I went " to the wall " and others entered into the fruits of my labour. My main object was ostrich farming, and lions smashed up all my best birds after four years of labour, killing over forty one night. One of three lions which perpetrated this outrage was the one which afterwards killed my friend, George Grey, but into this lion's brain I put a bullet on that terrible day. In my *Book of the Lion* some incidents of our life at Theki and Katanga are related.

In the autumn of 1908 I was shooting with my cousin, Sir Arthur F. Pease, at Thrumster, on the East coast of Sutherlandshire, and here again the Blue Rock pigeon shooting on the cliffs was a feature in the sport. It differed from our Island of Hoy

experience, for now we had to tackle the job from boats, and as the sea was usually rough to bumpy, it was no easy thing to make a good bag.

I say of one day : " got about eighteen pigeons, saw three seals and one peregrine falcon, and ravens were about. The fishermen murder the seals and lately killed nineteen in one cave . . . even the small boys here now wear trousers instead of kilts—soon the whole world will be wearing trousers and caps."

Later I was with Sir Edmund Loder, stalking from Forest Lodge (Athol), a wild fine forest about which Scrope writes in his *Art of Deerstalking*. I did not see any good heads and only got two moderately good ones, and out of twenty heads got when I left the Loders, there was not one good one.

On October 20th, 1908, I have a diary entry which interests me now. I was President of the Cleveland Chamber of Agriculture and spoke on the rates for the upkeep of our roads, the whole burden of which was then laid on land, though the enormous increase in rates was due to motor traffic chiefly from the towns. I said " in this district when I first had to do with the maintenance of roads (now main roads, but then managed by the abolished Highway Boards) the cost per mile was £28 for maintenance and it is now £89 to £94 ! " Yes, and to-day (1931) it is about £500 a mile, and we complain that we are " hard up " !

This was a good season's hunting, and it is difficult to select any particular day of interest save to those who know Cleveland. I call a run on February 6th, 1909, from Forty Acres " the best of the season," being one hour in duration, to Stokesley, then west, and thence to Ayton, to ground near Newton. I say

that near Tanton I saw few except Clive Dixon near hounds, and he passed me as I came down at the fence after jumping a beastly place at the Tanton Stell, but I got level again at the north side of Stokesley. I struck a terrible bit of country, in the town enclosures, great old fences, rails, wire, doubles, every conceivable kind of beastly fence, every fifty yards. When I got through it, by Snorter doing wonders, Clive was two fields ahead, a hatless man, Claud Pease, W. Brunton and Christopher (my son, who had had a ducking in the Tanton Stell) were well up. We ran on fast to Ayton, from near Major Whin, where I got another toss over a fence and stell with rotten banks; but Snorter, in spite of having been heels over head, fenced on splendidly to Langbaugh and to the end, when I counted the very dirty jackets, which included my own, Miss Inga Dixon's, Christopher's and others.

I found only two who really saw this run without at least one fall, viz. Clive Dixon and Claud Pease. I express indignation that our gallant fox was dug out and thrown to the hounds by the huntsman (the Squire was not hunting them this day).

I give about this time an account as told by an old-time hunting man who lived near Roxby, known to us by the name of "Bush Billy," of a run in his father's day. If time has not improved the story it is worth recording. His father's name was James Harrison, though he was always referred to as "Jams."

"Bush Billy" vouched for these facts: In the year 17 . . . (?) a fox had been captured by the "Roxby chaps" to turn down for a joint day between the Roxby Hounds and the Lealholm Farmers'

Hounds. A snow storm delayed the appointment and the fox was kept in captivity nearly three months before he was "set down" near Roxby. He took to the moors by Ugthorpe, then by Egton, and was killed at Scarborough Castle, not much less than a thirty-mile point. This is extraordinary, and I can hardly believe it was the same fox, but the really amazing thing is that Jams Harrison got to the finish *on foot* at the end of the day.

At the beginning of March we returned to British East Africa. I arranged my arrival at Kitanga so as to have time to prepare for ex-President Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's visit. I had never met him, but I had had much correspondence with him. His sojourn with us came about in this way. F. Sélous, whom I knew well, had written to me to say that as he was in correspondence with Roosevelt about his great African expedition, and that as above all things Roosevelt wanted to kill a lion, he had referred him to me and hoped I could help him in the matter ; he himself would arrive with Roosevelt.

As soon as I heard from the latter I wrote saying I could promise him as many lions as he liked to shoot if he would come to my place. He said he knew enough about Africa to know that no one could be sure of getting a lion, and I again wrote to him guaranteeing him success. When he arrived with his boy Kermit and others, he told me that he could spend three weeks with us, and would like to get a good variety of game, but would want about seven days for writing. I asked, "How many days can you give to lions?" And he said about three.

Now, a few days before he came, I had been out riding on the Kapiti plains below my house with my daughter and W. S. Medlicott, who was staying with me, when we put up a lioness and the finest black-maned lion I had ever seen in that district, and although it was the chance in a lifetime for Medlicott, who had not yet shot one, I said we must keep that one for Roosevelt, and we left that bit of country quiet until his arrival.

The first day set aside for lions after Roosevelt had settled in, I had native scouts all over the hills watching for the big lion, and we rode over a great deal of country, but never found him, and it was a blank day—Roosevelt at that moment did not think much of my guarantee. The next day we rode out just a family party, and he shot four lions, two being big ones. The third day we drove a known lion haunt out to him with natives, and he got plenty of thrills with plenty of lions, and killed three—and my character was completely retrieved.

During the three weeks that Colonel and Kermit Roosevelt were with us, we shot on thirteen days, and as a record of what you could see and get within twenty miles of my house at Kitanga in 1909, I give the following list from my diary of what these two saw and killed in those thirteen days :

1. 17 *Lions* seen—7 killed.
2. 2 *Rhinoceros* seen—1 killed (19 in. horn).
3. Many *Giraffe* seen—3 bulls killed, 2 very fine.
4. Many *Eland* seen—1 killed, several missed.
5. Few *Roan* seen—1 missed.
6. Few *Oryx* (colotis) seen—1 missed.

7. *Wildebeeste* (very numerous)—2 killed, several missed.
8. *Zebra* (very numerous)—5 or more killed.
9. *Hartebeeste* (very numerous) about 6 killed, not a few missed.
10. *Grant's Gazelle* (very numerous)—about 6 killed and some missed.
11. *Thompson's Gazelle* (very numerous)—5 or 6 killed and some missed.
12. *Chanler's Reedbuck*—5 killed.
13. *Bohor Reedbuck*—seen only, not shot at.
14. *Klipspringer*—2 killed.
15. *Bushbuck*—several seen, none shot at.
16. *Waterbuck*—2 good ones missed.
17. *Steinbuck*—a number killed.
18. *Duikers*—a number killed.
19. *Dik-Dik*—1 killed.
20. *Impala*—a number missed, 1 only killed.
21. *Cheetah*—1 killed, 3 cubs caught.
22. *Hyæna*—a few shot at, 1 killed.
23. *Aardwolf*—1 seen, not shot at.
24. *Grey Jackal*—a number seen, none got.
25. *Black-backed Jackal*—some seen, none got.
26. *Wart Hog*—many seen, several missed, 1 killed.
27. *Wild Dogs* (*Lycaon*)—a number seen, several difficult shots missed.
28. *Wild Ostriches*—very numerous, none shot at.

I wrote at the time : " I believe this bag (in the time at one place) to be a record. Roosevelt was delighted with it beyond words and covered me with compliments—said the object of his whole trip was assured by these results at the outset. . . . Roosevelt made the hard work it has been for us all a great

pleasure. His perseverance and common sense made up for any deficiencies in his sight and shooting. He will no doubt get more deadly with the continuous practice they will have, and I prophesy that Kermit will be a good shot in a month or two. Roosevelt never loses his head for a moment. Kermit is game and determined."

Roosevelt was a delightful guest, most appreciative, understanding, sympathetic, easily pleased, simple in his wants and habits ; always kind, genial, courteous and tactful. "He understands intuitively the people he is with, and has a versatile mind deeply interested in everything, not only in Nature, but in every sort and condition of mankind.

"He expresses himself extraordinarily well, and with a most retentive memory has stored his head with the results of a vast experience of events and of the many interesting people he has met, as well as from wide reading and study in many directions."

I had never been with a man before who evidently considered every day what the world would think, say or write about his success or failure. I said so one day when he had knocked down a nasty lion, and had exclaimed : "That's one for Wall Street !" And he replied that he enjoyed being "important," and added what contains a general truth : "Of course, I like to be a big man, *everyone* likes to be important and to have power and influence." His natural candour was one of his charms.

Save for a brief period in my life I have never had "power," and then I enjoyed it ; yet, on the whole, I feel the freedom of private life a blessed thing, and think *bene qui latuit, bene vixit*.



EX-PRESIDENT U.S.A., COLONEL THEODORF ROOSEVELT WITH HIS SON AND HIS LHS
BUFFALO, KENYA, 1909

And now I have come into the period of a living generation and shall end these reminiscences—though I have recorded much in the eventful years which have passed since 1909. I hope what I have written may do a little to dispel the strange idea which I find prevalent—that we who spent our best days in the last century were dull dogs in a dull age.

I am at least thankful to have lived when and where my destiny has decided, and for the companionships I have had on my journey from youth to age, not forgetting those of horse and hound.

THE END

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